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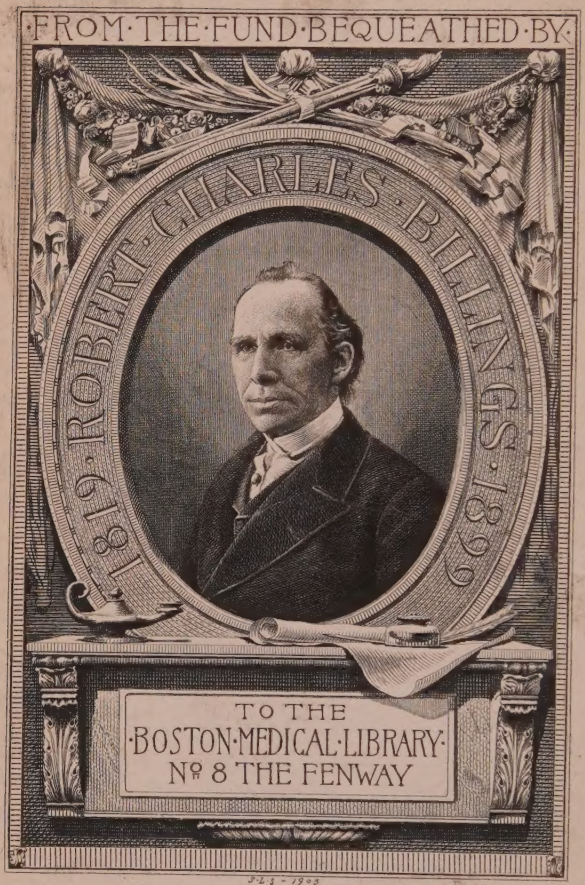
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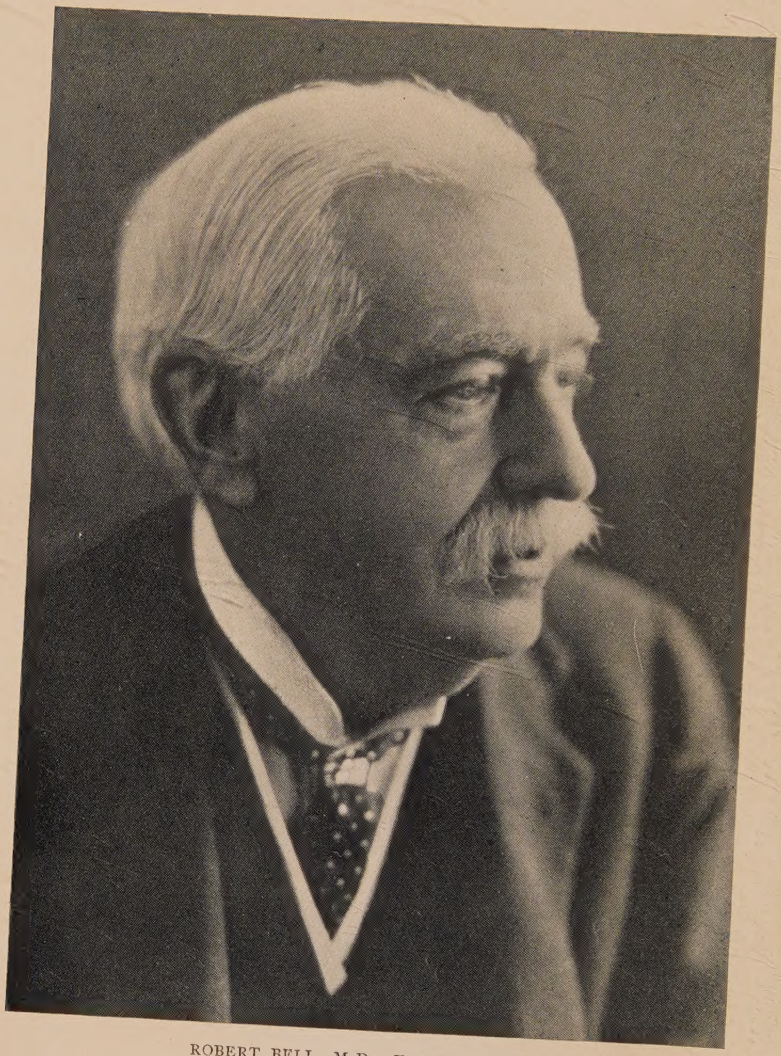

ROBERT BELL, M.D., F.R.F.P.S., ETC.

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Frontispiece

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN

BY ROBERT BELL, M.D., F.R.F.P.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

For years past many of my friends have repeatedly urged me to put in concrete form my reminiscences, the reason given being that they were convinced that my professional life, extending over a period of fifty-five years, must have been pregnant with many incidents of more than ordinary interest, which, however, never appealed to me personally as being worth recording.

It is not the lot of many men to be in active harness work during so long a period without a single break on account of ill-health; yet to look back upon it seems but a brief span, though crowded with events of surpassing importance. Moreover, judging from present appearances, it looks as if it might be possible, with God's blessing and support, to put in, even yet, a little more of active and useful work, but it is to be hoped of not so militant a character as that of the last thirty years.

What brought things to a crisis was an urgent request made to me by a brother physician, whom I hold in high esteem, and who suggested the title of the book. About the same time another inducement was offered by a wealthy lady patient whom it had been my privilege to rescue from the surgeon's knife some years ago.

Now I was conscious of the fact that unwittingly I had been engaged from time to time, in my contributions to the Medical Press, in affecting to a considerable extent the Reconstruction of the Public Health, which the contents of this volume will tend to verify. Furthermore, the pages

that follow will reveal the fact that the present position of Medical Science is founded to a very considerable extent upon the pioneer work here described. I trust, therefore, I shall be considered justified in taking the advice of my friends and placing these memoirs before the public. But I should like to take this opportunity of acknowledging the invaluable assistance I have received from Mr. G. R. Dennis in adding to the literary value of this book.

In conclusion, allow me to quote the following noble words, the author of which I do not know: " I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

R. B.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

My native place is Alnwick, situated in a beautiful part of one of the most charming and interesting counties of England—Northumberland—of which Alnwick is the county town. Unfortunately, in consequence of the Duke of Northumberland's influence and hostility, the original plan to carry the main railway line through Alnwick was abandoned; the town was left out in the cold and its development, as the centre of an extensive agricultural district, was arrested, so that the population has hardly varied, numerically, during the past seventy-six years, while the industries it previously possessed have been swept out of existence.

The Castle is the palatial residence of the Duke of Northumberland, and stands on an elevation upon the banks of the river Aln, forming a conspicuous and magnificent object in the landscape. So noble is the pile, its position so picturesque, and its proximity to the river so similar to that of Windsor, that it has frequently been called "the Windsor of the North." Now the Castle is so situated that the contemplated railway could not possibly have, in the slightest degree, interfered with its amenity; yet the prosperity of the town was mercilessly sacrificed to the whim of the presiding magnate. And yet, the fourth Duke, Algernon, who frustrated this scheme—and whom, as a boy, I remember very well—was one of the most affable and kindest of men; while his Duchess, Eleanor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, was one of the most charming and beloved of women.

In this connection there is one incident in my youth which I look back upon with great pleasure. As a boy I went in, enthusiastically, for photography, which was then very much in its infancy. Still, I managed to achieve some proficiency in the art, and succeeded in securing several rather pleasing pictures of interesting spots in the vicinity of the town. The Duchess somehow got to hear of these and requested one of her staff to ascertain whether her Grace could obtain some copies; this, of course, I looked upon as a great honour, and I had the additional honour of presenting her Grace with a set of those which she had admired.

Every reader of English history is acquainted with the prominent position Alnwick Castle occupied in the many wars between Scotland and England in feudal days. Two monuments relating to these still exist in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. One is that which commemorated the capture of King William, the Lion of Scotland, while besieging the Castle in 1174. Another, known as Malcolm's Cross, situated about one mile north of the town, indicates where Malcolm Canmore, also a Scots King, was killed while attacking this Border fortress.

There are other relics of antiquity, both in the town and immediate neighbourhood. In the former there still exist, and in excellent preservation, two towers, these being remains of the wall which at one time surrounded the town, and, even yet, through these, the traffic from the East, and also from the West, is obliged to pass. They are being kept in a state of splendid preservation: that on the East bearing the name of Hotspur's Tower, and the other, on the West, Pottergate Tower.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the town is one of the most lovely and extensive parks in England. This is surrounded by a ten-foot wall, eighteen miles in length, and contains the noble ruins of a Carmelite abbey,* situated on

* Hulne Abbey was the first establishment of the Carmelite monks (or White Friars) in England, and was founded A.D. 1240. The site was selected because of the hill directly facing it being considered by the monks to bear a strong resemblance to Mount Carmel in Palestine, where the Order had its original habitation. The ruins are even now in excellent preservation, the principal tower being still quite intact and even habitable, though not occupied

a beautifully wooded slope, a short distance from the river, which meanders through, and adds to the glory of the surroundings. Upon the banks of this river I had often the privilege of wandering with fishing rod in hand, when it was invariably my good fortune to capture a goodly number of its denizens. Oh! the enjoyment of those days it were hard to beat.

Is it to be wondered at, with such surroundings, that my love of the country should be so engraven on my very being, and that it should still enthral me, more especially when a good trout or salmon stream beautifies the scene? Oh, yes, I had a happy boyhood, but one circumstance early marred my joy, casting gloomy shadows over my young life, as the following notes will fully explain.

I was born on January 6, 1845, in the town above mentioned, my father at the time having just succeeded to the business of tanner, which had been carried on by his father for half a century. The parents of both my father and mother were Scottish; therefore, I can say the same of myself. My paternal grandparents hailed from Dumfriesshire, which county has been long looked upon as one of the most important headquarters of the Bell clan. My maternal grandparents were natives of Midlothian.

My grandmother, I know, had looked forward to my father entering the Church; for which, on account both of his intellectual powers and his irreproachable character, he was extremely well qualified. The unsatisfactory condition of his father's health, however, was fated to cause this arrangement to fall through; the result being that my father felt it his duty to enter his father's business, a proceeding which I know went very much against his inclination; and it was only a sense of filial duty which impelled him to make the sacrifice.

My father was one of those men of austere Puritanic principles, who would participate in no transaction which was

as a dwelling. It is, however, by permission of the Duke, frequently visited by excursionists and picnic parties from Alnwick and places in the neighbourhood, tea being provided by the Keeper of the Abbey.

not absolutely straight and above-board and thus harmonised in every particular with his views of honest dealing. Many a time, for example, I have known him turn out of the house a buyer if he wished even to speak upon business on a Sunday; and, on the very same day, I would be compelled to go three times to church, and even be refused permission to go for a walk between the services. Indeed, the Sunday, to me, was the most miserable day of the week; the result being that I resorted to any form of deception to enable me to obtain a little pleasure to lighten up my life on a Sunday. Otherwise, it was a case of being miserable; and everyone who knows me will admit that I am not, by nature, of a melancholy disposition, and never was.

I, however, would not like anyone, for a moment, to suppose I made any attempt at open rebellion against my father's methods, for I knew he loved me most devotedly and that his one desire was that I should eventually develop into a man with as high a moral and religious standard as he himself possessed. He, therefore, deemed it his duty to adopt Solomon's method of training a child in the way he should go, and because this was enjoined by the wisest of men, and was, moreover, then viewed as one of the tenets of the Bible, my father concluded it was the correct method to adopt. Yet I know he suffered more in carrying out Solomon's injunction than I, who was so frequently the victim of it. He did not realise the folly of these proceedings until much later; for I was, naturally, a boy brimful of mischief, and managed to get into innumerable scrapes, for which it was my fate frequently, but not always, to be rewarded by the usual number of penalties—that is, *when* I was convicted—and I then felt that as I had paid the price, it was my well-earned privilege to repeat the offence. And, certainly, this kind of thing does not tend to improve one's moral sense of right and wrong, for in my case it only produced a hardening effect upon my character, instead of ennobling it Now, had my affection for my father and my sense of honour been appealed to, it would speedily have convinced my father that Solomon was absolutely in the wrong; and that *leading* a boy up to a sense of duty is much more effectual than attempting to *drive* him.

Besides, the fear of corporal punishment in a boy is not at all an unlikely incentive to lying, which is much more calamitous than any mischief he may have perpetrated.

Nowadays, on the other hand, unfortunately, wholesome discipline in any shape or form is ignored, in the majority of instances, to an extent which can only be described as nothing short of criminal, where the proper upbringing of a child is concerned.

Now I come to relate what befell me when I was barely two years old—the death of my mother, who was possessed, from all accounts, of one of the sweetest characters, as testified to by the numerous friends she left to mourn her loss. She died shortly after the birth of my sister, and was only twenty years of age, when she fell a victim to a filthy surgeon, who carried infection about with him in his polluted and unwashed nails.

Although it was impossible for me to remember her, yet I have been conscious of her presence all my life through; while from the description of her character and goodness to all who knew her in the flesh, and the very many kindnesses I received from those who loved her and cherished her memory, I know that she was one who deserved such devotion, and that I was indebted to her sweet self for all the loving caresses I was constantly receiving as a child, so that I never ceased to worship her memory.

When I saw other boys with their mothers, oh! how I envied them, and often would go and have a good cry all to myself! It is impossible to say, had she been spared to guide and protect me, what my future might have been; but this I know, I would not have received the many thrashings I was subjected to, for she would have thrown her protecting arms round me and instilled into me her own individuality, which I feel certain would have tamed my rebellious nature. But, I thank God, the thought of her beautiful, though short life, and the memory of her, have never left me, and ever made me anxious to follow her example.

When five years old I was enrolled as a scholar at a sort of infant school, the teacher being of the antiquated type, and at the age of eight was transferred to the Grammar

School, which had just been built in the town. The headmaster was a graduate of Oxford, the second and third masters being also University men, and it was here I received all my schooling, and also, I am ashamed to confess, many a flogging, for my spirit of mischief would constantly assert itself, in spite of all my efforts to control it.

At this period of my life a very serious accident befell me, which nearly cost me my eyesight, and of which I have the most vivid remembrance. A married cousin gave a children's party, to which I and some cousins about my own age were invited, I being the eldest by a week or two, and I was only aged five. It was before gas had been introduced into many houses of the town, and the house where the children were gathered was only lit by candles. After tea our hostess proposed to make toffy for us, which was poured into a dripping dish and placed on the middle of the floor, and, stupidly, we little creatures were allowed to crowd round the molten toffy. I, being the eldest, was given a candle to hold, but a little girl, who was only a week or two younger than I, made a grab at it, and sent me face downwards into the dish of hot stuff, with which my face was at once encrusted, so that my eyes were closed, and it was thought I must lose my sight. I remember the yells I set up were terrible, and my calls for cold water incessant, which was not to be wondered at, seeing the scars which resulted pointed to the fact that the heat of the toffy must have been very considerable. I, of course, was put to bed; and fully three weeks elapsed before the crusts peeled off, when my eyes were found to be uninjured; but the scars remained for years as evidence of the ordeal I passed through; and even yet a close inspection of my hand and forehead gives tangible evidence of their existence.

When I was about ten years of age, great excitement was created in Alnwick by the report that a shoal of some thirty whales had become stranded on the beach, near Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey. No such event had ever before been heard of within living memory. A half-holiday was therefore proclaimed at the school and, in company with several boys of various ages, I started on a walk of nearly six miles to view this unique and wonderful sight. It was

indeed a marvellous display, and one of deepest interest, which has been indelibly impressed upon my memory. There were at least thirty of these sea monsters, the largest being nineteen feet in length; the top of this could only be reached by means of a short ladder. Of the others the length varied from seventeen feet downwards to six baby ones, which were almost white in colour, and which, from my present knowledge, I think, must have been removed from their dead mothers. These measured about three feet. There were others of a darker shade, measuring fully six feet. It seemed an extraordinary thing that so considerable a number of whales—"bottlenose" variety—should have unanimously, so to speak, made a rush to destruction; and that in close company, for the whole crowd were lying within a few feet of each other, and did not occupy a space on the beach of more than one hundred yards in length. I fancy they must have had as their leader the largest specimen, as his body lay more inland than the others, and they must have run ashore at full tide, or when it was just on the ebb, and, by their struggles, become exhausted, and so been unable to take advantage of the succeeding tide.

It was astonishing to see the enormous number of visitors collected at this wonderful display of sea carrion, all of which seemed to be the result of unaccountable, if not preconceived suicide. Many of the neighbouring population removed small portions of the carcasses, and I remember seeing a curious character from Alnwick, who was only known by his nickname of Tiddlywink, marching off with the tail-part of one of the smaller whales, which was as much as he could possibly carry. The greater portion of this carrion, however, was just allowed to decompose on the spot, much to the detriment of the sanitary condition of the neighbourhood for a considerable period, and a waste of what would have been esteemed to-day as valuable material.

Excursions to Hulne Park Farm, the home of my life-long friend, John Patten, were of frequent occurrence, and many were the happy hours and days we spent together in various expeditions, these being varied according to the season of the year. Bird-nesting in April and May engaged a considerable amount of attention, as bird-life was plentiful in the

extensive woods of the large, walled-in enclosure, the boundary wall, as I have mentioned, being eighteen miles in length. This domain went under the popular name of "the Parks," through which meandered the lovely river Aln from west to east. The fishing of this stream was strictly preserved by the ducal proprietor, but, by good fortune, my friend and I were on good terms with Mr. Foulger, who was at that period—the late fifties—head gamekeeper to his Grace, and gave us permission to fish a lovely burn named "The Seven Streams," because of the fact that in its tortuous course it was crossed seven times by one of the beautiful drives which were in evidence, in every direction, throughout this extensive domain. Indeed, it appeared as if we had the sole privilege of fishing this stream, as on no single occasion were we interfered with by any other angler. The trout were as a rule small in size, though certainly not in number; still, occasionally, we managed to get hold of one of a decent size, which, of course, was hailed with considerable éclat. These were indeed happy days, which I look back upon as amongst the brightest in my life.

There is one very curious cave in this domain to which we made numerous excursions. It had, evidently, some connection with Hulne Abbey, and is situated near the summit of Brizlee Hill, which the Carmelites affirmed, as I have previously stated, bore a strong resemblance to Mount Carmel. The cave is situated about half a mile distant—as the crow flies—from the Abbey, and at its entrance there stands the stone effigy—life size—of a monk, still in excellent preservation. In connection with the cave—which, by the way, now, from some obscure and unknown reason, goes under the name of "the nine year ald (old) hole"!—there hangs a legend, as follows: A monk was resting in the cave one day, when he was confronted by an apparition which laid a bag of gold at his feet and then left him; the monk looked upon the gold with disdain, and fled from the spot, leaving it behind. In his flight he was held up by three robbers who demanded money from him, which, of course, he was unable to supply. He, however, told them of the existence of the bag of gold in the cave, to which they immediately proceeded, and took

possession of the treasure. They then found they were in need of food. Lots were therefore cast, so that one of the number should go to Alnwick and purchase bread, while the other two rogues should remain and guard the booty. While the robber upon whom the lot had fallen was absent on his errand of mercy, the two remaining behind conceived a plan to murder their comrade on his return, so that his portion would fall to their share. He, however, had also developed an equally nefarious scheme; so he bought poison as well as bread, and poisoned the food. On his arrival at the cave, however, he was immediately set upon by his two comrades, who murdered him and threw his body amongst the brushwood. They then attacked the food, and in the course of a few hours death was also their lot. Now, the question arises, if the three had all succumbed to each other's treachery, how could all these details have been forthcoming? But it turned out that the monk had returned to his cell, and found the two culprits in the grip of the poison, and he had shrived them, receiving their deathbed confessions. Thus the complete story was shorn of all doubt of its veracity. And even now it is held that the gold still remains in existence, and will eventually be discovered by some lucky person.

My memory carries me vividly back to 1849, when a deadly epidemic of cholera ravaged the town with terrible effect, but it was not this fact which impressed the date upon my memory, but the circumstance that tar barrels were being daily burnt in the various streets with a view of acting as a disinfectant.

The sanitary condition of the town at that period was far from being satisfactory, the entire water supply having been obtained from wells, which, undoubtedly, became contaminated by leakage from defective drains. As a result of this epidemic, however, the sewage system was thoroughly overhauled, and a water supply obtained by gravitation from the town moor, so that all further risk of polluted water for domestic purposes was removed.

Another incident, occurring two years afterwards, also left a vivid impression on my mind. This was the visitation of a terrible thunderstorm, accompanied by torrential rain,

when three masons, engaged in building the new Grammar School, were killed by lightning, which distressing event cast a sad gloom over the town, and personally affected me most keenly.

As already stated, I was eight years old when this school was opened, and commenced work in the lowest—viz., the third—class-room. The school consisted of three large and airy buildings, a Mr. Witham being the teacher. He was an excellent penman, and acted as writing master to the school, but unfortunately he possessed an irritable temper, of which I had the misfortune of being frequently a victim.

When I was about ten years old my father took a short fishing holiday at Rothbury, which is situated on the banks of the river Coquet. This is an excellent trouting stream, and its distance from Alnwick is twelve miles. During my father's absence, much to my surprise, my step-mother told me I might go and join my father if I chose, but added I should have to walk all the distance. This, however, presented no difficulty to me, so with as little delay as possible, with a handbag and my fishing rod, off I trudged, and arrived at my destination in time for a mid-day dinner, which I was quite ready for. After this was done justice to, I went off to the river, my father having left on a similar expedition, some distance away. I was a proud boy that afternoon, when I captured my first trout; previous attempts having only resulted in landing an occasional eel, flat fish, or a few minnows. Another boy, who was fishing near me, but without success, came to me and expressed a wish to purchase my fish, offering to give me a penny for it; but no money could buy that fish, so I took it to my father's quarters in great triumph. Thus commenced my career as a Waltonian. After this great event, every Saturday—which was a school holiday—I started off on a piscatorial expedition, and explored every burn in the neighbourhood, with varying success, or unsuccess, as the case might be. There were two fairly large burns, each situated about four miles distant, where I used to enjoy what I considered to be excellent sport. The best day's catch consisted of eleven beautiful trout, and to my great disappointment, try

as hard as I could, I found it impossible to make up the dozen.

When I grew a little older, and had discarded the worm as a lure, and learned to cast a fly, under the tuition of one of my father's workmen, who was an adept with the rod, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Bryan Burrell, Esq., who was the proprietor of Broom Park, through which the Aln flowed, including in its course some of the best pools and streams in the river. The fishing was strictly preserved, and the fish were of excellent size and numerous; but what was of more importance to me was that Mr. Burrell was most considerate and kind, and willingly granted me the liberty of an occasional day's sport on his preserve.

I am going to mention an extraordinary capture I made one drizzly wet day on that portion of the Aln. It is no, so-called, "fishing story," I can assure my readers, but a fact; for with one cast of flies, I landed eleven dozen trout, weighing close upon forty-three pounds. I never either before or since have seen trout rising so greedily to the fly—sometimes I was able to land two at a time, and all were fairly good-sized trout, and in fine condition. I always carried a creel of a large size, which on this occasion I filled as full as it would hold; and, besides, a longish stick, which I passed through the gills and mouths of the rest of the fish. With this load I tramped home to Alnwick, a distance of four miles; and, afterwards, enjoyed myself by distributing my catch amongst my friends.

About this period of my life, sixty-three years ago, I knew an old man named John Common, who was an employee, as "the joiner of the estate," in the employment of the father of my friend, John Patten, manager of the Duke of Northumberland's agricultural property in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. Now this man, John Common, was the inventor of the reaping machine; and it was on the Duke's land that corn and hay were first reaped by a mechanical device. It is to be regretted that the poor man had not thought of patenting his invention, the consequence being that a man came over from America, obtained the secret of the machine, and without compensating the inventor

in the smallest way, went off, took out a patent in America, and made his fortune by means of it.

My school days came to an untimely end in my fifteenth year, when I was placed under the care of a tutor, whose duty was to prepare me for my preliminary examination for admittance as a registered medical student at the Glasgow University, to which it was proposed I should proceed four years later. This tuition, however, was only carried out in the evenings, as during the day-time I was occupied as an apprentice with a medical man of the old school, but whose skill was beyond question. In parenthesis I may state that this mode of commencing one's medical career is unfortunately now quite obsolete; the greater the pity; for there is no more profitable method of gaining practical knowledge, as I can testify from my personal experience. Its advantages are so numerous that it is astonishing it is not insisted upon as forming a preliminary portion of the medical curriculum. It gives a man points which help him materially, both as a matriculated student, and also when he is qualified to commence practice, as I shall illustrate later on. These remarks, however, are only by the way; and to resume my story—in my fifteenth year I commenced my apprenticeship on the lowest rung of the medical ladder, my duties consisting of keeping the dispensary clean, washing bottles, dusting the various stock bottles, containing tinctures, liniments, and other extraneous fluids, which, though not of medicinal value, yet were of commercial importance, such as scents, train and lamp oil, salad oil, and other commodities which, in these days, it was customary for the doctor in a small town to supply, at a profit, of course, to the public. Then there were the ointment jars to be kept tidy; and other jars which looked like these, but contained such commodities as tapioca, arrowroot, and other articles of a like, and even dissimilar, nature; one of which I remember was snuff, and another tobacco. We also sold cigars of a kind, seven for a shilling; Havanahs, so called, three for a shilling; also Manilla cheroots, five for a shilling, all of which entered into the commercial part of the business.

Then it was my duty to look after the live stock of the

establishment. This consisted of leeches, which were kept in a large jar three parts filled with water. Now this had to be renewed at stated intervals, when it was necessary to take the leeches, half a dozen at a time, and rub them thoroughly between one's two hands, so as to remove the slime which is liable to collect upon the creatures. They were, thereafter, returned to their jar of fresh water, which was tied over with a porous cloth, so as to insure a plentiful supply of air, and thus were kept ready for use; but it was always a mystery to me how they managed to survive, seeing they received no manner of nourishment, and yet when the opportunity presented itself, they were able to make such a hearty meal. This orthodox method of treating leeches may seem a strange proceeding to the uninitiated, but it was believed to be essential to their being kept in a healthy blood-sucking condition; and I may, in this connection, state that the routine method of treating disease by the use of the lancet, as well as by leeches, was still in vogue in these days. The former method it was my privilege to witness on occasions, though the custom at this period was rapidly dying out, more the pity, because I know it is of considerable therapeutic value in properly selected cases. After the drudgery part of work was finished for the day, it became my duty to engage in making up tinctures, ointments, lotions, and pills of all sorts; in most of which the pestle and mortar were very much in evidence as adjuncts. I may state that none of these occupations were very congenial, at least from my personal point of view. One of them, however, was specially obnoxious—viz., that of making asafœtida pills—which made me and the whole place reek with the odour of garlic for days after, and I therefore begged that I might be permitted to get up at 4 a.m. so that I could put on some discarded clothes for the ordeal. There was an additional advantage I obtained on these occasions, which was, that I usually got an afternoon off for a few hours, which I spent at the river and enjoyed my favourite sport.

Notwithstanding this disagreeable part of my duties, I have had reason to look back upon my apprenticeship with the greatest satisfaction in after years, as it gave

me a knowledge of drugs and their therapeutic properties, which proved invaluable to me even during my student life.

There was one incident in connection with the above which is indelibly impressed upon my memory, as it nearly set the house on fire, and for it I received a swearing benediction from my chief. I was deputed to watch, most carefully, the melting of a number of highly inflammable ingredients which enter into the composition of resin ointment; and before I knew where I was, the whole panful was ablaze, resulting in the burning materials running over the hearth in all directions. Fortunately, however, the fire was subdued before it reached the woodwork, or it is impossible to speculate what the result might have been. But the lesson was not lost upon me, for a like accident never happened again when I was in charge.

As time went on, more important, or rather, I should say, more responsible duties devolved upon me, so that at the age of seventeen it fell to my lot to dress wounds, open abscesses, and extract teeth, though my first attempt at the last-mentioned performance terminated in quite a small tragedy. For though I had carefully watched the operation any number of times, and felt cocksure of my proficiency, the following incident will prove that it does not always do to be too confident. For when I had got the instrument,* as I thought, accurately in position, and gave it the proper turn, out jumped two teeth, whereupon up sprang the Irishman—for that was the victim's nationality—and shouted out: "Oh, Docthor, dear, you've got the wrong toth!" I managed, however, to kick the sound one under the fender, and showed him the decayed tooth, at which he was quite satisfied; and lucky it was for me that it was the good tooth I managed to kick under the fender, otherwise my reputation had gone. However, my conscience was somewhat relieved by refusing to charge him a fee. The only other occasion on which a misfortune of a like nature ever happened in my experience was when a school-master was the victim, but he was not at all vindictive.

* This was the, now obsolete, old-fashioned "key" instrument which possessed a terrible grip and lever power when brought into use.

Towards the end of my apprenticeship I had the privilege and honour of acting for the House Surgeon on several occasions at the outdoor department of the local Infirmary, during his temporary absence; and there, I am thankful to say, I had the satisfaction of retrieving my reputation in the dental line.

During my boyhood period the Curfew Bell was rung in Alnwick at 8 p.m. every night, and at 6 a.m. in the morning. This ancient custom was in charge of an old man over eighty years of age, who was a venerable servant of the corporation. He was also the bellman, who was deputed to ring his bell and shout out "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and give information of, any kind, which was of interest to the inhabitants. There was also extant at this period a curious relic of feudal days, on the occasion of a fair, which was held in July. This consisted of a procession of the tenantry of the Duke of Northumberland, who, armed with halberds and mounted on horses, rode through the town streets, as had been the custom for centuries past, indicating that as vassals of the Duke they were prepared to defend the town against the onslaughts of their hereditary foes from the Scottish Borders; which display of martial ardour was always enjoyed by us youngsters.

There was another curious custom which was discontinued during my boyhood, though I had the privilege of enjoying the sight on more than one occasion. But before proceeding to describe this, it is of importance that I should make reference to its origin. About the year 1160, during the reign of Henry II., William de Vesey made a grant of over 3,000 acres of Haydon Forest—now named Alnwick Moor—to the burgesses of Alnwick, which the freemen still hold in freehold. About fifty years afterwards, King John, while with a party hunting in Haydon Forest, became mired in the bog or pool now called the Freemen's Well. It is said that this accident, from which his attendants could with difficulty extricate the Royal rider and his horse, so enraged the surly monarch, that in order to inflict a punishment on the inhabitants of the adjoining town for neglecting to keep the adjacent country in a more eligible condition for his favourite sport, he passed a decree, obliging every

man, previous to his being invested with the privileges annexed to the freedom of the borough, to encounter a danger similar to that which his Majesty had experienced before him.

Therefore, early in the morning of St. Mark's day (April 25) —being the day on which the freedom of the borough is conferred—the houses of the new freemen were distinguished by a holly tree planted before each door, as a signal for their friends to assemble and make merry with them. About 8 a.m. the candidates, being mounted on horseback, and armed with swords, assembled in the market-place, where they were joined by the Chamberlains and the Bailiff of the Duke, attended by two men armed with halberds. This seems to have been a necessary precaution, on account of the frequent inroads of borderers. Everything being in order, with a band playing before them, and accompanied by a numerous cavalcade, they marched to the west end of the town, where they gave up their swords. They then proceeded, under the guidance of the Moorgrieves, through a part of their extensive property till they reached the ceremonial well, where their friends awaited their arrival, provided with refreshments. This well was a dirty, stagnant pool, nearly twenty yards in length, and those who were entrusted with its upkeep took special care that it did not lose any of its depth or size at the approach of St. Mark's day; and while preparing the well for the ceremonial plunge they employed various contrivances, making deep holes and ridges, and fixing ropes at the bottom, to ensnare the unsuspecting novitiates in the mire.

The young freemen, having prepared for their immersion, divested themselves of their proper clothing, and put on a white dress and a cap ornamented with ribbons. The sons of the oldest freemen had the honour of taking the first plunge; and, having been arranged accordingly, they rushed into the well, and scrambled through the loathsome pool with no little difficulty and considerable hard work; and after being well drenched and half suffocated by the mud were assisted out of the puddle at the further end in a most miserable condition, which afforded a truly ludicrous spectacle, much to the amusement of the spectators.

After this performance, they speedily resumed their proper clothing; and taking a dram after their legalised mud bath, they remounted their horses, and rode round the boundaries of their estate; and, having become freemen by this ordeal, it became a race who would first arrive at the Castle, where they were liberally regaled by the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

It was the last part of the proceedings which we boys looked forward to with the greatest interest and enjoyment. Of this sight we obtained a splendid view from some rising ground, as the horsemen passed galloping homewards.

Much to my regret, when my turn came to be admitted to the freedom of the town, this ancient ceremony had become obsolete.

CHAPTER II

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

In the autumn of 1864, after passing my preliminary examination, I commenced my career as a medical student at the University of Glasgow, which was then situated in the High Street of that city. In those days, the building was an antiquated structure, having been founded by Bishop Turnbull, A.D. 1450, under a bull of Pope Nicholas V. Though housed in a venerable building, which, from an architectural point of view, had nothing to be proud of, yet, at this period of its history, no University in the kingdom could boast of a better equipped teaching staff of professors. These included the Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Allen Thomson of world-wide reputation; Professor William Thompson, since made a peer of the realm; Joseph Lister, Professor of Surgery, also raised to the peerage; Professor Thomas Anderson, one of the most celebrated chemists of his day; and others of almost equal eminence, amongst whom was the Professor of Materia Medica, Dr. John Easton of Easton's Syrup fame.*

In those days it was erudition that was the stepping-stone to a professorship; but since that period, political influence is all that is required, "hinc illæ lacrimæ." No wonder, then, that I am able to look back with pride to my student days, when it was my privilege to come in daily contact with such men, and collect from their lips—not from book learning—the treasures of their knowledge and experience, so filtered in passing through their minds that every vestige of crudity had disappeared and only

* This gentleman was of special interest to me as his brother was in practice in Alnwick, and I was well acquainted with him. Unfortunately, the Professor, who was most popular with the students, died a very short time before opening the session in which I was to have joined the class of Materia Medica.

the polished gems of choicest language reached our ears, afterwards securing an abiding place in our memories. Who, then, could help being taught the subject of discourse, and taught also to love his mother tongue? For language so perfectly modulated created in the hearer the desire and ambition to emulate those who had at their command so enviable a gift.

The first session of the medical course was occupied by the study of elementary anatomy and chemistry, both of which appealed to me very strongly, from the fact that my curiosity was thereby most keenly excited—I therefore entered upon their study *con amore.*

During this early period of my curriculum the execution of Dr. Pritchard, the last public execution of a murderer in the open, gave rise to tremendous excitement in Glasgow, and to no portion of the community more prominently than to the students of the University. More especially was this manifested in the medical faculty, the effect being that those classes that met in the forenoon were practically deserted. This was markedly the case with the Tutorial Chemistry class, which met at 9 a.m.; and, as such a repulsive spectacle did not appeal to me, I had the class-room practically to myself. Otherwise the incident might have escaped my memory.

This class was of immense value, as the Assistant Professor—Dr. Mills—had a splendid grasp of his subject, and possessed to an enviable extent the faculty of elucidating a complex problem, which it was impossible for me not to appreciate to the full.

One incident occurred in this class, which gave me a terrible shock, and might have been followed by serious consequences. It happened when I was engaged in laboratory work; having come across a Winchester quart bottle—about eighty ounces—of concentrated prussic acid, I removed the stopper, and putting my nose to the orifice, took a sniff, which knocked me quite stupid. This piece of folly gave me a lesson I never forgot—so much for unbridled curiosity!

It is hardly necessary to remark that the study of this most interesting subject, if followed up in after years,

cannot but prove of immense and permanent value to one who loves his profession.

At the end of the session I was awarded a second class certificate, which was, at that period, taken into account by the examiner in his report, when one's qualification for a degree was at stake. During the same session the student was expected to attend the Elementary Anatomical class, which commenced by making one thoroughly acquainted with the bones of the skeleton. This was followed by lectures and demonstrations made upon the muscles, dissected upon the dead body. These dissections were made by an advanced student, who was termed the " class dissector," and I had the unexpected honour during my first session of having the " subject," which I had been engaged upon, selected for demonstration before the class; and the additional honour, in the succeeding year, of being appointed " Class Dissector," which gave me the advantage of not having to pay for my " subjects."

At the end of my first session, to my great joy, I was awarded a first-class certificate for both Elementary and Practical Anatomy, called a " double first," and at the end of the succeeding session a double first in Practical and Advanced Anatomy; before which I had received the appointment of Assistant Demonstrator.

During this session the Demonstrator, who was practically the Assistant Professor, was Dr. James Wilson, whose father was the minister of Maryhill parish. He was one of the kindest and most gentlemanly of men, and was a great favourite with every student in the medical section of the University, and as a teacher of Anatomy he was perfect. Fortunately for me, he and I became fast friends, but, sad to relate, during the course of my second session, he became the victim of lung disease, which proved fatal in a very few weeks. This was a blow felt by every one who had the privilege of his friendship, and was a sad blow to me. He was succeeded by Doctor, afterwards Sir William Mitchell Banks, whose friendship I retained until his death at Liverpool, where he attained to an eminent position as a surgeon.

At that time, in Scotland, at funerals of an unmarried

person, those attending were accustomed to wear a white sash round their hats and a narrow border of white muslin stitched to the border of their coat sleeves, a custom which, fortunately, is now obsolete. These were called " weepers," and were worn for several days after the funeral.

Between the first and second winter sessions, it was customary for the junior students to attend a short summer course in Practical Chemistry and Botany. In the former, under Professor Anderson and his assistant, lessons were given in Analytical Chemistry, which were of immense interest and profit.

The Professor of Botany was Dr. Walker Arnott, one of the eminent botanists of his day, and a thorough gentleman to boot. Unfortunately he was short-sighted, of which circumstance some of the underbred students took a mean advantage, interrupting his lectures with unseemly interjections of " Hooky," referring to " Walker " in his name; and frequently throwing objects of various kinds on to his desk, such as parcels made up of newspapers rolled into balls, and on one occasion half a loaf of bread, which nearly struck the lecturer. But the crisis came when an idiotic fool set free a blackbird, which he had brought in for the purpose, and which so roused the usually too patient doctor, that he threatened to break up the class if the delinquent was not brought to book. In this, however, he failed to succeed, and left the class-room in disgust. But after this incident, the unruly element thought it better policy to conduct themselves in a less unseemly manner.

The Professor supplemented the instruction given in the class-room by occasionally accompanying the students to the Botanic Gardens, which at that time were not open to the public except by payment, but to which the students had free access. We were also conducted by Dr. Arnott upon excursions into the country, so that we might study the indigenous plants of the district, which proved most enjoyable and instructive. In short, the good and kind man never spared himself in his endeavours to help us in the study of the subject which was so dear to himself; with which he was so thoroughly conversant, and which he meant to teach us to love as he did. I need hardly add

that I look back to these days as amongst the happiest of my student career.

At the period of which I write the students of the University were beyond the jurisdiction of the police, so long as they were within the University precincts, but on occasions they took undue advantage of this privilege. One of these instances occurred in the winter of 1864–5, when there was a heavy snowfall, and some of the rowdy set took the opportunity to go into the High Street with an armful of snowballs and pelt the passers-by. They carried this frolic to such lengths that the police made an attack upon them, whereupon they bolted into the quadrangle, with four or five of the police after them. This, the students knew, was quite beyond their jurisdiction; they therefore attacked the intruding members of the force, whom they forthwith laid upon their backs, washed their faces with snow, and otherwise insulted by seizing their helmets, which they cut up into fragments and distributed amongst their fellows as souvenirs of the occasion. When this folly was being perpetrated, Professor Thompson—afterwards Lord Kelvin—came out endeavouring to restore order. He was, however, also attacked, and hustled about in a most insulting manner; but I could not see that he was injured in any way before he managed to free himself from the idiotic crowd.

Then arose the difficulty of the students getting home, as a body of police guarded every exit from the building; and the result was that several of the students, whether guilty or otherwise mattered not, were hauled up before the magistrates and, individually, fined fairly severely. This, however, did not punish them very much financially, as the hat was sent round, and sixpence a head from their fellow-students was more than enough to clear their liabilities.

I should mention that in the Barony Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, the eminent divine, who also was Chaplain to Queen Victoria when resident at Balmoral, and Dean of the Chapel Royal, was the minister, certain pews were reserved for students of the University, of which privilege I was glad to take advantage. I need

hardly say how great was the pleasure of listening to such an eminent preacher, who, I was told, could get up in the pulpit and deliver an eloquent discourse of quite an extempore character, as he never appeared to refer to notes to assist him in the delivery of his sermons. He was, moreover, one who in social life was a man of rare humour, and splendid at repartee. An excellent story of his wit is the following: He was invited on one occasion to a dinner party, at which one of the Scottish Bishops was also a guest. This Bishop was a thin, cadaverous-looking individual, who was gifted with an excellent appetite, and therefore always ready for his meal. Unfortunately, however, he was subject to epileptic fits, and in consequence of this infirmity was always attended by his valet wherever he went. Now this valet, on occasions like the present, invariably stood by the chair of the Bishop—and he was a very well-dressed man. Prior to the dinner being served, the guests were assembled in the drawing-room, and were kept waiting for some little time by Dr. Macleod, who was unavoidably detained owing to the serious illness of one of his parishioners. When at last he did appear the Bishop, who evidently was hungry as usual, commenced to chide Dr. Macleod for keeping the whole company waiting. This the doctor took in good part, explaining the cause of the delay. The Bishop, however, appeared to scoff at this, and a little rudely remarked that it must have been due to the lack of sufficiently quick movement, owing, doubtless, to the weight he had to carry, for he was the antithesis of the attenuated Bishop. However, the matter passed off pleasantly, and the company adjourned to dinner. The lady of the house was accompanied to the dining-room by the Bishop; and to Dr. Macleod's care was allotted a lady who was quite a stranger. She naturally was anxious to know the names of the various people present, and to her enquiries Dr. Macleod was able to give satisfactory replies. At last she enquired the name of the thin individual who was sitting at the side of the lady of the house; to which he replied in the subdued voice in which the previous questions had been answered. She then enquired who the well-dressed, gentlemanly waiter was, who stood constantly behind the Bishop's chair.

Dr. Macleod then immediately raised his voice, so that everyone at the table could hear: "You ask me who that well-dressed waiter is, who stands by the Bishop's chair? That is the valet of the shadow of death."

At this period of my life there were no restrictions, as is the case at present, regarding the employment of unqualified assistants by a medical man; and yet it was necessary, before going up for his final examination, that the student should be able to have it certified that he had attended at least six cases of midwifery. So it was arranged that these, on the first occasion, should be undertaken in the presence, and with the assistance if necessary, of an accoucheur of some experience, after which the novice was left to act for himself. The student, therefore, left his name and address at the maternity hospital, and when there came a call from one requiring his attendance, the name and address of the expectant mother were given by the messenger, generally the husband or some other male friend of the patient.

I may add that these expectant mothers in the majority of instances were resident in the slums, situated in lanes branching off the High Street, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the University, which, by the way, is now turned into a railway goods station.

In these days there were no restrictions as to overcrowding, so that on more than one occasion I have been compelled to step over a number of men sleeping on the floor of the room adjacent to that occupied by the woman for whom my help had been solicited; and when I have arrived by her side, it was the exception *not* to find the room devoid of all furniture and the poor creature lying on a bed of straw on the floor. So, as may be imagined, it was heart-rending work, and a bitter experience.

These slums were inhabited by the most debased set of men and women, so that one was not always safe in entering their dens, but, as a rule, the medical profession was held sacred. On one occasion, however, a man attacked me, but a woman shouted out: "Stop that, he's a doctor," and I was let off with many apologies from the assailant.

As I have stated, there was, at that time, no law against

the employment of unqualified assistants by medical men. Therefore, being anxious to get as much midwifery practice as possible, I engaged myself for three months, during the summer vacation of 1867, to a doctor practising in the Teem Valley, one of the most densely populated mining districts of Durham, and where the population was further augmented by construction of a new railway line, and, I can assure my readers, I had my fill of night and day work. It is no exaggeration when I state that, on an average, a week did not pass without my being roused several times out of my bed during the whole period of my sojourn at that place, so I had no lack of practice of every description, but that being what I desired, I had no reason to complain or feel I was being overworked.

There was, however, one great drawback to my enjoyment, which was, that my principal was about as coarse a specimen of humanity as I ever came across, and one of the most jealous. He could hardly open his mouth without an oath. His was a most unhappy household, consisting of two families of children, the step-mother making a perfect slave of the poor grown-up daughter of the first wife.

There was hardly any private practice, those residents in the neighbourhood who could afford it preferring to go further afield for medical aid rather than submit to the vulgarity of the man in possession.

The practice was of a most remarkable nature, at least so it appeared to me. The iron workers in the large foundry and the coal miners at the various pits in the district had twopence a week kept off their wages to pay the doctor; while for every confinement he received half a guinea; accidents were also extras. From these sources he drew a fair income, but, had he been a gentleman, this might have been augmented considerably.

There was a dispensary connected with the house, at which advice and medicine, of a sort, were given at the price of twopence a week. It is a strange infatuation of many of that class that they must be continually taking medicine, and this, such as it was, they received *ad libitum*. They brought their bottles, generally not half empty, as they wanted a change of medicine for some reason of their own,

and certainly they got it, for there existed a large glass receptacle into which was emptied the contents of all the half-empty bottles returned. This was called the " stock bottle," and out of it the " change " of medicine was given, but what it consisted of no power on earth could possibly even guess. The best description of it would be " nasty," but that seemed to be quite satisfactory to the recipient. Sometimes, however, a really deserving case came for advice. One of these was a poor woman suffering from neuralgia, for which I made up a quinine mixture. This unfortunately came to the ears of my principal, which put him into such a passion, that he, in his insulting manner, informed me I was not there to dispense expensive drugs; but this did not deter me from using my discretion in similar circumstances.

I may mention that one of the Scottish Universities was at that time empowered, after the payment of certain fees, to confer the M.D. degree upon men who had been a given number of years in general practice; and this individual had taken advantage of the privilege. This fact, however, his mining clientèle persistently refused to recognise, and continued to address him as " Mr." G.—not " Doctor " G., as he endeavoured to impress upon them was his due. But the curious thing was that they invariably addressed me as " Doctor " Bell, and still persisted in addressing him as " Mr." This preyed so much upon his vanity, that one day I heard him, in great anger, exclaim that I had " no distinction "—neither I had—but that " he was Doctor and I was not." Yet notwithstanding my inferior status, I was called in to attend at the house of the proprietor of the ironworks; and had the good luck one night to be invited to observe the phenomenon of the blossoming of the night-flowering cactus in the conservatory attached to the house, which to me was a very great treat. But this preference shown towards me was not looked upon with much favour by the " Doctor," which perhaps was not to be wondered at, seeing he was not recognised as their family physician.

It was my fate to meet with another surprise. One day I was stopped when riding past a beautiful cottage, belonging to a well-to-do old lady, whose regular medical attendant

resided at a distance. She was suffering from overdosing herself with pills, as I ascertained after a short conversation. She was, however, one of those people who was obsessed with the idea that she could not survive if she did not swallow a daily dose of some fairly active drug, and I discovered she was also so completely under the influence of this mania, that, had I told her she was in her own interest to discard physic altogether, and trust more to diet, I should have been told she had no further need for my services. I therefore decided to play a trick upon the old lady; and solved the difficulty by suggesting that as she had been taking these pills for so long, a change of medicine appeared to be necessary, and I proposed to make up some special pills " I knew of, " when I returned to the surgery, promising to leave them at her cottage the following day. I therefore made her up a box of pills composed of bread, with the addition of a mere suspicion of pepper, just to give them a little piquancy. On arriving at her cottage the next day and presenting her with the pills, I gave her strict injunctions that one of these should be taken every night, in place of those which were disagreeing with her, and that *on no account* was she to miss a night, when she just beamed over with pleasure.

On leaving, I promised to look in upon her in a week to ascertain how the new medicine was suiting her, at the same time impressing upon the patient the necessity of her following my instructions to the letter, which she promised me most faithfully to act up to. On the following week, therefore, I called, when the poor lady met me with the greatest cordiality, assuring me that " never, in all her life, had she had any pills which did so much good." So much for the exercise of faith.

Before leaving this portion of my narrative, I may remark that I was soon satiated with my midwifery experience of that particular description, and may add that I don't believe there existed a more prolific community in Her Majesty's dominion than that which I had happened to light upon. Indeed, there was one woman whom I attended when she gave birth to twins, and who, though only married six years, was, including the twins just referred to, the mother of eight

children, the two previous births having been triplets, all of whom survived.

Meanwhile, I had made the acquaintance of a fellow-student who had come to a neighbouring district on the same errand as myself. His principal, however, was at daggers drawn with mine, and I was commanded to have no dealings with his assistant, or even to speak to him. To this command I paid no heed, and on my disobedience coming to the ears of the " Doctor," he created such a rumpus that, there and then, I threw up my position, together with my pay of £1 per week; for this was the munificent salary I was receiving, while for him I was earning quite £15 weekly, to which he was very welcome.

Having obtained all the experience I came in search of, I therefore returned home, and occupied my time in doing some reading, occasionally varied with improving my knowledge of the piscatorial art.

The third session of my curriculum was, from my point of view, the most momentous of my student career, as it was then that I came under the influence of Mr. Lister, then Professor of Surgery, the effects of whose personality and teaching have never been lost upon me during the whole of my professional life, and have been always to my advantage. At this time he was preparing, experimentally, his epoch-making employment of antiseptics in surgery, which eventually led up to aseptic surgery; and I remember most vividly, when I was one of his assistants in the Royal Infirmary, the first application of his method; which, as it happened, was upon one of the patients in the ward in which I was a dresser. I also remember the hostility with which his colleagues treated him—nay more, persecuted him. And I don't think I need be censured when confessing that I am not only proud of having been associated with such a man, but also of the additional fact that it was my privilege and delight, upon receiving first-class honours in his class, to be invited to dine with him that evening. Moreover, when I went up for my final examination for my degree, he let me off without an examination in Surgery. This degree of Bachelor of Medicine I secured, with Commendation, on May 19, 1868.

About ten days previous to this a friend and I went to Edinburgh and captured the diploma of Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, so that we were able to append to our examination papers in Glasgow "L.R.C.S.Ed.," just to let the Examiners know it would not do to "pluck" us—a piece of bravado which I trust my readers will look upon leniently, as coming from a youth.

CHAPTER III

CANADA—WORK IN GLASGOW

SHORTLY after taking my degree, I went to Montreal as Surgeon in the s.s. *Ottawa*, she having been built to replace the famous s.s. *Alabama* which, in the American Civil War, caused so much bitterness in America, and was eventually sunk off Cherbourg, her unjustifiable conduct resulting in painful litigation between England and the United States.

The *Ottawa* was a strongly built boat of 4,000 tons, but a slow mover, and her cargo of locomotives, being so much bottom weight, made her swing like a pendulum. As luck would have it, we encountered a severe storm from the west, which continued four days, during which period we never made more, and sometimes much less, than four knots an hour; so that it took us close on twelve days to reach our destination, during four of which I was completely *hors de combat*. Before we reached Quebec, however, I had recovered my colour and most of the flesh I had lost during my enforced leisure, not to mention the agony I endured.

On the other hand, the voyage, on the whole, was most enjoyable, except for dense fogs which enveloped us on the banks of Newfoundland; also the proximity of immense icebergs. How many fishing boats are cut down by steamers in these waters it would be difficult to estimate, for on the occasion of the fog lifting for a few seconds, as I was leaning over the gunwale, I saw one of these boats so near the hull of the ship, that I could easily have pitched a penny into it.

One of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed was the sun setting upon the horizon in the west, and the full moon just clearing the eastern horizon.

I spent ten days in Quebec and Montreal, which I enjoyed to the full. In each of these cities it was my privilege and delight to meet most hospitable friends, who took any

amount of trouble to make my visit enjoyable. My first Sunday was spent in Quebec, and of course I paid a visit to the Plains of Abraham, that beautiful plateau, so magnificently full of historic interest, with its simple monument and its laconic inscription: "Here fell Wolfe victorious." But surely a more elaborate testimonial to the great hero who "fell on the lap of Victory," has been erected since that date—1868.

During my short visit to Quebec, the procession of Corpus Christi took place, and was witnessed by considerable crowds. It was my first experience of this religious ceremony, and I was quite unacquainted with the fact that every one present should remove his hat, of which custom I was rudely reminded by one of the crowd, who told me that "if I did not take off my hat, it would be knocked off."

On arrival at Montreal, I was immediately amongst another set of friends, many of whom I had met on board the *Ottawa;* and who, much to my surprise, promised to make it worth my while if I would consent to take up my abode in Montreal, and commence practice there. This kind and flattering proposition, however, I was unable even to consider, as my plans had tentatively been made to settle in Glasgow. Notwithstanding, I was the recipient of great kindness during the few days of my visit to that most beautiful city, then comparatively in its infancy. The road up to the mountain was rapidly being transformed into a residential quarter, and on the summit a cemetery had been laid out from which point of advantage an extensive view of a fertile plain is obtainable; and as it was planted with innumerable apple trees, then in full bloom, the beautiful scene, for its charm, was beyond description. One day I took rail up the banks of the St. Lawrence to an Indian village, named Cockinawaga (I don't know whether I am spelling it right), and returned to Montreal in a small steam-boat, piloted by an Indian, in which we shot the La Chine Rapids, a most exciting experience; and I may add an excursion not quite free from danger. On our way we passed underneath that magnificent engineering feat, the Victoria Bridge, which connects Canada with the United States.

And now the time had arrived for us to turn our faces homewards, and we started in quite summer-like weather, which continued favourable all the way home with the wind behind us, so that with sails fully set, to supplement the steam power, we were making twelve knots during the whole distance.

One painful incident, however, made sad havoc of our pleasure. We took on board at Montreal the Captain of a ship, who had given way to drink, and who, in consequence, had been dismissed from his command. This preyed so much upon his mind that in Montreal he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, the wound from this having only recently healed. He was, notwithstanding, to be treated as a suicidal maniac, and was placed in my charge as such. My first duty, therefore, was to appoint a quartermaster as his attendant; and this man was given strict instructions not to leave the patient's side for a moment, either sleeping or waking, which orders he carefully obeyed, never leaving him either in his cabin, or when taking his daily exercise upon deck. One fine afternoon, however, when we were running before the wind at full speed, he made a sudden dash from his keeper and leapt overboard; and when I rushed up from the saloon, where I had been reading, the only thing I could see was the suicide's cap floating on the water. The Captain, of course, made every effort to recover the man, but without success; and it was discovered afterwards that he had not only put on his oldest suit of clothes, and left all his valuables behind, but had loaded his pockets with some heavy material which he took from his cabin, so that he must have sunk immediately.

He had played his game most ingeniously, as since he came aboard both his conduct and conversation were highly satisfactory, which apparently were only intended to disarm suspicion; yet there was no relaxation of the watch which was unremittingly kept upon him, but his cunning succeeded in countering all our precautions. After this painful incident the voyage homewards was continued under the most favourable circumstances, and so ended my first and second crossings of the Atlantic.

The question now arose where I was to plant myself, so that the seed which had been sown might germinate and, eventually, not only provide me with a living, but, at the same time, enable me to do my bit towards advancing the science of healing or, better still, preventing the advent of disease.

This, of course, was a difficult problem to contemplate, not to speak of the solving of it. In the first place, I had made a great many friends in Glasgow, many of whom promised to give me their support, should I decide to commence practice in that city. But, as I have mentioned, when I was in Montreal, the friends I had been fortunate in acquiring during the voyage, and also others made since my arrival, did their utmost to prevail upon me to start practice in their midst. I felt sure, however, that my relatives at home would not readily give their sanction to this proceeding, and after due consideration, I finally made up my mind to do my best in Glasgow, which I have had no reason to regret.

Therefore, on August 8, 1868, I took apartments in a house—long ago demolished for building purposes—in Woodlands Road, put up my door plate, and waited for patients.

At that time there was no medical man nearer the Western boundary of the city than myself, and taking up my abode in that locality was looked upon by my contemporaries as a piece of folly, to which I replied that I knew it would be my lot to starve for a year or two, wherever I settled, so I meant to take the risk, if any, in a good locality.

I may mention that the house I had taken apartments in was an old building, which stood in its own grounds, and had been occupied originally by a family of some consequence and property, but had been vacated by them when the extension of the city westwards had encroached upon their privacy. It was therefore in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and was tenanted by a family who let it out in apartments. The paint on the door, from exposure to the sun, had risen in blisters, which gave rise to a facetious remark by a patient, who called upon me one day, that I "could not have made a better choice of a house, as it had such

a professional look about it, for the door was full of blisters." It, however, suited my purpose very well, and the rent of my rooms was moderate, which was a great consideration.

However, as there was naturally a good deal of time unoccupied on my hands, it occurred to me to look out for a consulting-room in a poor locality, about ten minutes' walk from my lodging. Here I ultimately succeeded in finding a room connected with a chemist's shop, which had recently been occupied by a surgeon who had removed to London, and for which no rent was asked, a matter of no little importance to me. As it turned out, the proprietor benefited equally, as he got all my prescriptions to dispense, upon the profits of which he found the means to enable him to marry.

I attended there for an hour, morning and evening, and soon managed to gather together quite a number of patients, from whom, of course, I only obtained very small fees: 1s. for a consultation, and 1s. 6d. to 2s. for a visit, and half a guinea for a confinement. But then I was young and active, and, moreover, fond of work, and, furthermore, was compelled to pay expenses or go under; so I never hesitated to put forth every effort to succeed. The result was highly satisfactory from my point of view, as, in a short space of time, I was in receipt of, on an average, a pound a day, which was a welcome addition to the income derived from the gradually, but slowly, increasing number of my better-class patients. But a valuable asset derived from the shop patrons was that, for my services there, I was always paid in advance, which kept the pot boiling, and enabled me to wait patiently for my Christmas accounts to come in. Now I can look back with great pleasure to these days, when I reaped the benefit of the experience gained during my apprenticeship days.

During the last session of my curriculum, an epidemic of cholera broke out in one of the poorer districts of the city, and the advanced students were invited to take part in attending to those attacked by the scourge. I immediately grasped the opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with the disease, and later on wrote a thesis on the subject for my M.D. degree. In this I endeavoured

to prove that cholera is not an infectious disease in the proper sense of the word, but is only conveyed through the mouth either by contaminated food or drink, and this theory has since been accepted as correct.

Before the M.D. can be conferred, the candidate must have been engaged in general practice for two years after his graduation as M.B., or Bachelor of Medicine; and during this period of my career I could honestly affirm I had done everything in my power to carry out this condition; moreover, I had the satisfaction of receiving this degree with commendation. In this connection, I may mention that I received my first degree—that of M.B.—in the old University, and was one of the first lot who were admitted to the roll of graduates in the new University, when I received the M.D. degree.

In 1872 I had the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

At this period I still had a considerable amount of spare time on my hands, so I undertook some voluntary work in connection with the church I attended, with which was affiliated a mission-hall in one of the slummy districts of the city. Therefore, with the double purpose of attracting more people to the mission, and gaining experience, I offered my services towards establishing there a medical department, at which I agreed to attend on certain days of the week. My proposal was heartily accepted; and soon I had the satisfaction of having a goodly gathering of patients in attendance on the appointed days; and as the class of patients were of the poorest, I could not understand why, as actually happened, exception to my action in the matter should have been taken by my professional brethren; more especially since, at every meeting of the Faculty, the proceedings were concluded by the following words: "The poor were visited gratis, and the Faculty adjourned," or words to that effect. Now, so far as I knew, there was no other Fellow of Faculty but myself who was putting in force this monthly recurring assertion. Passing strange, isn't it?

Now I did not relish the thought that anyone had a right to interfere with my freedom of action, or attempt in any way to cripple my efforts to assist the poor, and, at the same

time, to gain as much experience as possible. My object has always been to utilise my time in gratuitous work if I was otherwise unoccupied. So the next move in this direction was to accept the position of Assistant Surgeon to the Glasgow Ophthalmic Institution under Dr. Woolfe, one of the most eminent ophthalmic surgeons of the day, who, I may add, was looked upon as a usurper by the great bulk of the Glasgow fraternity; yet, in spite of this, he rapidly, by sheer ability, overcame the opposition which he had at first encountered.

By my independent action, I was enabled to obtain a knowledge of this branch of medicine, which has proved of immense value to me personally, and also to my future patients.

My chief duty was to give chloroform to those patients whose condition required operative interference; and this afforded me considerable practice as an anæsthetist, besides yielding a knowledge of ophthalmology which, otherwise, would have been unobtainable.

There was an additional advantage attached to this appointment, which was of monetary value, as when an operation was to be performed upon a private patient I received a fee for administering the anæsthetic, and at the same time continued to add to my experience in this department.

About this time, by a fortuitous circumstance, I became acquainted with Dr. J. G. Wilson, Professor of Midwifery in the Andersonian University. He had a large practice extending all over the city and suburbs, in which he asked me to assist him; this, of course, I gladly consented to do, and, as a reward for my services, he handed over to me a number of his poorer patients, who agreed to accept me as their medical man. This kindness on his part I fully appreciated, as it added considerably to my income. Moreover, the fact of my being associated with him added largely to my prestige, which had an indirect influence in other quarters; so that my clientèle began to become more and more numerous. As Dr. Wilson's confidence in me increased, he deputed me to look after the whole of his practice during his frequent absence in the country, and also after some of

his numerous patients whom he was, from pressure of work, debarred temporarily from attending himself. I, therefore, on many occasions had as much work on hand as it was possible for me to undertake. But it is impossible for me to describe how much I enjoyed those busy days. Of course, in Dr. Wilson's absence, I had the use of his carriage, which helped me materially.

In the meantime, my own practice was growing so rapidly, that at the end of the fourth year after my commencing work I was obliged to start a carriage of my own.

I should mention that it was in these days more easy to procure a carriage and horses than to get hold of a trustworthy and steady coachman. The first man I engaged, though a careful driver, unfortunately gave way to drink, and when under its influence, without my permission, attempted to clip one of my horses; and was so drunk that he drove the steel clippers right into the fetlock joint, so that the poor brute had to be shot. That, of course, was the end of his engagement. Another whom I had always thought to be a reliable man was sent down with my phaeton and a pair of horses to the seaside, where I had taken a house for the summer, and getting drunk on the road, behaved like a madman, lashing the horses, and driving them at such a speed that at last one of them, a perfect little thoroughbred, dropped down dead. He was arrested by the police, and charged with being guilty of cruelty to animals; so that was the end of his career, as far as I was concerned. Another coachman was dismissed on being discovered to be stealing my oats. Which reminds me of a good story, relating to a vicar and his coachman, who had been detected in selling his master's fodder. He was given notice to quit, whereupon he besought the vicar to give him another chance, promising that he would never act in such a dishonest manner again; but the vicar was obdurate. He then went to the curate, and begged him to intercede for him; which, however, he at first refused to do. But on the man imploring him, for the sake of his wife and children, to obtain the vicar's pardon, he eventually called upon the vicar and did his best on behalf of the thief, but it was of no avail. His pleading was

always met by the vicar repeating, "He has been stealing my oats, and he must go." Then the curate said: "You know what our Lord taught: 'If a man takes your coat, give him your cloak also.'" "Well," replied the vicar, "haven't I done that? Didn't he steal my oats, and I have given him the sack."

I don't remember how many different men I engaged, and was obliged to dismiss, after a short term of service, for the same fault. At last I managed to come across a thoroughly good man, who remained in my service for many years, and who only left me when I gave up general practice for consulting work, and so did not require the use of a brougham in Glasgow. The only fault I had with this man was one I could not complain of. It consisted in his nullifying my vote at a political election, when he and I voted on the opposite sides.

In 1923, on a visit I paid to my native town, I was introduced to a medical man, who had many years ago succeeded to the practice of a great friend of mine. He was a graduate of Glasgow University, and remarked that when a student there, he remembered seeing me driving about in my "smart turn-out," as he expressed it. And I may, without boasting, say that I always aimed at, and succeeded in having, as smart an equipage as could be obtained for money.

The greater proportion of the inhabitants of Glasgow, as is well known, live in flats, a number of the residential streets being entirely composed of these flats, many of the buildings being four stories in height. In some of these there would be accommodated as many as eight families. At the time of which I write, the sanitary arrangements were something appalling, and, in consequence, endemic disease was almost constantly in evidence.

In the majority of the houses the w.c. was situated in the middle of the house, and in numberless instances without being even in contact with daylight or fresh air; so it was impossible for the place to be properly ventilated. Moreover, I found that in several houses the cistern, from which the drinking water as well as the closet water was drawn, was situated actually near the ceiling of these dark,

ill-ventilated closets. In one of these places, where I was attending a case of diphtheria, I obtained a chair to enable me to put my hand into the cistern, and found the bottom of it covered with a horrible slime. Was it to be wondered at that in such circumstances diphtheria and typhoid were constantly cropping up in the city?

I, therefore, determined to read a paper upon Sanitation before the Glasgow Philosophical Society, of which my dear friend Dr. Bryce, father of the late Lord Bryce, was President. In this paper my object was to call attention to the above insanitary conditions of so many dwellings, and to suggest what appeared to me to be an easily and economically applied system which would effectually prevent the admission of sewer gas into the dwelling, the evil influence of which upon the health had not been sufficiently recognised. The water traps in the water closets and sinks, or "jawboxes," as they are termed in Scotland, were also in a deplorably insanitary condition, for the following reason. Sewer gas, being one of light specific gravity, consequently rises to the highest possible attainable altitude. Now, as this gas is constantly being generated in sewers by fermentation of decomposable material, and constantly accumulating there, and as it is soluble in water, and this to a greater extent when under pressure, which it certainly is in these circumstances, the water in the trap speedily becomes saturated with the gas, after which it is given off in a constant stream from the surface of the water in the trap, thus finding continuous access to the dwelling. My plan to obviate this, which I had adopted in my own house with perfect success, was to fix a tube into the sewage pipe before it entered the dwelling, and thus convey these noxious gases to the roof, so that, by virtue of their light specific gravity, these would naturally escape by this exit, and thus never reach the water traps in the house.

This plan I had recently described in the article upon Sanitation in *Blackie's Encyclopædia*, the medical portion of which I had edited for a new edition.

Shortly after reading the above paper, I was called upon by a plumber, who had been one of my audience at the meeting. He asked me if I would permit him to put my method

of ventilating sewers into practice, to which I cordially assented. Upon receiving my sanction, and unknown to me, he patented my idea, so that afterwards, this, or I should say *my*, system was known as "Buchan's Traps"; he, therefore, obtaining both the kudos and profits to which I was really entitled. I may add that I never received a penny of the profits, which naturally accrued to the patentee, and was left out in the cold. But I have always been a novice where business is concerned, or I should have barred his patent.

During the earlier years of my professional life my leisure was, to a considerable extent, occupied by studying the effects of "microbes"—which term, at that time, was not in existence—upon animal tissue undergoing decomposition. I therefore, in 1872, read a paper before the Philosophical Society bearing the following title: "Biogenesis as Exhibited in Decomposition, Putrefaction, or Decay," which was illustrated by micro-photographs—these being the first and only micro-photographs of a pathological subject at that time in existence. This was before dry plates were ever heard of; therefore, I could only use the wet collodion process, which necessitated an exposure of, at least, three-quarters of an hour, and as the least vibration caused by a vehicle of any description passing up or down my street during the exposure spoiled the plate, it was necessary that I should take the photographs after midnight, when all traffic had ceased. There was no electric light in those days, so I had to content myself with the oxy-hydrogen light. Neither was there any process printing; therefore, one had to obtain woodcuts, which, however, were most beautifully executed, as will be apparent from their reproduction, here shown. I may add that I was obliged to design my own camera, as this was an entirely new art, so far as I could learn.

It may, perhaps, prove of interest to my readers if I quote the introductory sentences of this address, which was delivered fifty-two years ago; they will then be able to compare these statements with the views held at the present day:

PLATE I.

INDEX TO PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS PRODUCED IN A.D. 1872

Fig. 1. Mould Plant grown upon Cheese (350 diameters).

Fig. 2. Mould Plant transplanted from Cheese and grown upon a Piece of Pear; this demonstrates the Influence of Soil upon the Future Microbe (350 diameters).

Fig. 3. Sporules of Mould Fungus (350 diameters).

Fig. 4. Microscopic Appearance of Fresh Beef (350 diameters).

Fig. 5. Beef undergoing Decomposition, showing Clusters of Bioplasm at Work, shortly afterwards named Microzymes, and finally called Microbes or Bacilli (350 diameters).

Fig. 6. Bioplasm the cause of Decomposition in Beef (350 diameters).

PLATE I.

Fig. 1

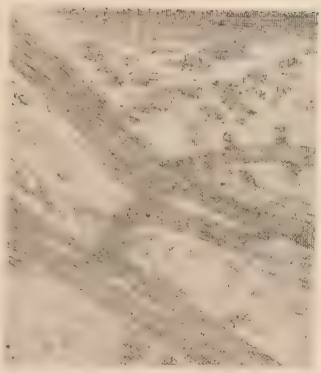


Fig. 2

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

Fig. 6

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—In coming before you on this occasion it is my intention to discuss some points bearing upon the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; and it will be my object to show what relationship the development of minute organisms bears upon the process of decay. The subject I have chosen will not permit me to go beyond the *development* of microscopic life. I shall not attempt to dip into the mysteries which envelop its origin. It shall not be my aim to demonstrate what life is, as an essence, yet I believe that the life, as manifested in an amœba or a bacterium, and that of animals, is essentially one, and, therefore, as impossible to produce synthetically in the one instance as in the other. I shall not permit my imagination to range through the ages when the world was *void*, yet *full* of latent energies, were these only permitted to exercise their power upon bodies then quite foreign to the earth, nor shall I permit vague theory to tread, though ever so gently, upon these prevital epochs, to disturb that silence which was so characteristic of creation; no, I shall not imagine what took place when Father Time was yet a boy. It shall be far from me to presume to follow through boundless space the aimless flight of meteors, created by the crash of worlds. I shall not guess for how many generations they held on in their reckless wanderings, till, by chance, they found a resting place upon our then barren earth, and, as if by magic, made it teem with life. Nor shall it be my object to show how, by a peculiar power, quite foreign to life as we find it, a parent may give origin to a being higher in the scale of life than itself, and thus lend myself to the theory of man's *ascent*, for we can hardly use the term *descent*, from an inferior animal. I shall *ape* no such knowledge. The theories have been discussed, as we all know, and I doubt not that every one of us has made up his mind whether they appear tenable or otherwise.*

"The germ theory of putrefaction is, by no means, an idea of to-day; many different opinions have been, and are still, held upon this debatable subject. Some have supposed that decay is produced by the action of the atmosphere; that it is essentially due to chemical action; others affirm that minute organisms, or bioplasm, are the *results* of decomposition, putrefaction, or decay, while others hold

* About this date Lord Kelvin promulgated the theory that life in this planet originated from that conveyed upon fragments of meteoric origin. He evidently did not take into account that the heat generated by the rapid transit through our atmosphere would sterilise these fragments most effectually.

that the change is *produced* by these organisms, and that they, instead of being brought into existence by decomposition, are, in reality, the agents which accomplish the disintegration. Thus we perceive that the atmosphere, as carriers of these germs, does, indirectly, promote, yet does not cause, decomposition. Moreover, it is by this power to resolve a compound substance into its elementary constituents, that these organisms obtain nourishment, and at the same time set free gases which are more or less offensive, according to the composition of the body acted upon; and thus make known to us the proximity of the decaying substance and so warn us of danger."

CHAPTER IV

DIPHTHERIA AND SMALLPOX IN GLASGOW

SHORTLY after this, I undertook the second in the series of my studies; having investigated the effect of microzymes upon dead matter, I now turned my attention to their effect upon plant life; my intention being to work my way gradually up to diseases affecting man. The Potato Disease was that which I selected to occupy the second place in my series; the health of the plant being of great importance from an economic and dietetic point of view. Moreover, the natural history of the disease seemed almost to coincide with that of diphtheria, the microscopic appearance of the spores of the potato fungus being closely similar to those found in the membranous deposit upon the fauces in diphtheria. Furthermore, it struck me at the time that the two diseases might possibly be due to the one source, just as the blight upon rice and cholera is traceable to the same germ, but planted upon different soils. The microphotographs of the *Botrytis infestans*—the name then applied to spores of the potato fungus—will tend to prove that my theory was amply justified, as the results obtained by later workers in the field of research conclusively testify. In the case of the potato, the fungus, in the first instance, attacks the leaf, which is the lung of the plant, and thereafter find its way down the vascular system of the stem, and so reaches the tuber; while, in man, the spores settle upon the breathing passage also, and rapidly spread throughout both the vascular and respiratory system, if they are not destroyed in their initial stage of existence by suitable antiseptic paints or sprays; while simultaneously a stimulating diet is administered. In the present crisis, into which the potato enters so crucially, it may be interesting to quote the following extract from my address upon the subject at issue:

"It is a noteworthy fact that the blight almost invariably commences on a low-lying part of a field, or in a locality which is enclosed by high hedgerows or trees. In other words, where ventilation is incomplete, or in a soil which is very moist. These circumstances indicate pretty clearly that a moist and stagnant atmosphere conduces to the growth of the fungus, these being the very circumstances which are most prejudicial to the health of the potato. Then, again, we have the disease manifesting itself only after damp and cold summers, of which the summer of 1877 has been a most excellent example, rainy weather having predominated to such an extent. We perceive, then, that the absence of solar rays, a wet summer, a damp soil and humid situations, all conspire to produce debility in the potato plant, and simultaneously promote the health of the potato blight. Although there is evidence of the disease being really present in the plant as soon as the blotches appear, yet if taken in time the crop may be saved by immediately taking it up. Simply removing the shaws will not answer, unless the cut ends are immediately covered with lime or soot, so as to prevent germs being deposited and vegetating on the exposed raw surfaces. The potato plant requires an abundance of sunshine, and will not be healthy without it; whereas the potato fungus will not thrive unless there is an absence of sunbeams and the presence of an overplus of moisture in the atmosphere. It is not difficult to understand how these two conditions are prejudicial to the potato plant and how they must in themselves deteriorate the quality of the tuber, supposing there was not such a thing as the *Botrytis infestans* in existence. If we have a moist atmosphere and a soil containing an excess of water the plant is naturally surcharged with juice, but the latter would not be such an evil were there the presence of plenty of sunlight to act upon and assimilate these juices; when, therefore, they are unacted upon by the sun they become vitiated, and the tuber contains an excess of water, rendering it unfit to be applied as an article of diet. The circumstances just enumerated must necessarily lower the vitality of the plant, and fulfil the conditions which I have on a former occasion demonstrated to be necessary to the production of the disease—viz., that in every case the *vitality of the victim must be less than that of the organism producing the disease.* Indeed, this rule holds good all through nature—the weak must succumb to the strong.

"But how does this fungus produce its devastating effect upon the tuber? We must first understand what relation-

PLATE II.

INDEX TO PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS (×350) OF POTATO DISEASE PRODUCED IN A.D. 1877.

Fig. 1. Section of Healthy Potato showing Cells filled with Starch Granules.

Fig. 2. Section of Diseased Potato showing Cell Walls thickened and softened, the Starch remaining unaffected.

Fig. 3. The *Botrytis infestans* growing from a Piece of Potato, and leaving the Starch Granules untouched.

Fig. 4. Filaments of Botrytis grown between two Pieces of Glass.

Fig. 5. Network of Botrytis Filaments covering the Whole Field of the Microscope.

Fig. 6. *Botrytis infestans* in Fruit.

PLATE II.

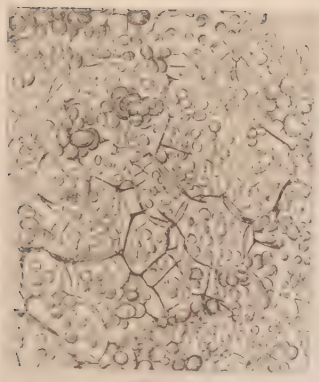


Fig. 1

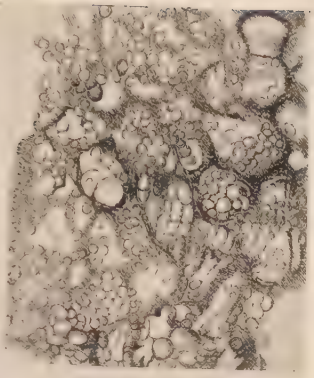


Fig. 2

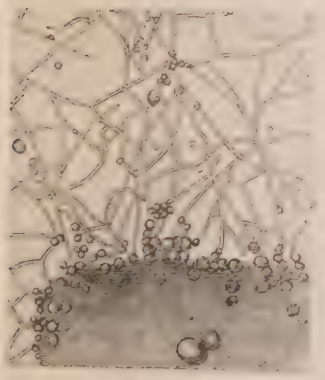


Fig. 3

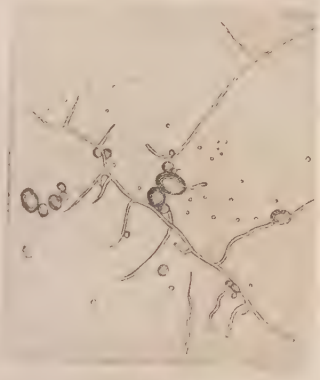


Fig. 4

Fig. 5

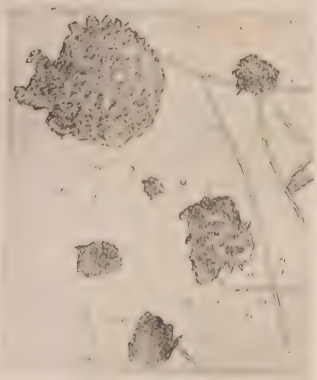


Fig. 6

ship the tuber holds towards the whole plant. It has been remarked that the tuber is merely an enlargement of the underground stem, so that, of course, it is connected by a subterranean unenlarged stem with that which is above ground. Now at the junction of this subterranean stem with the tuber the disease commences; it extends from this point following the course of the vascular bundles through the cellular tissue to the other eyes. The characteristic of this disease is that it attacks and destroys the cell walls of the tuber; the walls of the cells become irregular, and present a rugged, granular appearance; finally they yield to the destructive influence, the cellular structure disappears, and the starch granules which were within them float in a semi-fluid mass of putrid matter (see Fig. 2). During the progress of the disease the cells acquire a reddish colour, then a brown, and finally a black or brownish black colour. Be it observed that the starch granules are never attacked by the disease (see Figs. 2, 3 and 4). Throughout they remain intact, and can be separated quite easily from the decayed cellular tissue, and applied to all the uses which potato starch is put to.

"There can be little doubt of the cause of the disease, and its mode of action needs little explanation after what has been said about the mode of action of the fly fungus. The filaments of the *Botrytis* insinuate themselves along the vascular bundles, and by blocking up the vessels deprive the tuber of life. The fungus then begins to apply the cellular part of the tuber to its own nourishment, transforming it, in fact, into a soil, and then by its vital actions it decomposes it, leaving, however, as we have seen before, the starch untouched. The *Botrytis infestans*, or grape-like fungus, grows on a hollow, flat, oval stem externally, but on a cylindrical tubular one internally. Externally the stem at its apex is loaded with seed (see Fig. 6). The seed is white and so is the stem generally, but at times it is dark coloured. The form of the spore is an oval, and measuring only 0·000001 to 0·000005 of an inch in diameter. There is no difficulty in detecting the fungus in the stems, leaves, and hairs of a plant, as the seed and stem are generally found united to each other, in which state they cannot be mistaken. Its prolific power, viewed as a destructive agent, is simply appalling. The procreative power of the fungus, indeed, exceeds calculation. Myriads of seeds are contained in a mere speck of the vegetable matter, and they are so minute that an ordinary sized pea would contain the astonishing number of 800 billions. The *Botrytis* attacks a plant

both externally and internally, but its character varies according to the situation it appears in. Externally it grows on a single stalk, surmounted by numerous sub-vessels arranged in a mass at the apex. No roots can be perceived, and it appears to have a very slight attachment to the cuticle. Internally, in the first instance, a shoot springs from a single seed, which vegetates, forms a stem, and fructifies. The offspring and parents continue together, and new generations rapidly develop themselves, the whole being formed into an intricate network (see Fig. 5). Thus a ramification of stems and seeds that spread in all directions soon exists, which, as seen by the aid of the microscope, suggests the idea of an immense forest of fruit trees without leaves, yet loaded with fruit. The minute spores of the fungus, as we have just observed, circulate through the vessels of the plant and vegetate in its sap and juices. It adheres to the walls of the vessels, throws out its branches, and chokes up the passages, and the rapidity of its growth soon enables it to infest all parts. The exterior as well as the interior of the vessels are alike the subject of its attacks, and no part of an infested plant can long be free from its presence. If we observe the minuteness and simplicity of a spore of this fungus, and afterwards examine its vegetation in a diseased plant, we feel astonished at the fecundity and power of so small, and apparently so weak an object. We perceive that a single spore, whose diameter may be the one-millionth of an inch, has generated countless numbers of bodies like itself, all of which possess the same fruitfulness, and are prepared in their turn to generate others also. Seed upon seed and branch upon branch are thus formed with a rapidity that sets at naught all computation, and bewilders the mind by its extent and complexity. If a plant, therefore, become infected with the *Botrytis*, what will be the effect? The answer to this is apparent. The vessels of a plant are what veins and arteries are to an animal—the channels of circulation; and if these be gradually choked up, circulation is impeded and vitality lessened; and if the cause continues until circulation is suspended altogether, vitality ceases, and the plant dies. Such is the fate of a potato infested with the *Botrytis*, because it has within itself an enemy that cannot be shaken off, for it circulates with its juices, feeds upon its organs, chokes its channels, and destroys its vitality."

This brings me to the next and third subject of my series, which I have just touched upon in a cursory way—namely,

diphtheria, to which children, as we know, are more susceptible than adults.

I had treated a considerable number of patients suffering from this disease by a method which had not previously been practised by the Faculty. It was suggested to me by the knowledge that sprinkling a potato plant with soot or lime was sufficient to rescue the plant, if applied in the early stage of infection; and that if the disease had obtained a hold short of reaching the stem, the tuber could be saved if the stem were cut off close to the earth, and the stump covered with soot or quicklime.

Taking a lesson from this fact, I inaugurated a treatment which consisted in painting the tonsils, upon which the membranous deposit of diphtheria usually first manifests its presence, with a solution of sulphurous acid and perchloride of iron at frequent intervals; at the same time supporting the vitality of the patient by a stimulating diet, seeing that attacks of this disease are usually preceded and accompanied by great prostration. (In parenthesis, I may state that in the present day much more pleasant and quite as effective antiseptics are available.) To my great satisfaction, this treatment reduced the mortality of the disease to a most notable extent, which prompted me to place an account of my treatment, and its results, before my professional brethren in an article which I contributed to the *British Medical Journal* in 1873.

Some little time after this, to my great joy, I received letters from two medical practitioners in Canada; one being Dr. Warren, practising in Ontario, who thanked me for my contribution in the *Journal*, and stated that this line of treatment had proved in his hands to be the means of saving 300 lives of his patients. The other correspondent's letter was expressed in similar terms, and gave equally good results.

In the year 1871 Glasgow was visited by a severe epidemic of smallpox of a virulent type, in consequence of which a fellow-practitioner engaged in an extensive practice amongst the upper classes asked me to undertake the care of those of his patients who had become victims of the malady.

As, personally, I had no fear of infection, I was quite glad to embrace the opportunity of studying the disease on a more considerable scale than otherwise would have been my lot.

The first thing of importance which struck me was the fact that when the inevitable secondary fever, as it was termed, made its appearance, the critical period had arrived, when the disease would prove fatal. Now it was my good fortune to observe that this event was invariably synchronous with the passage of the vesicular into the pustular stage of the eruption. This discovery led up to my being convinced that, could I succeed in preventing the vesicle passing into a pustule, the secondary fever would be averted. I therefore had my patients, many of whom were victims of the confluent type, and one of the hæmorrhagic type—both almost invariably looked upon as fatal on the advent of the secondary fever—painted all over the body, face, and hands with a 6 or 10 per cent. solution of carbolic acid in glycerine, night and morning, with the antiseptic effect that the vesicles dried up, and therefore the pustular stage was never reached; so that no secondary fever supervened; and I may add that in every instance where this treatment was resorted to the patient recovered, and, what was of additional importance, there was hardly any noticeable appearance of pock marks after recovery.

In connection with this new method of treatment a rather amusing incident occurred, which I think is worth recording. One of these patients was the wife of the Sheriff of the County, and hers was a very pronounced case of confluent smallpox. Because of this fact, the case became one of extreme danger. Now, had it been treated by the old routine method, the patient would certainly have died. But because I was a complete stranger to the family, and a young man to boot, I felt it my duty to suggest that the family might desire a more experienced man to be brought in as consultant. The Sheriff, who was most devoted to his wife, though terribly anxious, very generously expressed himself as being quite satisfied with my attention. I, however, insisted that there should be a consultation, to which he eventually consented. The question then arose, who

was the man with the greatest experience of this disease? The choice was left in my hands, and Dr. James Russell, chief of the Fever Hospital, was selected; who, without hesitation, gave his opinion that the patient would certainly die. I then asked him, when did he think the fatal event would occur; to which he replied, "When the secondary fever sets in." "But," I replied, "what if no secondary fever supervenes?" To this remark of mine, with an expression of contempt on his face, he exclaimed: "Do you know what you are talking about?" I said, "Certainly I do, and what is more, I can assure you she will have no secondary fever." This remark was followed by my receiving the advice of "Don't be a fool, Bell." Then we went downstairs to meet the anxious husband, who was informed that his wife could not possibly survive the secondary fever. He then added that "Dr. Bell, however, has the assurance to tell me there will be no secondary fever, and if this proves to be true, then, of course, your wife may survive." Which, I may add, she did, and, moreover, made a most satisfactory recovery, even though I had pushed the carbolic so far as to produce passing kidney trouble.

After the epidemic had passed away, I took several opportunities of going over to Paris with the view of gaining as much knowledge as possible on the subject of Gynæcology (diseases peculiar to women); the French at that period being much more in advance in that department of medicine than we were. There, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Max Nordau, which soon ripened into warm friendship. On one of these visits I happened to mention this method of treating smallpox, and the excellent results obtained. He then asked me if I had published a paper on the subject, and on my replying I had not, and did not intend to, he thereupon insisted that I should do so at once, as, he maintained, it was wrong of me not to make the world acquainted with such valuable information. Otherwise, "I shall not hesitate to do so myself." This threat settled the matter, and on my return to Glasgow I wrote the subjoined article, and sent it to the Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, though some time elapsed before it was published. It is

needless to state that it was culpable neglect on my part not to have taken the initiative myself.

Extract from the "British Medical Journal," November 25th, 1876.

"SMALLPOX

By Robert Bell, M.D., F.F.P.S.G., etc., Physician to the Glasgow Ophthalmic Institution.

"Although smallpox does not inspire us with the same dread that it did our forefathers before the days of the immortal Jenner, it is yet, with very good reason, a disease of which all stand in wholesome dread, for still it seems to rise as it were from its very ashes, and sweep in wild bursts of rage over whole tracts of country, attacking large numbers of the population and filling the community with alarm and dismay. It would be difficult to determine what secret causes are at work to render it capable of exerting such baneful influences, when the Vaccination Act has secured the universal introduction of cow-pox into the system of every subject of this realm. The most rational conclusion seems to be, that vaccinia produced in infancy completely resists the poison of variola (smallpox) for a certain period, but gradually the individual loses his insusceptibility, so that the disease, after the lapse of time, varying in different people, is not completely resisted, but regains more or less of its original power over the organism, as the date of primary vaccination becomes more or less remote. Thus it becomes necessary to consider the propriety of insisting upon re-vaccination at intervals of eight or ten years. It is certainly a fact that, in upwards of two hundred individuals whom I vaccinated during the prevalence of smallpox in this city, and all of whom were to some extent exposed to the contagion, not one was smitten by the disease. The object of this paper, however, is not to descant upon the wonderful influence that vaccination exercises over the poison of variola, but to show how this disease, when it makes its appearance, may be rendered as harmless as possible.

"About six years ago, when smallpox was epidemic in Glasgow, many of my patients were prostrated by it, all of whom, I am thankful to say, recovered; and I am inclined to believe that this satisfactory result was attributable in a great measure to the plan which was adopted of treating the skin during the course of the disease.

"It is only natural to conclude that the great exhaustion which ensues in smallpox is due to the fact that the highly nervous and important as well as extensive organ, as the skin most certainly is, is in a state not only of great and intense irritation, but of almost complete inactivity as well. Now, the greatest danger of a fatal issue is generally contemporaneous with the development of the suppurative or secondary fever; and, as my method of treating the disease does away with any secondary fever, the greatest, or at least one of the greatest, source of danger is removed. By commencing this treatment at the very beginning of the attack, the comfort of the patient is secured at once; the skin is rendered less irritable; the fever, in consequence, is kept down; the strength of the patient remains unimpaired; he is able to sleep and take nourishment, and, in short, to pass through the whole course of the attack with the minimum of discomfort. At the period when suppuration commences in the vesicles, and when otherwise a new phase of the disease would present itself, no such unhappiness is encountered, and the patient sails pleasantly through a sea of troubles, quite unconscious that he is doing so. This excellent result is due, doubtless, to the sedative effects of the remedy employed.

"The plan of treatment consists in painting every part of the skin where the eruption appears with one part of carbolic acid dissolved in from eleven to fifteen parts of glycerine, and repeating the application night and morning. The urine must be watched with great care, as it often happens that the carbolic acid becomes absorbed and makes its presence known in the urine by giving the fluid a dark, smoky appearance. If this be observed, the application must be made less frequently or a weaker solution of the acid employed, as it may act too severely as a depressing agent, though I never know this actually to result from the use of even the more concentrated solution. The employment of carbolic acid in this way has other advantages besides these already mentioned. It acts as a disinfectant, and it prevents pitting to a very great extent. The latter effect is due to the fact that the eruption does not run the same lengthened course as it does when no carbolic acid is employed, and thus the skin is not destroyed to such a depth as it would otherwise be. I could enumerate many of my patients who have suffered from what might, rightly, have been termed very severe attacks of smallpox; and yet, now, they present not the slightest trace of ever having had the disease.

"The following cases will give some idea of the results obtained while pursuing this plan of treating the malady.

"CASE I.—Mrs. T., aged sixty, a thin and delicate lady, took smallpox on November 21, 1871, which was not only confluent, but in some parts of the body hæmorrhagic. I never expected that my patient would recover, as previously to this illness she had been in a most critical state of health. Every portion of the body where the eruption made its appearance was painted over with a solution of one part of carbolic acid in twelve of glycerine. Immediately the great distress produced by the eruption was relieved, and was prevented from returning by the application being repeated night and morning. The rest of the treatment consisted in supplying plenty of fresh air and a simple, yet nourishing diet. Chlorate of potash in solution was given as a drink, and the bowels were kept moving by a mild laxative given when required, the result being the patient passed through the whole course of the disease without an unfavourable symptom. There was no itching of the skin, and there was no secondary fever; indeed, there was no fever at all after the first application of the carbolic acid and glycerine. The patient slept well, and took her food with a relish. Within a year after her recovery, it was almost impossible to find any traces of the disease, so completely had the tendency to pitting been overcome.

"CASE II.—Mrs. Y., aged thirty-two, a strong and stoutly made lady, was confined of a healthy boy on December 7, 1871, and on the day following was attacked by confluent smallpox. Under the circumstances, the greatest danger was, of course, to be apprehended, and I was, therefore, exceedingly anxious. The same treatment as in Case I. was employed, and with the like satisfactory results, with the one exception that, at this date, very slight pitting can be perceived, if looked for. The baby was vaccinated before it was twenty-four hours old, and it did not take smallpox.

"One more case will suffice to show that this treatment is deserving of a more extensive trial. On December 20, 1872, I was asked to take charge of two ladies, mother and daughter, suffering from smallpox, their own medical man declining to attend. I found the mother prostrated by an attack of confluent smallpox, and her daughter suffering from the same disease, but of the discrete variety. The features in the elder patient were quite obliterated. The same treatment was adopted in both cases, with the effect of giving almost instant relief. As the disease held on in

its course, the last-named patient showed slight symptoms of prostration; and, although I was not apprehensive myself, I thought it better to have a consultation with the gentleman who then had charge of the fever hospital in this city. He took a very unfavourable view of the patient's condition and gave it as his opinion that the case would probably terminate fatally when the secondary fever set in; but as this symptom never showed itself, this danger was averted, and my patient made a rapid recovery. It is now impossible to detect any disfigurement from pitting."

This paper was translated into several of the European languages, and has proved the means of saving thousands of lives. It has also proved to have reduced the contagious character of the disease, by sterilising the otherwise disease-laden crusts before they have separated from the skin.*

* Yet in the last edition of Osler's "Practice of Medicine" is stated: "There is no special method of treating smallpox." No wonder the death-rate is now so high!

CHAPTER V

MEDICAL PRACTICE AND STUDIES IN GLASGOW

In 1876 I published a paper in the *Lancet* on the value of calcium chloride in the treatment of Tuberculosis, and gave several examples of the success it had attained in my hands, showing that in all the cases this salt had proved of signal service. In 1891 I returned to the subject by publishing a brochure in which were detailed several cases in which this salt had effected highly satisfactory results. One example of these will be sufficient to indicate its value as a therapeutic agent in properly selected cases. I therefore shall relate the history of three children who were considered to be in a dying condition, due to tubercular disease of the mesenteric glands. Two children of the same family had, previous to my being called in, been cut off by the same disorder. The three remaining children—all boys—to whom I refer, had all the symptoms of tuberculosis, and appeared literally to be dying on their feet. Their ages varied from three to eight years. Within seven months from the commencement of the treatment by calcium chloride, combined with a judicious diet, they were plump and healthy. The abnormal condition of the organs of secretion and nutrition had been completely replaced by healthy functional activity; in short, the children were cured. I may add that I invariably insisted upon thorough ventilation of the dwellings.

In 1892 I went still further into the subject, and published a small book entitled, "Tuberculosis and its Successful Treatment." This was the period when Koch's discovery was creating a great sensation in medical circles. The following short extract from this book will illustrate the position I then took up with reference to Koch's methods:

"It is not difficult to comprehend the *modus operandi* of Koch's fluid when it is injected into the tissues, and is taken up by the blood. It would seem to exert its energies upon those structures which are invaded, and weakened, by disease, from which it is derived. It here excites the disease process to an extent which sets up in the affected part such an active state of inflammation as to destroy by its virulence the tissue it attacks. Thus is accounted for the 'reaction,' as it is called, which is indicated by the severe feverish symptoms that arise. How far are we to know, however, if new foci of the disease will not speedily supervene, since its morbid tendencies have not been annihilated? To my way of thinking, the one grand way of eradicating a disease of this nature is to fortify the tissues at large against its attack by increasing their vital force, thus endowing them with the power to resist the progress of the disease if it already exists in the system; and at the same time enabling them to throw off that which is undergoing disintegration. This power, I hold, calcium chloride possesses in an eminent degree."

It is not to be supposed for a moment that I had not the highest admiration for Koch, as an investigator, as the following quotation from the same volume will amply testify:

"If Koch, therefore, has been the means of inciting his brethren to experiment, and, in the long run, to discover a remedy by which tuberculosis can be subdued, then his labours, valuable as they may have been, will be still further enhanced, and he will not only maintain the high position as a scientist which he already possesses, but, moreover, be entitled to a place the most enviable in the world which a man can lay claim to—namely, that of having the whole of mankind his debtor.

"Whatever be the fate of Kochism, to its author will ever be due the credit of having discovered the *fons et origo mali* of tuberculosis; and by his discovery thus enabled other investigators to work upon principles which, but for Koch, they would never have dreamt of."

In the year 1880, another paper from my pen appeared in the *Lancet*, in which I called special attention, and for the *first time* in the history of medicine, to the disastrous effects

of constipation upon health, in so far that the undue retention of fæcal matter, in the colon, permitted the absorption of its liquid material into the blood-stream, and thus gave rise to what has since been termed " autotoxæmia," and which I had described as " self-inflicted blood poisoning."

The heading of my article was " Constipation as a Disease and a Cause of Disease," and the longer I have lived I have become more and more convinced that there exists no more potent factor in the production of disease than neglecting the daily evacuation; and, therefore, the necessity arises of insisting upon a *complete* emptying of the bowels *every* twenty-four hours.

Yet, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine, not so long ago, on which occasion autotoxæmia was the subject for discussion, I heard a medical man, who is supposed to be an authority on dyspepsia, say that " he did not think it of much consequence whether the bowels were moved once a day, or once in four or five days "—that is to say, as I told the meeting, it did not matter whether an offensive mass, which one would not permit to lie at one's feet for one minute, might be carried about in one's inside for four or five days with impunity. What a confession for any one of common sense to make! But coming from a man who professed to have a knowledge of the physiology of digestion and alimentary toxæmia, it is hardly excusable.

There is no doubt whatever that chronic constipation not only exercises a most baneful effect upon one's general health, but, moreover, is responsible to a supreme extent for the development of gout, rheumatism, anæmia, and, to a marked degree, cancer; besides other blood affections of varying types.

What was my surprise, it may be imagined, when I encountered in the *Lancet* an article on this identical subject by the late Sir Andrew Clark, which turned out to be an unmistakable plagiarism of that which I had published a year or two previously! In fact, an actual repetition of my views, and almost expressed in my own words. This proceeding was such a glaring liberty to take that I wrote an expostulatory letter to the Editor of the *Lancet*, asking if he would kindly publish an explanatory note in an early

number of his journal; but this was only met by a rude refusal. I then wrote a letter to Sir Andrew Clark on the subject, to which I received the following reply:

16, Cavendish Square,
"London,
"*October* 10, 1887.

"Dear Dr. Bell,

"I much regret that you should have had reason to complain of me as having overlooked your paper on constipation when treating of the subject of anæmia.

"It is absolutely impossible for anyone engaged in practice to *keep up* [my italics] with the profuse literature of these days, and I confess to having missed your paper, which turns out to be a very valuable one.

"Faithfully yours,
"Andrew Clark."

Now, this is all very well, but it was he who obtained the kudos over my head, not a pleasant dose to swallow.

In 1887 I had interested a number of my friends in Glasgow on the subject of establishing a hospital for the Treatment of Diseases Peculiar to Women, and, having been promised sufficient support, there was opened the first institution of its kind in Scotland, in a small house in Woodlands Road, which contained only a waiting-room for the outdoor patients, a consulting-room, one ward, containing only one bed, and the nurse's room. It certainly was a small beginning, but it is astonishing what an amount of work one managed to overtake with so little accommodation. In a few years, however, when funds began to come in more freely, we were enabled to take a larger house in Elmbank Crescent, which contained accommodation for three indoor patients, and more commodious rooms for the outdoor department. The late Dr. Garnet Wilson then became associated with me as my colleague, and proved most valuable in helping to carry on the work of the hospital, so that we were enabled to obtain, at a very small expense, a surprising amount of valuable results. And I have no hesitation in affirming that there are few hospitals, of even

much greater dimensions, which have been the means of advancing, to a like extent, the subject of Gynæcology, as this small but unpretentious institution. To give one or two examples: It was in the Glasgow Hospital for Women there originated the successful treatment of disease of the uterine adnexa, without operation; also the treatment of fibroid tumours of the womb, and adenomata (benign tumours) of the female breast, without operation; and last, but not least, the successful treatment of cancer, without the aid of the knife. Surely, then, such an institution is well worthy of support from every source. Now, I understand, still larger premises have been purchased to carry on this most charitable work, thanks to the energy displayed on its behalf by my friend William Gillies, LL.D., who has so efficiently undertaken the organising work of the hospital, and is now its President.

About this period I had what may be correctly described as a unique experience of a professional nature. I was called in to attend a Russian giantess, who was suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis. She was seventeen years of age, and was said to be still growing. Her height was a little over eight feet, her hands were quite as large as dinner plates, her feet were seventeen inches in length; but her lungs were markedly small, out of all proportion to her height and breadth, for she was otherwise well developed. Her features were well favoured, and her expression exceedingly pleasant and amiable. She was staying at the Windsor Hotel, where the rooms were lofty, but she was obliged to stoop, in order to pass into the room where I was waiting for her; and she required two chairs set side by side, with a large cushion placed upon them, so that she might sit down. It was also necessary to carry a special bed with her on tour. When she appeared on the stage she was clad in sparkling raiment, and was known under the title of the Amazon Queen. An interesting case of Acromegaly.

In 1885 I had the honour of communicating to the British Gynæcological Society—of which I was a Vice-President—a paper upon the treatment of disease of the uterine adnexa, which includes the ovaries and the Fallopian tubes, by

means of the application of ichthyol tampons. This essay was published in the Society's "Transactions," after which it was reproduced in one of the provincial medical journals and also in several of the Continental and American medical journals. And I am proud to be able to state that this method of treating these affections has been the means of making it possible to obtain more satisfactory results than surgical measures — which, moreover, are always more or less of a dangerous nature—have been able to secure.

At this period there arose a perfect mania, amongst a certain class of surgeons, for removal of the ovaries from women without any adequate reason, and I made it my business to protest by every possible means against this ruthless method of dealing with a condition which could be rectified by gentler measures. To support me in this protest, my colleague and I were able, at the Hospital for Women, to prove absolutely that nine out of ten cases which presented themselves at our clinic recovered under the above treatment, which, otherwise, might have been deemed incurable except by operation, by which an unnecessary risk of life is invariably incurred.

On July 5, 1890, a paper of mine appeared in the *Lancet*, the subject being, "Observations on Acute Rheumatism," in which I called attention to the fact that rheumatism rarely attacks individuals whose bowels are in a healthy state. But I should like to add that the skin and kidneys must also be in good working order. Butcher's meat should be totally abstained from, and an uncooked vegetable and fruitarian diet be substituted, together with cheese, eggs, milk, porridge, whole wheatmeal bread, and butter; but fish may be allowed. Since then, however, I have learned a good deal more on the subject than was known at that time, which I trust will prove not only interesting, but also instructive to my readers. First of all, I maintain rheumatism and gout are identical in their nature; the former, however, being the milder type; and, secondly, that diet is largely the exciting cause of both; thirdly, that what is designated *muscular* rheumatism does not exist in the muscle at all, but in the sheath of the muscle. In short, both rheumatism

and gout only attack tissues which are of a pallid appearance, this being due to the fact that their blood-supply is very limited indeed; yet they do contain vessels in abundance, but of a very minute calibre, which might be described as capillary. The like description applies to the cartilages of the jonts, the membranous sheath of the muscles, and the sclerotic membrane of the eye, all of which are subject to rheumatism and gout. Now we know that these affections are due to the presence in the blood of urates, these being salts formed by uric acid combining with alkalies present in the blood-stream. Moreover, these urates are soluble in the blood at its normal temperature, but at anything below this they become insoluble, and therefore are liable to deposit as a brick-red amorphous powder.

Now, if we bear in mind what I have just explained with regard to the limited supply of the vital stream to the pallid tissues, such as the cartilages of joints, the capsules of muscle, and the sclerotic membrane of the eye, it goes without saying that this paucity of blood-supply must, in consequence, render these more liable to lose their caloric than those tissues which are more vascular in character; so that, if urates, in solution, are circulating in the blood, and if one is exposed to a chill, or wears wet clothes, which, by inducing excessive radiation, has a chilling effect on the body, naturally those pallid membranes and tissues will lose more heat than the others. But, bearing in mind that urates are present, and, in solution, in the blood—therefore, as I have remarked, these urates will tend to deposit from the colder fluid in greater or less abundance, which will have the effect of setting up inflammatory action there, so that these tissues lose their pallor, becoming turgid with blood, and therefore swollen and acutely painful. But the inflammation induced is Nature's method of getting rid of the deposits, for, thereby, they immediately become redissolved. They are then taken up by the general circulation again, and so reach the kidneys, by which they are evacuated in the urine, and, there, may be recognised as a brick-red sediment when it becomes cold.

Now, when the sheath of a muscle is the seat of mischief, as in lumbago, for example, serum is liable to be effused

from the inflamed membrane, which results in the sheath becoming adherent to the muscle, so that upon every contraction of this, it drags upon the hypersensitive sheath, giving rise to the acute pain so characteristic of the so-called muscular rheumatism. And this is why massage proves useful in such cases, because it succeeds in breaking down the adhesions formed in the manner I have described.

Now the bodily temperature falls to its lowest level about 3 to 4 a.m., and this accounts for the fact that explosions of gout usually take place at this hour in the morning. But, really, there is no reason why anyone should suffer from either gout or rheumatism, for they are both due to errors of diet, together with a neglect of the sanitary condition of the colon.

In 1898 I published a brochure entitled, "Chloroform: Its Absolutely Safe Administration," my incentive being that previous to this an alarming number of deaths were constantly being reported, which, I feel sure, were due to its maladministration by men who did not appear to recognise its potency; and yet, when administered in proper dosage, it is as safe as it is valuable. This brochure contains the report of over one hundred cases of death from chloroform, every one of which might have been prevented; and, although I had administered this anæsthetic in numberless instances without a single fatal case, the *British Medical Journal* refused to give publicity to my method.

This consisted in employing a special inhaler, thus not allowing the dosage to go beyond 1 per cent., or at most 2 per cent., of the anæsthetic in the air inhaled. With these minute doses it certainly took a few minutes longer to produce the effect than by employing a more promiscuous dose; but, of how little importance was this compared to the safety of the patient!

The Duke of Argyll—grandfather of the present Duke—was an intimate friend of Sir James Simpson, and was, as we know, a man of high scientific attainments. He, having requested me to send him a copy of my brochure, wrote to

me on several occasions, explaining in his first letter that, as a friend of Simpson, he had been in touch with him during the whole period of his search after a safe anæsthetic; and with his discovery of chloroform. And he convinced me that he knew just as much about the merits and demerits of this fluid as anyone. In my essay I had laid great stress on the necessity for accurate dosage, and also on the efficiency of minute doses, together with their safety.

The following is a copy of the first letter his Grace wrote to me after receiving the brochure:

"INVERARY,
"*December* 22, 1898.

"SIR,

"I am obliged to you for your pamphlet.

"I learnt to give chloroform under Simpson. But in your pamphlet you don't specify the rule he laid down—never to allow the handkerchief to be *put to*, or held *over*, the mouth without leaving a wide, vacant space of air between the handkerchief and the mouth. If it is placed close to the mouth, of course, there is great danger of suffocation. I used to hold it quite a foot off, above.

"Simpson held that under such precautions the vapour must be safe.

"Thanks.

"(*Signed*) ARGYLL."

His Grace was evidently not aware that this method of giving chloroform had been responsible for many deaths, although these were tabulated in the pamphlet, and, on the other hand, that a death was hardly possible when the inhaler was employed, seeing it was impossible to give an overdose when the instrument was handled with ordinary care.

It may be mentioned that the *Pall Mall Gazette* looked upon the subject as one bearing so urgently upon the public welfare that the Editor kindly permitted me to publish several letters in his paper, bearing upon the dangers of what was known as the "open method" of administering chloroform, by which it is impossible to estimate the dosage that is being administered, hence the danger which accrues. Notwithstanding these admonitions, even at the present day

the open method is still practised to what I consider a dangerous extent. Indeed, on two occasions within the past few months, in which I was assisting at operations, the patients were in jeopardy of their lives from asphyxia, this being entirely due to the *open* method of administering the anæsthetic. On the other hand, I have had a patient under chloroform for seventy minutes, during the performance of a complicated operation, without the slightest appearance of danger ever manifesting its approach.

CHAPTER VI

SOME FISHING EXCURSIONS

During the later seventies and for thirty years afterwards it was my great privilege and joy to include amongst my patients and intimate friends Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser, the proprietors of Dalmally and Loch Awe hotels. In connection with the former hotel there were included the fishing rights on the left bank of the Orchy, one of the finest spring salmon rivers in Scotland. The fishing generally opened in March, when the grouse and black game were mating, which always added an interest to the drive of eight miles up the banks of the river, where the best salmon pools were situated. There were generally sufficient fishermen from various parts of England to man the different pools, which were allotted by ballot to the individual members of the party, and we each had our own gillie, who was as keen upon the sport as the sportsman employers.

The selection of a killing fly was a most important piece of business, but from my point of view, if the fish were on the move, it did not much matter what the dressing of the fly consisted of which was dropped in the water. Each gillie had his own particular pattern and colour, the general favourites being " Jock Scott," " Thunder and Lightning," " Blue Doctor," " Silver Doctor," and so on. I, however, had reason to change my views on the fly question, which arose from the success I had experienced on the river Nith, where a quiet-looking bronze or grey turkey wing was the favourite dressing, an exceedingly successful fly, which I used on the Orchy with gratifying results.

On the first appearance of salmon in the river, a telegram would be despatched, giving me the welcome intelligence, and urging me to run up at once and try my skill with the rod; the result being that on more than one occasion it was

my luck to land the first salmon of the season. And, oh! who can estimate the joy of those spring days in such lovely surroundings as those of Glenorchy, and when superadded to this one had the prospect of playing a salmon, or sometimes two, in the course of the day. These were the hours when life was worth living, and youth simply bubbled over with joy amidst such attractive surroundings. Sweet is the memory of these unclouded episodes in the busy life of a hard-worked general practitioner in Glasgow, and of the dear friends who were always so considerate and kind to me.

I also at this period received many acts of kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Killin—also patients of mine—who rented a portion of the salmon fishing of Loch Tay. This sport consisted of trailing three phantoms behind a boat, rowed by a stalwart highlander, but I never happened to be in luck, except on one occasion, when I got hold of a seventeen-pounder. This kind of fishing, though good enough when one has a fish on, is, on the whole, monotonous, and not to be compared, from the sportsman's point of view, with fishing from the banks of a river, where a considerable amount of effort and exercise of skill are essential to the capture of your fish. The difference, from a sporting point of view, might be compared to shooting a sitting pheasant and a rocketer.

Some of my readers may not be acquainted with salmon fishing on Loch Tay, which opens in January, when the fishing is thought to be at its best; but the cold is sadly against one's enjoyment. The sport, however, continues quite good until well into May; but it never gets beyond being monotonous, as one has to sit in a boat the whole day with a very off-chance of hooking a fish. For my part, it has been my fate to sit for a whole week in February, clad in a fur coat and fur-lined Russian sleigh boots, with three rods and lines, each baited with phantoms of various patterns, to be rowed over the loch in all directions, day after day, without even getting a touch from a fish. The surroundings, however, are very grand, and it is pleasant to listen to the grouse on the hill-sides, the black game near the shore, and watch the wild duck on the wing; all in a state

of activity preparing for the brooding season. There are, or were, at all events, in those days of the late seventies, seven boats at Killin, each manned by a sturdy boatman, and the sportsman with his rods, whisky, and lunches; and I feel bound to repeat the fact that the boatman is just as keen as his employer to make a capture. But the chances are invariably on the side of the fish, notwithstanding the frequent libations of usquebaugh, each being accompanied with "Here's to a tight line," and "Health to man and death to fishes." These good wishes, as a rule, are seldom realised as far as the tight line is concerned.

Alpine McAlpine, a splendid specimen of a highland gillie, was the commodore of the fleet, and therefore had the duty of arranging the occupant of each boat, taking good care to select for his own boat the sportsman whom he considered would be good for the best tip. He was an excellent judge in these matters, and seldom made a mistake, He also took care to have a good look at the size of the gentleman's flask, which was, from his point of view, of great importance. On the occasion I am going to describe, Alpine's conclusions were decidedly erroneous, though the flask appeared, from the extra size and weight, to portend a few copious drinks. When they had been rowing for some time, the flask was brought out, and the owner poured out some of the liquid, and took a drink. Now Alpine had observed the colour of the liquor, and concluded it must be brandy. He was duly invited to have a taste, to which he replied, "Thank you, sir," and received the brandy, as he thought, but no sooner had it entered his mouth, than he spat it out, with a look of disgust on his face, exclaiming, "What is that? What is that?" "That's cold tea, Alpine, it is much better for you than whisky." "Cauld tea, de ye call it, cauld tea? Ye'll get na salmon here wi' cauld tea, aa can tell ye." Another tale having a slightly different ending is the following. A gentleman in another boat had also a good-sized flask, but containing the real stuff, which he now and again brought out of his pocket, and took a dram, without taking the least notice of the boatman. This continued so long that the man lost patience, and pulled the boat ashore. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the

sportsman. "Aa'm gaeing hame," replied the man, and added: "Them that can drink by themselves can find fish by themselves." And thus ended the day's outing.

Another incident occurred one June when I had taken a house at Killin for the purpose of enjoying some trout fishing on the Loch. This was during the Volunteer movement, and each parish had its company of Volunteers. On the day I refer to, several men were going by rail to be present at Perth, to take part in battalion drill. Officers and privates were much of the same social standing, and they generally travelled in company. On this particular journey a private addressed his officer in the following manner: "Could ye obleege me wi' a spunk [a match]?" "Yes, aa'il be glad to gie ye a licht, but ye maun ken, if we were in tha reglars, this kind o' fameeliarity wadna be allooed." "Aa ken that," replied the private, "but if we were in tha reglars, ye wadna be a captain."

While speaking of sport, my readers may pardon me if I recall the years of my first tenancy, or rather joint tenancy, in a shooting, my partner being my friend John Thomson, a member of the firm of John and James Thomson, marine engineers, one of the most eminent firms engaged in this business on the Clyde. This was in the early eighties, before which date I had been at constant hard work, without a real holiday for a period of twelve years, the consequence being that my health completely broke down, and a crop of carbuncles which appeared on the back of my neck compelled me to call a halt. The result was that I took a furnished house on the banks of the Tummel, situated midway between Ballinluig and Pitlochry. Moulinearn is the name of the house, which had at one time, I believe, been a rather famous inn. There was a story that Prince Charlie had on one occasion found shelter there for a night, and one of the bedrooms of the house was known as Prince Charlie's room. Another story, to which no exception can be taken, relates to the fact that when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, were on their way to Blair Atholl, during their famous driving tour through the Highlands, the royal party rested for a while at Moulinearn; and it was then, and there, that Her Majesty first tasted

Atholl Brose, a taste, it is averred, the Queen never quite lost remembrance of. There are few, aye, very few, if any, fairer spots than Atholl; and Moulinearn is situated just about the centre of the vale of Atholl, with the Tummel, in all its beauty, gliding past within a few yards of the house, so near, indeed, that on one occasion, when friends were visiting us, I went out after dinner in my slippers and evening clothes, my rod in hand, and within five minutes hooked a salmon in a pool close to the house, and landed him about fifty yards lower down the stream. This pool was our bath every morning. We plunged in at the top of the stream and swam a distance of seventy yards, coming ashore at the shallows below, where our dressing gowns were awaiting us.

The Tummel in these days was as good a trout river as it was for salmon. I may state that I always made a point of taking the greater portion of my holiday in June, chiefly because of the long days, and the fact that the evenings, after dinner, were so light that one could fish, if one chose, until morning; and I remember one night going out after eight o'clock and landing eleven trout weighing a little over eleven pounds; and on another evening, one of the trout I creeled turned the scale at two and a half pounds. Then there were always a lot of graylings, which I detested.

On another evening I had rather a funny experience: I had hooked a fine salmon, and played with it three-quarters of an hour, until it seemed to be exhausted and ready for the gaff, when suddenly it awoke into new life, and made one rush of about sixty yards straight across the pool, the line cutting into my fingers in its rapid passage from the reel. The gut cast gave way, when we gave up the fish as lost. Not so, however, for he was found next morning quite dead, floating on the surface of the pool, with the fly in his mouth; and he weighed twenty-four pounds. He must have become thoroughly exhausted, and therefore unable to maintain any constant flow of water through his gills, and so met his death by drowning.

These were some, but by no means all, of the delightful fishing episodes interspersed through the lovely month of

June, which was the limit of my first holiday. It was also my first visit to Atholl, but the pleasure with which the whole month was flooded, the renovating effect its salubrious air had upon my depleted health, and the glorious scenery, which everywhere abounded, comprised such a satisfying feast of good things, that when the time came for my return to work, I felt as if all joy of life had come to an end.

What lent additional pleasure to this and all my succeeding summer holidays was that I always had my phaeton and horses with me, so that we were able to explore the various beauty spots in the neighbourhood of our summer quarters, and show them to our friends. Amongst the most noted of these scenes were the Pass of Killiecrankie; the Queen's view of Loch Tummel; Blair Atholl on the north, and Dunkeld on the south, and scores of minor places, yet of equal interest.

During several successive summers Atholl was our holiday resort, and in 1881 my friend and I rented the shooting and fishing of Killiecrankie Cottage, which was the most wonderful little sporting place I ever came across, the variety of game it provided being simply marvellous.

The shooting commenced there on August 12, and did not end until February 2. Then salmon fishing commenced in January; too early in the year for me to leave my professional duties, which I grudged very much.

It was there I shot my first grouse and many afterwards; also my first blackcock. We had also capercailzie, woodcock, snipe, pheasant, partridge, roe deer, hares and rabbits, and one day our gamekeeper brought in a pine marten, the first that had been captured for seventy years, it was said. Strange to say, another was captured about the same time on a neighbouring estate.

Eventually I was compelled to relinquish this lovely shoot, as the many temptations attached to my tenancy often tended to make pleasure take precedence of duty.

Moreover, I had hardly any need to own a shoot of my own, as several of my friends, who possessed more money and leisure than I, were always glad to give me a day's sport when I could arrange to take a few hours off duty.

I need hardly say how keenly these yearly visits to lovely

Atholl were looked forward to, and how thoroughly they were always enjoyed.

> Days still reflecting the bright beams of pleasure;
> Stars shining out o'er the track of my life;
> Cherished the more, because of the leisure
> They gave me when wearied by turmoil and strife.

In 1888 it was my good fortune to acquire the friendship of Lady Gordon Cathcart, proprietress of the island of South Uist, who kindly gave me permission to fish the Howmore river, which otherwise was strictly preserved, and was capable of yielding some of the finest sea trout and salmon sport in Scotland; and that is saying a good deal. This great privilege was kindly granted to me for several successive years.

The river itself is only about 400 yards in length, but it runs out of a small loch, which, during July and August—for it is a late river—is simply teeming with fresh run fish. The salmon, however, are of small size; as a rule, varying from six to eight pounds in weight, though on very rare occasions a solitary fish of fourteen pounds has been caught. But the usual and smaller are very lively fellows indeed, and give quite as good sport as a large fish. On the other hand, the sea trout are of larger dimensions, frequently running up to four and five pounds, and, as may be supposed, are fine sporting fish. I remember hooking two beauties on the same cast—for I usually fished with two flies on the cast—I could see them distinctly, and I am sure they would each turn the scale at four pounds. For some minutes they ran together, when it reminded one of driving a pair of horses, but this did not continue for any length of time, as they soon separated; when the tackle gave way, and each went off with a fly in its mouth.

I may mention that at high tides the sea frequently penetrated as far as the little loch I have mentioned; but this never interfered with sport. Near the mouth of the river there is a considerable pool, into which every tide entered. Then it became a pool literally boiling with fish, which were waiting for the slightest spate to enable them to get up the river. To give one an idea of the sport one was able to

obtain in this famous river, it has been my good luck to land on many occasions six to eight salmon a day varying from five to seven pounds in weight. And on one memorable occasion, I took up a position on a small jetty, which stood out a little into the loch, and without moving from the spot, landed thirty-two sea trout and three grilse, notwithstanding the fact that it was under a cloudless sky, but fortunately there was a steady breeze blowing, which gave rise to an excellent ripple. It was seldom my flies touched the water without being followed by a rise from a fish. Indeed, the sport was so fast and furious that I lost many a good fish in my haste to land him.

South Uist might be described as made up of land and water, so numerous are the lochs and lochings which are scattered over its surface, and, consequently, wild ducks are present in large numbers. One could go out of an evening and, without difficulty, bring home five or six. It is the only place, in my experience, where I succeeded in getting a right and left at wild duck. There was also good sport to be had with grouse, which, curious to state, had frequently to be kicked up, so close would they sit.

It is, notwithstanding the excellent sport obtainable, a dreary place to live in; yet the crofters put in a kind of existence. They are, however, lazy to a degree, and their hovels are, in many instances, not fit for human habitation. Hence the prevalence of tuberculosis, which yearly takes a heavy toll of the inhabitants.

There is one remarkable feature of the island, which is that every man seems to possess a horse, upon which he rides about, no matter how short the distance to be covered, and he does not hesitate to draw up before any stranger, who may be walking, and beg from him a fill of tobacco—an excellent example of a beggar on horseback.

I, however, met with one highly respectable farmer, who farmed on a considerable scale on the western side of the island, from whose house it was possible to obtain a sight of the island of St. Kilda, the solitary and most westerly of the Hebrides.

There is a very good hotel at Loch Boisdale, which is largely patronised by sportsmen who are privileged to fish

on several of the numerous lochs, on which fairly good sport may be obtained, though nothing like what can be had at the Howmore. I believe, however, since Sir Reginald Cathcart's death, the right of fishing there can be obtained by the payment of so much a day, and though the hotel is situated nine miles from the Howmore, this can be reached quite easily by motor-car. Then there is another small loch in the neighbourhood, Loch Bee by name, which contains the most beautiful brown trout I have ever seen, few of which are under a pound in weight. I have frequently had them up to two and a half pounds.

The great drawback to fishing in South Uist is the long sail of seventy miles across the Minch, and the risk of having frequently to encounter a rough sea, in a small steam-boat; which reminds me of a shorter crossing from Arran to Ardrossan, on which the two following incidents occurred. One of the crofters was crossing, on rather a stormy day, which so upset the poor man's internal arrangements, that to obtain relief he was obliged to lean over the gunwale of the boat, due to the fact of his being seasick. His clergyman, who was also a passenger, with a view of sympathising with him, went up to him, and clapping him on the back, said to him: "Donald, man, are ye sick, Donald?" "Ach, away with you, minister, do you think she would spue for fun?"

Another incident on the same passage, though not on the same day, was rather of a different character. This time a man from Arran was feeling very squeamish, but was manfully doing his best to conquer the sickness; when a friend, who was with him, said: "What are ye driving at? Bring it up, man, bring it up"; and received the reply: "What div ye mean, Sandy, dive ye no ken it's whisky? And I dinna mean to part with it if I can possibly help it."

It was also in the eighties I took the bold step of challenging Newton's theory of the Law of Gravitation, which I did in a long article, published in the *Glasgow Evening News*, but which I elaborated and republished in *Popular Science Siftings* more recently. My contention was, and still is, that it is repulsion, not "attraction," which "gravitation" implies, that is the force at work, and that both the

sun, and every planet, are constantly, in their daily revolutions, generating and discharging a steady flow of electricity of one polarity, which not only retains each planet in its exact relationship to the others, and to the sun, but accounts for their revolutions upon their axes.

In the same essay I also had the boldness to suggest that the moon, at one time, was a portion of the earth, but having parted with more of its heat than the great bulk of the semi-fluid revolving mass, it became detached from the more viscid portion and was projected from the still rapidly revolving parent sphere, in the making, by centrifugal force. This identical theory was also advanced by Professor Pickering of Harvard University some years after my essay had been published. I may state that I called his attention to my priority, but, to my surprise, he treated my polite reminder with supreme contempt. Poor man! I hardly think there will be much difficulty in giving greater credence to this than to Newton's theory, for the reason that a *push* not only explains the retention of the various planets in their relative places, but accounts for their continuous revolution. It also accounts for the fact that the larger planets are all situated at *pro rata* greater distances from the sun. All these coincidences prove that each planet possesses the power within itself of producing the incalculable amount of electric energy sufficient to control its movements and relationship of its enormous bulk of matter to the sun, the central and most massive body of the whole (see *Popular Science Siftings*, May 16, 23, and 30, 1916).

In 1899, by the great favour of the Caledonian Railway Company's Directors, I was permitted to experiment at their works adjoining Cowlairs, near Glasgow, with a view to introducing a more efficient, and, at the same time, an automatic and sanitary, method of heating and ventilating railway carriages, as I was convinced there existed no more pregnant breeding place for disease than railway compartments, owing to the lack of scientific ventilation and heating.

Eventually, I had the satisfaction of evolving a method which I am convinced cannot be improved upon, either from a heating or ventilating point of view. Moreover, the

expense entailed is a mere trifle compared to that incurred by any of the methods that had previously been experimented with. During a whole winter I ran a train between Glasgow and Wemyss Bay, when engineers came from several British Railway Companies, and also a few visitors from the Continent, who, without exception, pronounced the system to be an unqualified success. One visitor from the Midlands told me he was certain that if it were adopted on the railway he represented, it would produce a saving of at least £10,000 a year.

Unfortunately, I was quite innocent of the palm-greasing methods that are necessary for one to adopt in order to open up the channels which dam up the entrance of any new idea, however superior and economical it might prove. Hence a more expensive, cumbrous, and unsanitary method survives, which, moreover, only succeeds in heating the air that is contained in the compartment, whereas my system insured a flow of over a thousand cubic feet of *fresh, warm* air every minute into each compartment, so that the windows need never be opened, as no feeling of stuffiness nor draught ever existed, and no disease could possibly be hatched.

One would have thought the simplicity of the design and its thorough efficiency would have received a hearty welcome from the railway engineers. Indeed, the Locomotive Superintendent of the Caledonian Railway Company, who was very much in love with my system, assured me that, given a sufficient number of coaches to fit up with my apparatus, he could do so at an average cost of £5 per coach of six compartments, which would last out the life of the coach. Yet there existed so little loyalty to the public's welfare and comfort, and to the pockets of their employers, that, owing, I believe, to the obstructive policy of one man, who had been outwitted by a physician, in his own walk of life, my device was rejected. It was adopted, however, in Belgium, which country my wife and I visited during a period of such hard frost that the boat was obliged to break through ice before it could reach the landing-stage of Ostend harbour. In this severe weather, when the canals were crowded with skaters, we travelled from Malines to Terneuzen

in a train, heated by my method, in a summer atmosphere all the way there and back, and this without any additional expense to the railway company.

The description of my apparatus is as follows: On each railway coach a couloir, made of half-inch wood, and six inches square, is carried under the floor and up each end of the coach as high as the roof. Over each orifice, fore and aft, of this couloir is placed a cowl, which is so arranged that it and its fellow always face the engine. In this way the air, when the train is in motion, is forced into the couloir, but has no apparent means of exit. This, however, is provided for by apertures, two inches in diameter, under the seats of each compartment. Through the centre of the couloir runs a one-and-a-half inch steam pipe, connected with the exhaust of the Westinghouse pump (so that no power is requisitioned from the engine), and, at the end of a ten-coach train, the steam passes out in a live condition; thus the heat in the rear of the train is equal to that at the front—that is, it is uniform throughout. Opposite the apertures in the floor of the coach a sharp bend, like an inverted U, is made in the steam-pipe, the top of which is just level with the aperture leading into the compartment. It will be perceived, therefore, that when the train is in motion, according to the speed, the amount of heated fresh air entering the compartments varies in quantity, but never varies in heat, which will be found to be 84 degrees at the feet, 70 degrees at the knees, and 60 degrees at the head. And this will never vary whatever the temperature of the outside air may be. Now an enormous super-advantage of this device is that neither rain, snow, nor dust can possibly find an entrance into the carriage, from the simple fact that the current of air, after it has served its purpose, is always outwards through the spaces under the doors, etc., a hermetically sealed compartment being unknown.

I may say that I eventually applied the same method to the heating and ventilating of hospitals, the first hospital in which it was installed being the Hôpital St. Antoine in Paris.

With a view to keeping myself fit, it was my custom for many years to take horse exercise every available morning

before breakfast, when I was frequently joined by my friend Sheriff Clark. On the road we would often forgather with Sir Charles Cameron, M.P., and in company complete a round of ten or twelve miles upon the lovely roads and lanes which, in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow at that time, were quiet and charming, both in themselves and surroundings; and in those less hustling days, when motor-cars had not even been dreamt of, we had them all to ourselves. Shortly after commencing these morning rides, which at first were on the back of one of my carriage horses, I bought a hunter which had belonged to a deceased friend. This was one of the gentlest and cleverest of her class. She went under the name of the sweetest of flowers, "Lily of the Valley," and in no single instance did she ever belie her name. She could clear a four-foot stone wall with the best of them, and never made a mistake. Her manners were so good, and her qualities so perfect, that it was impossible not to love her, and so she and I became fast friends, and many a happy day we enjoyed together.

I could only have a few hours once a week, on a Saturday, with the hounds; but my morning rides became more enjoyable than ever; and when there was no hunting, my Saturday afternoons were spent on her back, when a run of twenty or even thirty miles of exhilarating and ecstatic delight in her company would complete our programme for the day. By this means I was enabled to keep fit for my work, and so combined pleasure with profit.

Although these were the busiest days of my professional life, my working hours frequently amounting to fifteen per diem, often with a couple, and occasionally three, midwifery cases thrown in, it was frequently my good fortune to find a *confrère* who would act for me, when I stole away for a day's shooting or fishing with a friend. Many of these days were spent on Loch Lomond or Loch Leven, both of which are very conveniently situated for Glasgow. For either of these it was possible to leave by an early morning train, have a good day's fishing, and be home again for dinner, and make a few professional visits afterwards, if they were pressing.

As a matter of course, I frequently had to submit to

pretty strong language from patients for playing truant, as it was termed, yet no one could call me lazy, and, from my point of view, I deserved those little outings.

These fishing excursions acted as a splendid tonic to a hard-worked doctor, and frequently were fraught with funny incidents. Two are connected with Loch Leven, which, as every fisherman knows, is a most fickle loch to fish. One of these fits of fickleness occurred on a Saturday, when my friends John Ross and Graham Thomson, before starting to fish (I may state each had a boat to himself), made a sweepstake of 2s. 6d. each for the heaviest basket. It turned out to be one of those provoking days which, as I have said, are not uncommon on Loch Leven. The only rise and only fish I got was one of about three ounces in weight, so, naturally, I never for a moment imagined I could be the winner, yet, when we reached our rendezvous, what was my surprise to find that neither of my friends had secured a fish, so that my poor little specimen turned out to be worth 7s. 6d.

On another occasion at this loch the Western Angling Club, of which I was a member, was holding one of its competitions. I may say it was a much better fishing day than the former. There were sixteen members present, and, as is the general rule at these competitions, there was the usual shilling sweepstake for the heaviest fish. Now the Secretary of the Club and I each had a fish which turned the scale at two and a half pounds, and it was impossible to decide whose fish was the heavier. So we had to resort to a novel method to come to a decision. This consisted of putting a fish into each scale, when it turned out that my fish by the weight of a penny piece was the winner.

CHAPTER VII

FRIENDSHIPS AND VACATIONS

At this period—viz., in the late seventies and during the eighties—amongst my professional brethren, whose friendship I valued most highly, were Dr. Angus Macdonald, Dr. Thomas Keith, Dr. James Warburton Begbie, and Dr. Cumming, of Edinburgh; Dr. Garnet Wilson, Dr. George Scott Macgregor, and Dr. J. G. Wilson, of Glasgow; and Sir James Paget and Sir Henry Thomson, of London.

During this period I frequently attended the meetings of the Edinburgh Obstetrical Society, when I usually was the guest of my friend Angus Macdonald, he and I having so many subjects in common to discuss and enlarge upon. And I flatter myself that he and I, jointly, succeeded in advancing the subject of gynæcology—then quite in its infancy—not a little. Beyond this, moreover, he was a most genial and warm-hearted friend, and a boon companion.

Dr. Thomas Keith, as everyone knows, was *the* pioneer in abdominal surgery; and though much my senior, he took a keen interest in me, and helped me out of professional difficulties on many occasions. But his greatest service to me, before he left Edinburgh for London, was to permit me to assist him when operating upon abdominal tumours, which was a great privilege, and enabled me to master the technique of these operations, so that I soon became a successful operator myself. In this connection it may prove interesting to mention that on one occasion I removed from a little woman an ovarian tumour which consisted of eleven separate cysts, weighing over fifty-three pounds; the pedicle —that is, the band of dense tissue connecting the tumour with its base in the pelvis—was as thick as the wrist of a child five or six years old. As one of my friends remarked, it more resembled removing the woman from the tumour than the

tumour from the woman; for it weighed considerably more than half her own weight, which was seven stone. She left the hospital, and also left the tumour behind her, four weeks after the day of the operation.

Tom Keith, as he was known by his friends, was one of the best men of his age, and did more service to afflicted woman-kind than any man I had knowledge of, and yet he was allowed by an ungrateful country to go down to a comparatively early grave, without the slightest recognition of his services to humanity.

Dr. Warburton Begbie, equally eminent with his distinguished father, proved himself to be one of my most devoted friends, and one who also frequently gave me invaluable help in many difficult cases. He never allowed an opportunity to pass without giving me the benefit of his extensive clinical experience, which, to a young practitioner, was the most precious gift he could confer. Then, to crown it all, he was such a perfect gentleman, that to be associated with him was an education of itself.

Dr. Cumming, one of the older and highly respected practitioners in Edinburgh of that era, was one of the biggest-hearted men one could meet, and I became acquainted with him through his brother, the Rev. Dr. Cumming of Glasgow, whose family I attended. Although he was old enough to be my father, he did me the honour of calling me in consultation to one of his patients in Edinburgh, a distinction I appreciated most highly, as may easily be imagined.

Henry Garnet Wilson and George Scott Macgregor were both associated with me as surgeons to the Glasgow Hospital for Women, and were of valuable assistance to me and the patients at that pioneer hospital (for, as I have said, it was the first of its kind to be established in Scotland).

My friendship with Sir James Paget dated from 1880, when I accompanied a patient to London, so that I might have the eminent surgeon's opinion upon a most obscure case of disease of spinal origin, which I attributed to a fall from a horse, and which was productive of excruciating neuralgia of the nerves emanating from the lumbar vertebra. The seat of this lesion was very soon identified by Sir James, who advised strong counter-irritation over the affected

area, which, I have pleasure in adding, soon resulted in complete relief of the excruciating symptoms; and the patient recovered the full use of his limbs, the cure remaining permanent. Since that period it has been my privilege to send Sir James a few specimens of pathological interest, which tended to strengthen the bonds of friendship.

The following is a copy of the last letter I received from him, which was occasioned by my having sent him a grouse, which by some chance had its thigh punctured by a small piece of a stem of heather, about the same length as its legs, giving the appearance, at the first glance, that the bird had three legs. The piece of wood had been so deeply imbedded in the flesh, and was so firmly fixed, that it was practically immovable. Moreover, it must have been *in situ* for a considerable period, as there was no evidence of a fresh wound or of suppuration. The bird was in plump health, and didn't seem to have been in the least incommoded by the wooden accessory limb.

I therefore sent the specimen, together with a brace of normal birds, to Sir James, not knowing he had retired from practice. The letter runs as follows:

"5, Park Square West,
"Regent's Park, London,
"*October* 2, 1897.

"Dear Dr. Bell,

"I have again to thank you, and I thank you heartily, for sending me both grouse and a pathological specimen. But I am half sorry that it is so long since I was engaged in surgery that I am unfit to justly appreciate the value of the specimen. I have asked my son to present it to the museum of St. Bartholomew's; and you may be sure it will be gratefully studied by many,

"Believe me sincerely yours,
"James Paget."

I have already alluded to my friendship with Doctor Max Nordau, and the following characteristic letter from him will be read with interest:

Letter from Dr. Max Nordau.

"45, Rue St. André des Arts,
"Paris,
"*October*, 1877.

"My dear Bell,

"Ooff!! It's over now, thank God. Of course, it's the French election I am alluding to. I daresay you know everything about it. French matters have a world-wide fame and awaken echoes in the remotest nooks and corners of our globe. It was an unspeakable, exciting period we have now gone through. All Paris was wild and whipped up; in fact, people had gone mad with political excitement. It was a fever, a frenzy, a sort of general lunacy. There was nothing but rolling, glaring eyes, clenching of fists, and gnashing of teeth. In the hospitals the internes perused, nay, swallowed newspapers instead of attending to the patients. They just threw a distracted glance on the two rows of filled sick beds, then on they went meditating on the state of public affairs, spitting wrath against the Marshal and his councillors and praying down upon his head the seven plagues of Egypt and some additional ones, that are not foreseen by Scripture. And the patients played upon the same chord as did their medical attendants. They begged more for newspapers than for medicaments; and a tubercular woman, who was condemned to a near death, told me several times she wished to live only long enough to see the republicans re-elected and the Marshal hung. Her wishes were very modest as you see. Are you one of those who believe that last wishes of dying persons have a particular chance of getting realised? In that case the Marshal had better order a sample of coffins, for the kindly tubercular woman is dead now. This morning I made her post-mortem.

"Now perhaps you may think I am exaggerating for picturesqueness' sake. No, it's a fact, some patients wished to see the republicans' victory and die. Of course, one cannot live for weeks in such a witch's kettle without being contaminated by the ruling epidemic. The general fever took possession of me like all others. I was drawn in, in the whirl. I got excited; I felt a personal spite against the Cabinet; my fancy kindled at the idea that the Government confiscated the rights and liberties of the country. One evening I actually had a row with some stale, shrivelled old blackguard of Bonapartist, who durst defend the Marshal

and his policy; and I was very near jumping to conclusions, when I happily remembered I was a Hungarian, that I was only a spectator in a theatre, and that I had no interest whatever to intervene in the play or to bother the actors.

"But no more of that. I was very happy to learn by your letter that you and Mrs. Bell were safely arrived at home and that you breathe again the bracing air of 'bonny auld Scotland.' I received your papers at the same time as your letter, and had a great pleasure with them indeed. Your paper about the microzymes causing putrefaction is particularly interesting and partly quite new. Altogether it is very well done, and it gives a great desire to know everything you have published.

"A few weeks ago I published a paper on the principles of general treatment in the chronic diseases of the sexual organs of women, but as it is in German, I cannot hope it would be of any interest to you. However, if you wish to see it, I shall be happy to send it you.

"Martineau [the physician of one of the hospitals Nordau and I were attending together] spoke of you repeatedly. I told him who you were, and showed him your pamphlet. He was sorry not to have shown you all the attention you had claims to, but gladdened somewhat at the prospect that you very likely would come again some day or other.

"I was very busy all this time; and this prevented me calling upon M. Charcot. But should he not have replied to your letter, please tell it me and I shall at once go and see him about it. I hope you and Mrs. Bell are quite well, as I am, as are my mother and sister. A few days since I made the acquaintance of a countryman of yours; a man of ripe age, a Mr. Brown of Glasgow, a notary public, and who began to study medicine, just for pleasure's sake. He knows your name very well, perhaps you know his, although his name being such a hopelessly common one cannot be capable of striking with peculiar power your imagination or memory.

"Please forward my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Bell and believe me to be, my dear Bell,

"Yours most sincerely,

"MAX NORDAU."

The following is of more recent date, written on a post-card:

"PARIS,
"*December* 30, 1905.

"MY DEAR BELL,

"Only these few words to thank you for your very kind letter. Any public man, working on behalf and to the benefit of poor, persecuted and degraded people is exposed to outrages of irresponsible fanatics, but that has to be weathered.

"I am glad to have you in London. I have no doubt of your new successes, and you will be so much nearer to Paris. So there will be many more chances of my seeing you from time to time. I have not seen the last edition of your work on cancer and, of course, shall be happy to know it.

"Please mention me to Mrs. Bell, and believe me with my best wishes of the season, as ever,

"Yours very sincerely.

"M. NORDAU."

During the greater part of my residence in Glasgow I was a member of the Clyde Yacht Club. Although owning a yacht was far and away above my reach, it was not beyond that of many of my friends; and, moreover, there was a trim little forty-ton yawl belonging to the Club, which could be hired out for a week or ten days' cruise, which was taken full advantage of by the more opulent members. Amongst these I was fortunate in possessing friends, who were most kind to me on more than one occasion, and invited me to form one of their company in a cruise round the Isle of Skye and the various islands which adorn and form the western ramparts of Scotland. As may be readily imagined, a holiday spent in such magnificent surroundings, and far away from the crowded haunts of men, was not only truly restful and enjoyable, but of considerable educational value, which it would be difficult to estimate, seeing the information obtained was only attainable on board a yacht, under the command of a skipper who understood the devious channels through which he safely piloted us.

Oban was invariably the starting-point, to which we journeyed by rail; and on my first trip of the kind, on which occasion I was the guest of one of the dearest friends I ever

possessed, Mr. Charles Bryce, we broke our journey at Callander to dine with his father-in-law, another dear friend, who resided in this lovely highland retreat. Three hours after leaving the dinner-table, we were on board the yacht, which lay at anchor in Oban Bay, that famous and charming rendezvous of the yachting community. There we remained all night, sleeping on board. Part of the next forenoon was occupied in laying in stores, after which we set sail. This was a rather difficult process, as the wind was most disappointing, so that it was a tedious bit of business to effect an escape from the land-locked harbour; yet, by courting the fickle and intermitting breeze, we managed to pass the yacht of another friend of mine, who had started a few minutes before us, and we kept ahead of her all the day. But it was very slow progress we made as we wended our leisurely way up the glorious Sound of Mull, with the purple peaks of Morvan towering on our right, and the rugged land of Mull on our left: one of the loveliest combinations of sea, heather-clad mountains, green slopes and rugged glens to be found in that braw "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood"; and which, I may add, must be seen to be appreciated.

There are so many incidents of daily, and, frequently, of hourly interest, occurring in a yachting cruise in the West Highland waters, that space will not permit me to recount even a fraction of their number. I shall therefore content myself by recounting a single adventure which we were engaged in.

On this occasion we were seeking for a suitable anchorage for the night; and having discovered a position at the mouth of a stream which shall be nameless, we dropped anchor and sat down to dinner, which we finished by 8 p.m.

After dinner, as was our custom, we were enjoying our evening smoke on deck—I have not mentioned that we were a company of six men, and each of us keen for a bit of fun. As I seemed to be the only one of the company who was acquainted with the habits of fish, I suggested that by a little poaching we might be able, without much risk, and with a great deal of pleasure, to make an agreeable addition to our larder; and having previously found that there was

a splash net, in good order, on board, I proposed that when the shades of evening began to fall, we might get the dinghy and long boat out, and surround the mouth of the stream, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the shore, with the net. This being accomplished, the occupants of the two boats commenced to splash the water with the oars, so as to drive any fish that might be lying at the mouth of the stream into the meshes of the net; and with so signal success that we captured forty-two sea trout, averaging fully half a pound each in weight, and also a beautiful grilse of six pounds. The only drawback to our fun was that by some accident, or possibly design, as a practical joke, the cork was dislodged from the bottom of the boat of which I and two others were the occupants, when it rapidly began to fill with water, so that it was as much as we could manage to get the boat ashore before we were swamped. Of course, there was no danger to be apprehended, but to be wet up to the knees with salt water was not the pleasantest condition to be in.

The fish, on being brought on board, were dexterously cleaned by the sailors, and hung up to dry in the rigging; and, as may be imagined, they afforded us good and tasty items in our menus for a day or two.

The variety of weather and amount of pleasure that can be packed into a week's cruise round the Isle of Skye is simply marvellous. On one occasion, in early August, we lay, in a dead calm and brilliant sunshine, for a whole day off the west of the island, and opposite the serrated peaks of the Cuchulain hills, which might from their formation be named the Sierras of Skye. Having nothing else to do, I took the dinghy and pulled ashore to the foot of the cliffs, which bound the shore of that storm-driven portion of Skye. There I discovered numerous grottos of varying depth and formation, which had been dug out of the rocky face of the cliff, and where the sea had scooped out beautiful basins which were filled with water, clear as crystal and transparent as glass throughout. The floors of these pools were composed of glistening sand, upon which were strewn pebbles of varying shape and hue, and enlivened by many different forms of marine life.

One of these caves penetrated so deeply into the cliff that not a ray of daylight could possibly enter, so that the utter darkness made one feel quite eerie, and almost nervous and afraid.

But what a change came over this peaceful scene in the evening, when a darkness, the density of which I had never before experienced, suddenly eclipsed everything, so that it was impossible to perceive anything, however close it might approach one; when all at once the whole surroundings would be lit up by the most vivid lightning, so that every peak, crevice, and spur of the Cuchulains were made visible by the brilliancy of the electric flame. For fully an hour this brilliant exhibition of Nature's forces at play was enacted at intervals of a minute or so, being accompanied by volume after volume of reverberating thunder, as it leapt from peak to peak, and rolled down the steep declivities of the outstanding mountains on the near skyline, accompanied by the fall of sheets of torrential rain upon the deck and sea, with a hissing note which mingled strangely with those growls which echoed and re-echoed upon the neighbouring sterile peaks. But before it was time to retire to one's bunk, the storm had passed, and as dawn was sharpening the shafts of day, a slight breeze sprang up, and soon was carrying us towards Oban, where we arrived in time to catch the train for the south, and to enable me to reach my Perthshire quarters in time for the twelfth, when a friend and neighbour was to be my guest for the first day at the grouse.

My friend on this and many other occasions was, curiously enough, not only a neighbour of mine in Glasgow, but also in Perthshire, James Reid by name, of locomotive building fame, with whom an interchange of courtesies was of frequent occurrence, he on my ground and I on his. I should mention that my friend Mr. James Reid was at that time tenant of Auchterarder House and shooting, while I was tenant of Coleshill House and shooting. He, however, had no grouse on his ground, and as his place was within easy driving distance from Coleshill, where there was only a limited area of low ground shooting, but a considerable area of grouse and black game, Mr. Reid visited me in August—that is, before partridge shooting opened—after which he

invited me to shoot with him. This interchange of courtesies, of course, proved very pleasant and enjoyable. I, however had a much nearer neighbour, whose ground practically marched with mine—viz., Mrs. Haldane of "Cloan Den," as it was then named; but now it goes under the name of Cloan, since her son, Lord Haldane, has inherited it. Mrs. Haldane was a frequent visitor at Coleshill, and I at Cloan Den. On one of these occasions I chanced to meet young Haldane, who was then a budding barrister. His younger brother, however, who frequently came to shoot with me, was a most agreeable sporting companion, and we had many happy days together.

When I took the shooting I engaged a very clever gamekeeper whom I had known when fishing Loch Tay; and sent him to Coleshill to trap foxes, which, I heard, had made sad havoc with the game, and he succeeded in killing four old ones, and capturing six cubs, for which he obtained one pound a head from English masters of fox hounds. During the following spring he succeeded in clearing the ground of several others. And it was marvellous how the game prospects improved.

During the first season of my tenancy it was rarely that I came across a brown hare—though Alpine hares were fairly plentiful—but in the second year I had no difficulty in shooting one of the former within two hundred yards of the lodge. It was also one of the best places I know of for hill partridges, which gave splendid sport. The grouse, too, were much above the average in size, were very heavy, and not easily got at. I, however, had a splendid Gordon setter which could wind them a long distance off, and approached them most carefully.

There was a nice little burn running close by the house, from which I was able at any time to capture a dish of trout, and which had the additional advantage of attracting wild duck.

During the period just glanced at, I published two popular treatises, one entitled, "Our Children: How to Keep them Well and Treat them when they are Ill," and the other, "Woman in Health and Sickness"; both of which received

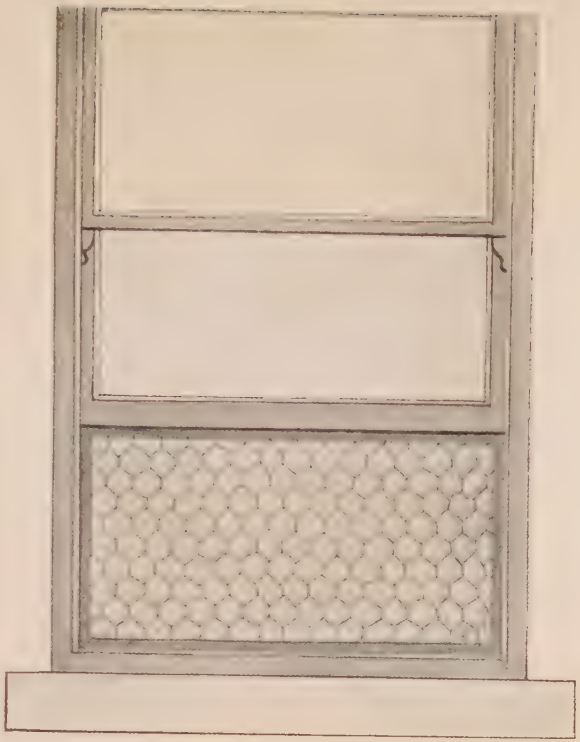
most flattering notices from the Press, and still command an honourable place in the book market. The copyright of these is now the property of George Newnes, Ltd.

In 1894 was published "The Secret of Long Life," in which I gave my views upon certain palpable conditions which it is imperative that we should never neglect to observe, and that closely, if the healthy functional activity of the various organs and cells of our bodies and their resisting power against disease are to be maintained at their healthy standard, when, of course, there would be no possible inlet for disease. I therefore ask my readers' indulgence if I introduce to their notice one or two introductory paragraphs, which may give an idea of the object I had in view when writing the booklet:

"Notwithstanding the various troubles, cares, and worries with which existence in this mundane sphere is inevitably associated, the desire for long life would seem to exist in the vast majority of its inhabitants, as an inherent part of their nature. The desire to shuffle off this mortal coil prematurely is participated in by few, and yet a great number by sheer negligence bring their lives to an untimely end; while others, by inattention to the ordinary laws of health, render their bodies predisposed to disease, and doubtless shorten their existence, while, at the same time, they inadvertently render the remainder of their lives miserable by their own folly.

"It is all very well to talk about having a sound constitution, a powerful frame, and a good family history; but all these things put together will not insure health and long life, if the laws of nature are not carefully and religiously attended to. How often do we come across individuals who are possessed of none of these so-called guarantees of longevity, but who in spite of a feeble constitution and a weakly frame, and possibly of a very unsatisfactory family history, live to a good old age, and during their lives experience a very fair amount of health and comfort of body.

"The effects of over-indulgence either in food, stimulants, or narcotics, are too well known to be discussed in a paper of this kind; my object is to bring to a focus the observations of over twenty-five years of active professional life, and to indicate wherein lies the secret, if secret it be, of arriving at a healthy old age."



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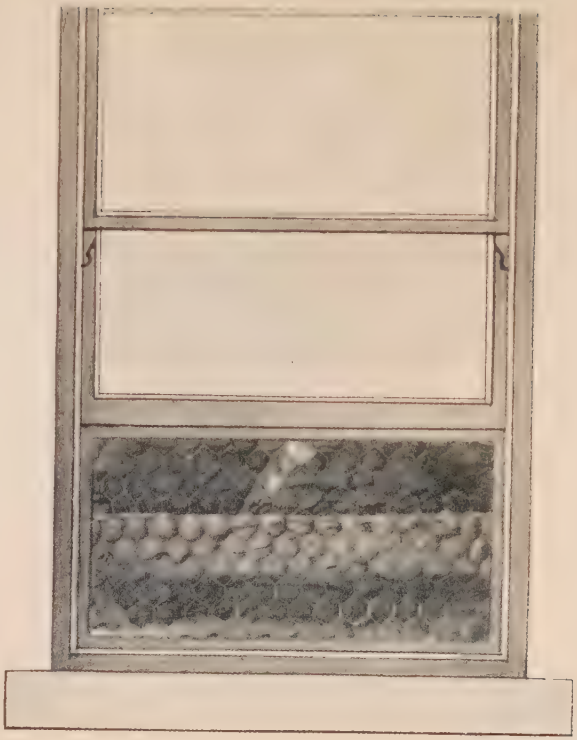


B

THESE TWO PLATES DEPICT THE INNER SURFACE OF THE FILTER (A) AND THE OUTER SURFACE OF THE SAME FILTER (B), CLEARLY INDICATING ITS VALUE AS A VENTILATOR AND AIR FILTER.

In the winter of 1896 a dense fog overwhelmed Glasgow, which penetrated into every room of the houses. It happened that I was attending a lady who was suffering from serious chest trouble, which the fog aggravated to an alarming extent. I therefore suggested to her husband, who was in fairly affluent circumstances, that we might succeed in keeping the bedroom free from fog by erecting a wire net cylinder, completely covered by a thick layer of cotton-wool, in the room, and placing, at the open top of it, an electric fan by which the foggy atmosphere could be drawn in, and expelled through the cotton shield, which would completely filter the air from all impurities. This was therefore fitted up, and in half an hour the room was filled and afterwards kept replete with a pure atmosphere, much to the relief of the patient. When the fog had passed away, the cylinder was removed, when the cotton-wool filter was discovered to have assumed a hue as black as soot, which had penetrated almost to the outer surface. Some cultures were made of the contents of the filter, and examined microscopically, when it was found that it had harboured thirteen varieties of microbes. I afterwards had frames fitted to a limited space of my windows, these carrying a filter of cotton-wool, supported by two layers of wire-netting. These were kept in reserve, to be fixed in position on the advent of future fogs, and this device answered the purpose of keeping the rooms in my house supplied with pure air.

CHAPTER VIII

VISIT TO AMERICA

To hark back a few years, in the late eighties, a movement was set agoing in London with a view of founding the British Gynæcological Society. In this project I was invited to take a part, to which I gladly consented, and so became an original member; and took part at the first meeting, which was held under the Presidency of the late Dr. Meadows, the first President of the Society, and one of the most charming men one could desire to meet. At one of the early meetings I had the honour of reading a paper on the " Treatment of Dysmenorrhœa " (painful menstruation). Before this meeting took place, I had the pleasure of dining with Dr. Meadows, who, like myself, was an ardent gardener, and to illustrate his success in prosecuting this hobby of his, there was present on the dinner-table a dish of strawberries of no mean dimensions. I confess he thus put my efforts quite in the shade, as my endeavours in forcing this fruit were never successful until the end of April; and the date of Dr. Meadows' dinner party was March 31.

The presidents of this Society were elected, on alternate years, from London members and Provincial members. The office of President was arranged upon a pleasant, sociable plan; the President inviting to dine with him every member of the Society, a given number on the date of each meeting, during the course of the session. In 1891 my turn came to become President. When this occurred I was resident in Glasgow. Therefore, with the object of carrying out my social duties in connection with the appointment, I became a member of the Devonshire Club, where I should be enabled to entertain my expectant guests. And I have continued my membership of this club ever since, which, upon my coming to reside in London, has proved of

considerable advantage to me, the club-house being situated at so convenient a distance from my professional address.* It has also proved advantageous to me by bringing me in contact with many members of the club, amongst whom I now number several of my warmest friends.

In the early days of my membership, club dinners were held once a month, which were most enjoyable gatherings. One was frequently requested to enliven the company by giving an account of anything of an interesting or amusing nature that had occurred in one's past history, and was worth repeating. Hence, my store of rather funny incidents that had crossed my path was called upon. For the most part, these were redolent of Scottish humour, mostly of a *dry* nature; yet frequently associated with that which we are now inclined to describe as " wet," seeing there is a movement on foot to drain the country " dry," which, so far, has proved a temporary and questionable success in America, so that to-day our American friends require to cross the ocean before they can satisfy their thirst. Now Pussyfoot would fain penalise, in a like manner, this Land of Freedom; and entice our weak-kneed and " invertebrate " Government to add to their iniquities by still further crippling our joy of living; happy laughter; boon companionship; and also, good fellowship. " Moderation in all things " must, then, be our motto, and be the slogan of temperance, which every good citizen should consistently endorse. Therefore, any interference with our freedom ought to be hotly contested.

Very early in my professional life the following incident was described in my hearing. One farmer, giving details connected with a domestic tragedy, spoke somewhat as follows: " Ye ken we leeve a lang way frae a doctor; so one day when I was in Glasgow, I wasna feeling verra weel, so I thocht I wad gang and see a doctor, and tell him what was wrang wi' me. He telt me he would soon put that right; and gave me a pouther [powder] which he telt me to mix in a wineglassfu' o' water, and take it just before going to

* The Devonshire Club is a massive building, situated on the west side—near the Piccadilly end—of St. James Street, and is famous as having been the club-house of Crockford, the well-known gambling centre.

bed. But when I got hame, I was feeling a guid deal better; so I didna tak the pouther, but put it into a drawer. Aboot three weeks after, the wife wasna feeling verra weel; and ye ken we leeve a lang way from a doctor, so I just thocht o' that pouther, and went and took it oot o' the drawer, and mixed it in a wineglassfu' o' water, as the doctor telt me, and gave it to the wife; and, man wad ye believe it ?—she hadna taken that pouther verra lang before she deid. Wasn't it a real blessing I didna tak that pouther masel ?"

It has often been stated there is so little sense of humour in a Scot, that it would require a surgical operation to get him to appreciate a joke. But I can testify that there is more dry, unconscious and pithy humour in a Scotsman than is to be found south of the Tweed. The following story will demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

At Fort William there is a famous distillery owned by one who is held in high esteem by all who have the honour of his friendship. We shall, in the story, give him the name of Macalister. Well, upon a very rainy day an outside man was engaged to do some digging in the garden attached to his residence, and it happened, on this occasion, to be one of those disagreeable days, unfortunately so common in the Highlands of Scotland. Notwithstanding this fact, however, Dugald worked away with his spade throughout the whole of the day, completely ignoring the rain. Now Mrs. Macalister, from the drawing-room window, had observed the unremitting attention Dugald gave to his work; and when the time arrived for leaving off for the day, the lady of the house sent a message to Dugald that she wished to speak to him. So Dugald obeyed the call, and was shortly in attendance in the hall, whereupon Mrs. Macalister said to him: " Now, Dugald, I have been observing you at work all day, and have admired your diligence, notwithstanding the rain. You must therefore be very wet." " Ah, yes, Mrs. Macalister, I am very wet, but I am not nearly so wet as I am dry." " Never mind that, Dugald," was the lady's reply, " we shall soon put that right." Whereupon she asked a maid to fetch a glass of whisky, which was brought in a glass having the shape of an in-

verted cone, and handed it to Dugald; but before he could put it to his mouth, Mrs. Macalister made the remark: "Now, Dugald, before you drink that whisky, I should like you to know that the glass which contains it is more than two hundred years old." "More than two hundred years old, Mrs. Macalister!" holding the glass up to the light. "Yes, more than two hundred years old, Dugald." "Well, Mrs. Macalister, all I can say is, it's very small of its age." "Never mind that, Dugald; drink it up." Which he did, and with gusto, smacking his lips after the draught. "Now, Dugald, hasn't that made another man of you?" "Oh, yes, Mrs. Macalister, it has made another man of me; and that other man would like a glass now."

About this time (1891) I was obliged to go to the United States on important business, and booked my passage on one of the Cunard boats, the *Etruria;* through the influence of a relative I obtained an introduction to the superintendent of the Cunard line, who, in his turn, introduced me to the Captain of the ship, who was a fellow-Scot. He, therefore, invited me to sit at his table; and after dinner he and I always adjourned to his cabin for a chat and a cigar. The passage was a pretty rough one, but I did not feel it in the least unpleasant, as the ship simply went straight through the immense billows, when we could hear successive thuds upon the deck as tons weight of water came crashing down upon it every now and again.

By a strange coincidence, among the passengers were two of my friends from Glasgow. We three, therefore, formed ourselves into a syndicate, to bet each day on the speed of the ship; and as I was able to gather from the Captain the number of revolutions in each day's run (which, however, were also marked up on the notice board), we were generally enabled, with our three chances, to come pretty near to a correct estimate of the number of knots covered by the ship each day. The result was that we each were into pocket a little over £12 at the end of the voyage.

On landing I made my way to the Windsor Hotel—since burnt to the ground—where I was most comfortably housed. Shortly after my arrival I called upon men to whom I had letters of introduction; and was by them made a temporary

member of several clubs, which I found highly advantageous. I also made the acquaintance of Dr. Seaman, who was the Medical Referee of the head office of a New York Life Insurance Company, for which I acted in Glasgow. Dr. Seaman was also Medical Officer to Sing Sing Prison, which I visited in his company, and was most favourably impressed by the way this enormous prison was managed. As we were walking from one building to another, Dr. Seaman requested me to halt for a minute, when he told me that here he had witnessed "the most *beautiful* death imaginable." It seemed to me such a strange adjective to describe the death of a prisoner, that I could not help expressing my surprise at the descriptive term he had employed; to which he replied: "Just wait a minute and I shall explain matters. The Superintendent of the prison was passing along this walk one day, when a negro prisoner, who was digging in the flower border, made a rush at him with his spade uplifted, evidently with the intention of killing the Chief; who thereupon made a dash for safety, being pursued by the mad negro. When, however, he had placed a sufficient distance from the prisoner, he came to a stand, and with his revolver shot his pursuer dead on the spot. And here comes the explanation of my looking upon his death as being 'beautiful'; for when I made the post mortem, I found the bullet lying in the man's heart."

On our return to New York, Dr. Seaman kindly invited me to dinner at his house, and after we had dined, my host said he would like me to accompany him to a meeting of the New York Obstetrical Society. To this I consented, but upon the condition that I should not be asked to make a speech, to which he agreed. The gathering of medical men, with one lady medico, almost completely filled the large hall. When we arrived, a paper was being read by a member upon the use of the forceps in labour, a subject I was much interested in, as I had been a student under Tarnier, who was the most eminent accoucheur in Paris, and who was a strong advocate of employing these instruments in child-birth, thus saving the mother unnecessary pain; and whose example I diligently followed in my own practice, much to the benefit of my patients. Of course,

I had come to listen to the various opinions expressed, and as Dr. Seaman had assured me I would not be asked to speak, I sat, never supposing for a moment that a trap had been laid for me. But no sooner had the opener of the discussion sat down, than the President stood up, and said he "understood that a *confrère* from Scotland was present, and he had great pleasure in requesting our Scottish brother to step up on the platform and give his views on the subject"; upon which, giving a reproachful glance at my friend, I felt compelled to rise to the occasion, and did my best to frame an extempore address on the subject before the meeting. After this came to an end the company adjourned to a hall downstairs, where an excellent supper was provided, and a social meeting was organised. There I was requested to tell a Scottish story, which was listened to with attention, and followed by prolonged laughter. I hesitate to recount it in this volume, as it was only intended for professional ears, yet the lady member seemed to enjoy it as much as the male members.

On second thoughts, I don't see why my readers should not have the benefit of the story, as there is really nothing naughty about it, and the simile is only suggestive—that is all.

In the Presbyterian Church of Scotland certain districts are mapped out as presbyteries, these consisting of the clergy and elders of a number of churches in a given area. On one occasion the clergy composing one of these presbyteries were summoned by the Moderator to a meeting for the furtherance of the teetotal movement. But on their arrival in the town they were greeted by a heavy rainfall, and so became drenched before arriving at the place of meeting, where they were each furnished with a tumblerful of milk, which was placed on a table in front of each chair. But seeing they were all suffering from the rain, and to guard against taking a chill, it was suggested that a glass of rum should be added to each tumblerful of milk as a precautionary measure. This proposal was greeted with approval with one exception; this gentleman stating in strong language his convictions that such conduct would be most blameworthy, and then left the room for a few

minutes. The others, however, finished their rum and milk in the objector's absence; and then agreed that it would be a good joke to add a glass of rum to his milk, which on his return to the room he drank with considerable relish, and smacking his lips, expressed his high approval of the beverage by remarking, " Oh, what a coo!"

My next place of call was Philadelphia, having promised to pay a short visit to Mr. Lippincott, the head of the well-known publishing business, whom I met on board the boat. From Philadelphia my destination was Washington, the most beautiful little city in the United States which had come under my purview. From thence I took train to Chicago, a day and a night journey, which was made highly enjoyable by the kindness I received from two gentlemen who were going to Minneapolis to take part in a great congress, and who were most anxious that I should accompany them; as I should be able to witness such an immense gathering of United States citizens as I might never have the opportunity of seeing again. But this proposal did not appeal to me, so I got off the train at Chicago. This was just on the eve of the opening of the great Chicago Exhibition, which, of course, I visited, and never ceased wondering at the wonderful recuperative power of the Chicago citizens, in having raised up, almost upon the ashes of their city, this colossal accumulation of massive buildings, the various courts being connected by a movable footway.

Having accomplished the business which took me there, I boarded the train for Cleveland, to visit a cousin who was proprietor of an extensive business in that enterprising and splendidly arranged city, the most notable feature of which, from my standpoint, was the magnificent and noble Euclid Avenue. After I had spent a few interesting days with my cousin and his family, he very kindly proposed to accompany me to Niagara Falls, which at that period was in its pristine condition, only possessing a small hotel for the accommodation of visitors, but a delightful house to spend a few days at. We crossed the rapids, by the suspension bridge, to the Canadian side, and there I distinctly heard, for the first and only time in my life, the rattle of a rattlesnake. Below the falls we had our photographs taken

with the falls as a background. It seemed extraordinary that, on the American side, from the footpath, one was able to thrust a stick right into the falls. From Niagara we went on to Albany, when my cousin and I parted company, and I took my passage down the Hudson river in one of those top-heavy boats, one of which, not so very long after, toppled over, when a considerable number of lives were lost.

The river runs through most beautiful and, in the upper reaches, somewhat mountainous country, the Catskill Mountains being the most outstanding feature. The banks also are attractive on account of the beauty of the woodland scenery with which they abound. But this becomes very monotonous, and before the 145 miles are navigated, one is inclined to feel much relieved when, at last, New York looms in sight.

On my return to the city I took up my quarters at a hotel in Broadway, for a day or two, preparatory to my joining the White Star liner *Majestic*, having secured my tickets at Cleveland, which, strange to say, I was unable to obtain at the office of the Company in New York, a most curious circumstance. During these few days a friend gave me a novel experience by taking me to what is called a "free lunch," where, by paying five cents for a glass of beer, one could have as much excellent cheese and biscuit as one chose, or a plate of soup and bread, free of any other charge, which led me to wonder however such a business could even be made to pay expenses, not to mention profit.

Delmonico's Restaurant was, however, conducted on more expensive lines. While lunching at that well-known restaurant—at that period one of the most celebrated in New York—a rather good story was told by one of our company. It relates to a man who was described as a "stony broke," meaning that he had run through all his cash. He had, however, determined that he would eat a good dinner before he retired into the realms of penury. He therefore arrived at Delmonico's one evening, and ordered a sumptuous repast, consisting of the best viands obtainable, and wines of the most noted vintages. When he had done justice to these, and was preparing to leave, the waiter produced his bill and demanded payment, when he was met

with the promise to call in a day or two to settle the account, as he had forgotten to bring his purse with him. To this the waiter would not listen, and went off to bring the manager, who was soon on the spot; and addressing the guest, said, " I hear, sir, you refuse to pay for your dinner." Whereupon he repeated what he had said to the waiter, of which, of course, the manager took no notice; but produced a revolver, and pointed it at the delinquent in a threatening manner; whereupon, the latter, with a look of alarm, cried out: " What's that in your hand ?" " It's a revolver, sir." " Oh, thank goodness!" was his exclamation, " I thought it was a stomach pump."

On joining the *Majestic*—both majestic in name and dimensions—I at once struck up a friendship, temporary, as it turned out, with two ladies who were seated near me at table. The name of the elder was Mrs. Stewart, and the younger was Miss Franklin, the daughter of a Brooklyn physician, and they were about to make their first visit to England. On the first forenoon of our voyage, upon an ocean as calm as a lake—which condition of the ocean continued without a break until we arrived at Liverpool—the Captain sent round " for the ladies " a large dish of toffy, broken up into pieces ready for use. The sweet was very good indeed, but I happened to remark to Mrs. Stewart that I knew how Russian toffy was made, having learned the secret from a confectioner in Glasgow, whose family I attended professionally. He was a Russian; and had come to Glasgow to be chef at the most famous restaurant in the city, but afterwards commenced business on his own account. Very much to my surprise, on the following forenoon, a quarter-master came up to where the two ladies and I were sitting and enjoying our look-out upon the placid sea, and told us that Dr. Bell was requested by the Captain to go down to the galley and make some toffy for the ladies. After charging Mrs. Stewart with telling tales out of school, I, of course, felt I must obey the autocrat of the ship. So, much to the amusement of the cook, who supplied me with the ingredients necessary, I made a large meat dish full of Russian toffee, which, I may add, was very speedily sampled by the occupants of the deck; and which, to my joy, was

proclaimed to be excellent; so much so, that I was ordered by the Captain to repeat the dose every day while the trip lasted. And, strange to say, a year afterwards, I was told by a medical friend that he had heard from a lady friend of my exploit, and that my services on these occasions had been highly appreciated.

On our arrival at Liverpool I had the pleasure of entertaining a few of my fellow-voyagers at dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, bidding them all good-bye on leaving to join the night train for Glasgow; not one of whom has ever appeared on my horizon since.

Much as I had enjoyed my brief sojourn in the United States, I was glad to get back to my work again, having arrived at the conclusion that I would not regard favourably the prospect of spending my life in New York. There was too much worship of the dollar-god. One could not be within hearing of a conversation for five minutes without being saluted by the word "dollar," "dollar" every few seconds.

CHAPTER IX

MARRIAGE—ITALY

JUNE 20, 1893, will be ever memorable to me as the happiest day of my domestic life, being the day upon which I was united in marriage with Mary Allan Dobie, who conferred upon me the sweet companionship of a devoted wife, and whose intellectual powers were of the highest order. These natural endowments were markedly enhanced by extensive reading and a retentive memory, which enabled her to converse with wonderful effect upon any subject of public or scientific interest. Moreover, she possessed a wonderful capacity for business affairs, which proved of immense service to one like myself, who was a perfect nonentity in these matters.

Shortly before our marriage, I had brought out the second edition of my book entitled: "A Physician's Poems, Patriotic, Pastoral, Pungent," and as it contained a short "In Memoriam" on the death of the Duke of Clarence, which occurred on January 17, 1892, I took the liberty of sending a copy of the book to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who most graciously honoured me by acknowledging its receipt in a letter of thanks. By a happy coincidence this letter reached me on our wedding day.

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
"PALL MALL, S.W.
"*June* 18, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,

"Sir Francis Knollys has handed me, as Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales, your letter to him and the volume of poems which accompanied it.

"I have placed this volume before the Princess of Wales, and am now desired by Her Royal Highness to convey to you the expression of her very sincere thanks for sending her "A Physician's Poems," the copy of which she accepts with much pleasure. I remain, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,
"S. DE A. C. CLARKE (COLONEL).

"TO DR. ROBERT BELL."

I need hardly say that my marriage had the effect of altering, in the future, and for the better, my prospect of life, as my dear wife's loving care assisted me in every possible manner. Our marriage took place at her sweet little home, Penfillan, situated on a most beautiful site, near the village of Keir in Dumfriesshire, to which was attached one of the most delightful gardens imaginable. This, under her intelligent care, was a scene of beauty and usefulness, in which I was encouraged to take a special interest and pleasure. Our honeymoon was, for the first week, spent at Rigg's Hotel, Windermere, from which we explored all the Lake District, and on one of our excursions came across John Ruskin, who was taking a walk in the neighbourhood of Coniston.

On another occasion, when the coach on which we were seated was standing waiting to pick up passengers at a neighbouring hotel, where there had been an inmate suffering from enteric fever, in consequence of which the drinking water was ordered to be boiled, there stood at the door a young American lady, waiting impatiently for a drink of water before getting on the coach. The production of the beverage occupying more time than the lady thought justifiable, she shouted out: "Do bring me that water, waiter. I would just as soon have my stomach to be an aquarium as a cemetery any day."

Fortunately we had brilliant weather during our visit to this glorious district, where Nature revels in all that is beautiful and sublime, and where monotony does not exist. On leaving this lovely spot, we journeyed to visit our friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryce, who had rented a charming house on the outskirts of Pitlochry, which held in its keeping so many pleasant memories of mine, and where we were most hospitably entertained by our host and hostess. After spending a few most enjoyable days, enlivened by delightful drives to the various beauty spots in the neighbourhood, we went further north into Ross-shire, to visit my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. John M. Ross at their shooting-box of Ledgowan, situated near Achnasheen, where I enjoyed, as I had often done on former visits, some excellent trout fishing, but on this

occasion with the extra attraction of having my wife with me in the boat.

My dear wife, who was an excellent botanist, in many delightful walks, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ross and their boys, pointed out to us several interesting plants, amongst the number being a variety of carnivorous specimens, which proved to be an interesting discovery for the boys, when they were shown that when a fly was dropped into the cup-like flower, the fly, being immediately imprisoned, was gradually consumed.

One day, when out walking on the moor, a mile or so from the house, we witnessed a curious-looking cloud moving in an extraordinary manner above us, which turned out to be a waterspout, and, before we had quite realised what it was, it forthwith burst; and although we were all clad in waterproofs, we were in the course of a few seconds soaked to the skin. In a short time the river came down in a roaring flood, and the lochs rose considerably in depth; on one of which, in the evening, we enjoyed some most exciting sport with trout up to three pounds in weight.

After a most delightful visit, with great reluctance we left our hospitable friends for our sweet little home, and I afterwards returned to my professional duties.

In parenthesis I may remark that Jane Bailey Welsh, afterwards the wife of Thomas Carlyle, spent a great portion of her girlhood days at Penfillan, which in the early years of the nineteenth century was tenanted by her aunt. This, of course, gave to the place somewhat of a historical interest.

Shortly after our marriage, it became a question whether I should retire from general practice, as my consulting work had assumed such proportions that my income from the latter quite equalled that of the former. In consultation with my wife, it was now decided that I should confine my attention to consulting and operative work. I therefore transformed my house in Glasgow, which was one of the more commodious in the district, into a nursing-home, where ten to twelve patients could be comfortably accommodated; and as a rule the house was fairly well occupied by patients. Besides those rooms turned into wards, my

bedroom, dining-room (which also served the purpose of waiting-room for patients), morning-room, consulting-room, and secretary's room were kept intact for their special uses. Two nurses were always in attendance, so there was a considerable establishment to be looked after. There I had arrangements made for performing operations pertaining to diseases of women, which was my speciality, and which previously I had undertaken in ordinary nursing homes. I therefore had no reason to regret having relinquished my visiting practice, as it would have been impossible to do justice to it in connection with this special work, and that pertaining to my hospital duties. Moreover, I was always liable to be called out to consultations, which otherwise it would have been impossible for me to undertake.

Shortly after this a London friend, who was meditating retiring from a practice which was similar in character to that in which I was engaged, wrote offering to make me his successor, stating that he could guarantee me, to begin with, an immediate income equal to two-thirds of what he was then earning, and that he did not ask for any money in payment, but that I should take the lease of the house in Grosvenor Street off his hands. Now the way in which several of the rooms were sub-let to a dentist, and to three medical men, made this a trifling consideration.

When I mentioned the subject to my wife, she left the matter entirely in my hands, and said that if I thought it would be for my benefit, she would willingly give up her pretty country home, and go with me to London. We therefore went up to London and looked over my friend's books, which proved highly satisfactory, but then I saw there was a large midwifery connection to encounter. Now I had, to my great relief, just relinquished a very large midwifery practice, which in my case had been a refined form of slavery: so that settled the matter, and I did not go to London then. Little did I imagine that duty, some years afterwards, would compel me to change my mind and places.

At the end of January, 1894, my wife and I spent a few weeks at Cannes, where we engaged rooms at the Hôtel

Continental, situated a short distance from the town, on the road to Antibes, which latter place is within a reasonable walk. A small omnibus ran frequently between the hotel and Cannes, of which we often took advantage; and, as a rule, in my broken French, carried on a conversation with the peasant women going to or coming from their sale of produce at Cannes; invariably, much to the amusement of the natives, and also of my wife—who was a good French scholar—and other friends within hearing. Much to our surprise, when we arrived at the hotel, we found among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Orr and Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch from Glasgow, who were old friends and patients of mine. We also became on friendly terms with Mr. Pears, a member of the firm of Pears, the well-known toilet soap firm. He, however, I concluded, was a sleeping partner, and was more devoted to travel than to business. Moreover, he was a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and a great reader. The fact of our Glasgow friends being at the hotel added very much to our enjoyment during our stay of a week at Cannes; after which we went on to Nice, and thence to Monte Carlo, where we put up at the Hôtel des Princes, a house I had stopped at on a previous visit to this gambling centre and most charming spot. At the hotel we made friends with Colonel and Mrs. Gorham, whose friendship we renewed and continued on our return to England.

The Colonel and I used to make two visits each day to the Casino—one after lunch, the other after dinner, generally spending half an hour or so at the gambling tables each visit. My plan—I cannot speak for the Colonel's—was to limit my losings to sixty francs; and so I took no more with me; thus compelling myself to keep out of the way of further temptation. Another point I observed, which is always a good policy to pursue, I think—viz., to be content with a moderate run of luck. By following this plan, and sticking to it, my winnings mounted up pretty satisfactorily: yet still adhering to the precaution of only taking sixty francs with me at each visit. Upon only one occasion I tried my luck at trente et quarante, and lost, so I stuck to roulette, which was safer. My plan was to play, as a rule, on the two transversals at the foot of the

table, always waiting until they failed, for a time or two, to contain a winning number. This is called a " Transversale Simple," and covers six numbers. Any number in the line turning up gives a win of five times the amount of the stake. If none of the numbers in the row turn up, I then double my stake, and, to guard against Zero turning up, I ensure my stakes by placing a five-franc piece upon Zero, or perhaps a cheval upon Zero and a number at the top of the table. By adopting this latter plan, I have occasionally been able to pick up eighteen times my stake, but have, of course, lost my forty francs placed in the two transversals. Should luck be on my side for a few turns of the roulette, there was, of course, no harm in taking advantage of it, but should it turn, and I yet be a few louis to the good, it was my custom to pocket my winnings and leave the table. I have found it does not do to be greedy. For as sure as fate, if one is not content with a moderate amount of success, the table will speedily retaliate, and absorb every louis one so recently had possession of, and with which one might have retired had greed not gained the mastery.

My wife and I had planned to remain at Monte for a few days longer than our friends. On the evening before their departure I, with one of them, after dinner, adjourned to the Casino, he with the hope of winning sufficient to pay his hotel bill, I with the hope of adding a little more to the little pile already in my possession. We both had a fair run of luck, and very soon I was six louis to the good and he fifteen. I then said to my friend, " I am going home to the hotel," and at the same time urged him to return with me, and rest content with his profit of 300 francs, or possibly he might lose the lot. " No, no," he replied, " I am going to rake in as much as will pay my hotel bill." And it was impossible for me to persuade him to leave well alone, so I returned alone, and much to the disappointment of his wife, who was well acquainted with his sanguine temperament. It was at breakfast the following morning that we met again, when he informed me he had not only lost all his winnings, but every franc he had with him. Of course, he expressed sorrow that he had not followed my lead, and, as he remarked: " Now I will require to give a cheque

on my bank, having received a check at the bank of Monte Carlo."

During our visit we forgathered with several other friends from Glasgow, and as I was in funds, it was delightful for my wife and me to share my good luck with our friends by inviting them to join us in holiday amusements of one kind and another. When the end of our visit arrived, and we were ready to leave for Genoa, after settling my hotel bill, and accounting for the whole of our expenses at Monte Carlo, there remained still a credit balance of 300 francs, which we carried with us to Genoa. We left Monte after breakfast; and having had our luggage examined at Ventimiglia, we arrived at the old-world hotel " Aquila," with its sanded floors and carpetless bedrooms, clean and comfortable in every possible respect. It is situated in a central and attractive portion of the city, which is famous for its number of magnificent palaces, several of which contain choice works of art; yet they struck me as being desolate buildings of a bygone age; and though imposing in their dimensions and structural elegance, yet conveyed an impression of gloom more than of healthy vitality. At the Campo Santo, of which I had heard so much from friends, and which lies about a mile and a half from the city, we spent a whole forenoon in examining the memorials of the dead, which comprise a wonderful assortment—I can use no other word—of statues, some of which are the work of famous sculptors. On account of the devotion manifested in the erection of the immense collection of symbols of mourning, and on account of their high quality as works of art, the place is well worthy of a visit, though not likely to induce one to be keen on going back again. We then made a very short visit to Pisa, which, beyond the leaning tower, interested us but to a small degree. Besides, we were on our way to Florence, which, with its numerous attractions, was before us, and where we intended to stop as long as possible. We were fortunate in securing rooms in the Hôtel de la Paix, where one was able to overlook the Arno, the view of the river yielding considerable amusement; that derived from watching a fisherman, who appeared every morning with a rowing boat, being highly entertaining.

I would watch him for an hour at a time sometimes, when he would get hold of a fish at long intervals, but of no marketable size, looking more like a sardine than anything else; I imagine they must have been gudgeons.

In our frequent visits to the Duomo I met with a most gentlemanly guide, who was of great assistance to us in any number of ways, especially in our frequent visits to the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, and to churches on special feast days. There was one such festive occasion—I forget the name of it—Annunciation, I think; but the Duomo was packed with people, so that we could see nothing, nor even hear the service or music. But our guide was able soon to convey us out of the crowded area of the church, and conduct us to a stairway at the rear of the building; so that we found our way into a roomy gallery, which was almost empty of worshippers. In the middle of the gallery there existed a well for the orchestra, surrounded by a wall fully five feet in height. But there was a sort of ledge about a foot above the floor, and by taking advantage of this, I was enabled to obtain a view of the component members of the orchestra, which was sending forth most beautiful music; but never have I seen such a lot of seedy-looking men as those who dispensed the music—and it was superb music, too—on that occasion. Many were almost in rags, but the spirit of Orpheus moved within each one of them, of which the rags were only a camouflage. In the Pitti Gallery we spent many delightful hours, and on one of our visits there, much to our surprise and pleasure, we met our old friend Canon Teignmouth-Shore, who had, for the nonce, discarded his clerical attire, and was enjoying a well-deserved holiday. And, for my part, I don't know where one could spend a month's holiday more enjoyably and profitably than in Florence.

It does not seem to be generally known that the real and original Chartreuse Monastery—for it is the oldest edifice of the Order—is situated within a short carriage drive from Florence. We therefore took the opportunity of visiting the old place, and certainly it was "vecchio." There only remained a very old monk to look after the building, as the monasteries in Italy had all been disenfranchised. He, however, was most attentive, and answered our enquiries

most affably. There was one curious reply we received on enquiring what had been the cause of injury on the face of one of the buildings; he ascribed it to a "terremoto," the meaning of which I did not quite grasp at first, and he, observing my look of perplexity, opened my eyes by translating it into English, explaining it as being due to an "earthquako." On leaving the monastery I bought a circular-shaped bottle of pottery ware, filled with real Chartreuse liqueur, which has never yet been opened, though it is thirty years since I bought it. I was obliged to smuggle this purchase into the city; otherwise there would have been a heavy duty to pay, for some obscure reason, which I did not investigate. Of course, we made several trips up to the interesting old town of Fiesole, from which—its height above sea-level being a little over 900 feet—some splendid views are to be obtained, and what struck me most notably was to see so much evidence of Cyclopean architecture; several of the stones employed must have weighed several tons. I have now in my possession an "Ecce Homo," after that of Carlo Dolci, in the Uffizi Gallery, painted by Casta, an eminent professor of the Florentine Academy, which, from my standpoint, is superior to the original. I also brought home with me a beautiful example of still life, painted by his brother, together with a fine specimen of Fra Angelica's work from the Monastery of San Marco.

From Florence we went to Venice, where we had engaged rooms at the Hôtel de Rome, situated on the Grand Canal, and the morning after our arrival, on coming down to breakfast, who should we meet but two old friends, at whose wedding I had been present twenty years before, and now met for the first time since that memorable event.

Another incident occurred here which gave me an opportunity of rendering a service to a gentleman, a merchant from Leeds, who was taken suddenly ill at the hotel we were staying at. The patient and his friends were in a great state of alarm, as the Italian medical man who was called in had pronounced the case to be "stoppage of the bowels," which must be operated on without delay. Someone in the hotel, who seemed to know me, though he was a stranger

to me, informed the patient's friends that possibly I might help them to decide what course should be pursued. It was an awkward predicament to place one in, but after the whole story had been related, it appeared to me that undue advantage was being taken of the forlorn position of the patient. His wife then begged me to go up to his bedroom and examine him, which I consented to do, as I did not like the look of things. And as nothing seemed to have been done to relieve the so-called obstruction, the patient was ordered by me to take an ounce of castor oil, which was successful in giving immediate relief to the so-called stoppage. Often have I wondered what the Italian medico thought of his disreputable conduct; and, also, if he was in the habit of abusing the confidence given to him by tourists in other cases of a similar and simple character. It is easy for a medical man, if he happens to be devoid of principle, to condescend to, and practise, such cruel quackery. Indeed, it has frequently been brought home to me that the medical practitioner of to-day is, by far and away, a too highly privileged person, but this subject I purpose dealing with in more detail later on. It need hardly be questioned how great was the relief experienced by the patient and his wife, when the terrible ordeal of an operation, and that in a foreign city, had been obviated by so simple a remedy. Of course, they were most grateful for my help, and insisted upon giving me a fee, which, though certainly most kindly meant, was not to be considered for a moment under the circumstances. It was quite enough reward to feel that one had been the means of clutching a fellow-countryman out of the hands of an unscrupulous man, who, taking advantage of his professional position, meant to penalise in more ways than one an Englishman, who had supposed that he was dealing with a man of honour.

Our week at Venice was quite an experience to my wife and self; for although we had formed some idea of what we might expect to see, yet the reality surpassed everything in beauty, originality, grandeur, and charm of every description; each hour spent in this lovely city being succeeded by one even more enjoyable than its predecessor, so that nothing but unalloyed pleasure was at our joint command

during the whole length of our visit, which terminated, as it commenced, under a cloudless sky.

The next and last place on our itinerary, so far as our present visit to Italy was concerned, was Milan, where we obtained comfortable quarters in a hotel on the Via Moreno, not far from the Scala Theatre, which unfortunately was under repairs at the time of our visit, so that we could only see the structure. This was a great disappointment, as we had looked forward to being present at one or more performances at this famous theatre. We had, however, several opportunities of becoming acquainted with Leonardo da Vinci's *chef d'œuvre*, the " Last Supper," which is painted on the wall of a place more like a barn than anything else, which was once the refectory of a monastery, we were told, and which Napoleon had used as a stable on one occasion. There were several artists making copies of the picture, and these, as a rule, were of considerable merit. The original picture, however, was sadly in need of attention, but it still held its position as a masterpiece, though sadly marred by age and neglect, not to mention what could only be described as acts of vandalism.

I received quite an ovation one day when I happened to be wearing a red cravat, and stood watching a procession of Garibaldians who were marching past. I was at a loss as to what it all meant, when the landlord of the hotel told me that the fact of an Englishman wearing a red scarf was looked upon as indicating that he was an admirer of Garibaldi; which I certainly was, and am; but the evidence of my loyalty to his memory was purely accidental on this special occasion. The Duomo is one of the most interesting buildings it has been my good fortune to explore, both in the inside with its superb glass, and in its roof of curious design. The city is wonderfully replete with shops of every description. Near by the Duomo, the drapery and dress establishments are numerous and most tempting. The designs for ladies' attire are highly attractive. Certain blouses especially arrested my attention, so I took the opportunity of buying a couple for my wife. This fact I would not have thought of mentioning, had it not been for the fact that they became the cause of a curious scene

when we arrived at the French frontier. We left Basle by the night train for Paris, and had a little difference with the conductor of the sleeping cars. I therefore refused to give him a tip, which he resented to such a degree that he followed me to the *douane* and denounced me to the customs officer, stating I was smuggling excisable articles. I admitted I had two silk blouses which, as they were new, were technically excisable. As I was English, and not a trader, I was let off without any duty being exacted. A man, however, who had travelled with us, and who had been commended by the conductor of the sleeping coaches as an honest man, and who carried nothing excisable in his portmanteau, was made to take off his coat and vest; when several lengths of valuable lace, wound about his body, were brought to light, and thereupon confiscated. My opinion at the time was that the plan was to screen the real culprit by throwing blame upon me, which the custom-house officer had been clever enough to see through, hence the *débâcle* which ensued.

CHAPTER X

GLASGOW—ITALY

MANY of my contemporaries will doubtless remember the long and severe winter which commenced on January 2, 1895, the frost continuing, without intermission, until March 13.

For weeks before the frost set in the country was deluged with heavy rain, accompanied by terrible gales, which played havoc with trees in the country. In our garden a beautiful acacia tree and a large and valuable pear tree were uprooted; and one enormous beech—said to be the second largest in Scotland—was blown down; presenting, even in its fall, a grand spectacle as it lay, covering by its wreckage an enormous area of ground. Some of its branches would have made very respectacle trunks of ordinary trees. Its trunk was fifteen feet in circumference. So great was the interest taken in the catastrophe which had overtaken this well-known monarch, that it was visited by nearly every inhabitant of the district. It stood on the extensive lawn of the mansion-house of Eccles, tenanted by intimate friends of ours, the late Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, and family.

The frost, which succeeded the heavy rain and wind storms, on several occasions registered some degrees below zero; on two nights as many as eleven degrees were registered. But the country reaped a tremendous benefit from the prolonged frost, as the ample covering of snow had rendered it harmless, and when it disappeared vegetation went ahead with a vigour which was wonderful to see, so that the fruit trees were simply laden with produce. In our garden there was a plum tree bearing such a heavy crop that, in spite of its branches being propped up by strong poles, it suffered severely. The fruit increased so greatly in weight when ripening, that one of the heavily laden branches completely broke away from the stem.

While the frost continued, agriculture being at a standstill, every curling pond in the neighbourhood was the scene of frequent gatherings of players and onlookers interested in the roaring game, at which no distinction of persons is ever made. It is a game where each one is "hail, fellow, well met," and one of the most enjoyable forms of sport which it is possible to engage in, with the advantage of being as invigorating as it is enjoyable.

It is not to be supposed that during these hilarious winter days my professional work in Glasgow was being neglected, for, although I had given up general practice, I continued to cultivate my consulting work, thus becoming more and more intimately acquainted with the methods and characteristics of my fellow-practitioners, which daily yielded considerable food for thought. What struck me most forcibly was the fact that the majority of those whom I met in consultation were, as far as disease is concerned, confirmed pessimists, and seemed to lose heart if the symptoms of the patient were at all of a serious nature. Now, consequent upon this, the gloomiest view was apt to be taken of the case under review; and this, I hold, is an unmanly position to assume. Moreover, it is very unfair to the patient. If a person is ill he wants to be encouraged to get well, and not to be greeted by a lugubrious expression on every visit of his doctor. It is astonishing what a bright and hopeful word from the doctor will do to help towards recovery.

I am sorry to confess that pessimism prevails to an equal extent in England as it does in Scotland. The medical attendant, in many instances that have come under my observation, does not seem to have a cheery word for his patient, and would seem to lose heart much more readily than the invalid does. He seems to overlook the fact that as long as there is life there is reason to hope if one exerts himself to the utmost. It is wonderful what difficulties Nature will be able to overcome if she is only lent a helping hand, and this not infrequently consists in withholding stimulating nourishment, and relying upon liquids alone, such as barley water, for example. On more than one occasion it has been my good fortune to rescue a patient

from death, who was being rapidly poisoned by having his stomach incessantly overtaxed by nurses pouring nourishment into it in quantities which it was quite impossible for it to dispose of, especially when there was a high temperature. And it was only after barley water had been substituted that the patient began to improve, and eventually recovered. Many instances of this nature have I seen, where poor, patient invalids have been saved from their friends.

Medical etiquette has never appealed to me as an ethic free from ignoble attributes. One would naturally suppose that the patient should occupy a position second to none in the doctor's and nurse's eye, and that nothing should be allowed to take precedence of the patient's welfare. One ought not to be asked, nor, if asked, should he consent to be influenced by any consideration which might even in the remotest degree militate against the patient's welfare. Neither the doctor's nor the nurse's feelings should, for a moment, be considered in such circumstances. Now, unfortunately, this injunction is not always acted upon.

What, for instance, ought one to think of the following examples in which medical etiquette takes a leading part? Several years ago, in Glasgow, I was called in consultation to see a patient suffering from pleurisy, the serious nature of which had evidently not been recognised by the medical attendant, who was well known to me. On my calling his attention to the fact that there was considerable effusion in the pleural cavity, and that it would be necessary to employ a little more active treatment than that which was at present being resorted to, I remarked that had he been my patient I should have tapped him some days ago, and that this plan ought now to be submitted to the patient's relatives for their approval alone, with the remark that their doctor and I agreed that the time had arrived for this line of treatment to be adopted. But no; although he was convinced I was right, and that the patient's life depended upon tapping being performed without delay, he would not agree to my advice being acted upon, although I assured him I could put it in such a way to the relatives as would not compromise him in the least.

Notwithstanding this assurance on my part, he insisted that I should state to the anxious friends, who were awaiting the result of our consultation, that the futile treatment at present being employed was the most suitable in the circumstances. This would mean that the patient's welfare was to be sacrificed to the doctor's vanity, and I asked him if he thought I would be justified or honest in taking these people's money, and playing them false, to please him? Whereupon, he lost his temper and told me I could do as I liked, and that he would not agree to follow my advice. It is in such cases as this that medical etiquette has frequently dealt most disastrously with the fate of the patient; the principle being: "Study the reputation of the doctor in attendance rather than the welfare of the confiding patient."

Take another instance which medical etiquette is not ashamed of: Two medical men, in my hearing, were in earnest conversation, when the younger of the two was describing the symptoms of a lady patient of his to the elder, which ended by the former seeking the advice of the latter as to treatment. He was met by the question: "Do you want to cure her, or keep her as a dripping roast?" Can it be that money counts before honour in what is supposed to be, and certainly is considered to be, an honourable profession? Medical etiquette, however, does at times connive at these proceedings, and yet the General Medical Council has no hesitation in removing a name from the Register if its owner consents to give an anæsthetic to a person who is under the necessity of undergoing a painful operation by an expert bone-setter, like Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Barker, for example, and possibly in a case which a surgeon has been unable to relieve. Is it not an anachronism that an anæsthetist would be justified in giving an anæsthetic to a patient where an inexperienced person, who had by hook or by crook managed to obtain a diploma in medicine, was attempting an operation upon a bone or joint, which he was incapable of manipulating; and if the operation turned out to be worse than a failure, this youthful aspirant would go scot-free? Whereas, had the case been in the hands of a recognised expert, though possibly not recognised by the

faculty, and had resulted favourably for the patient, the man who had acted the part of a Christian and administered the chloroform would run the risk of being tried as a criminal, and deprived of his only means of making a living by the arbitrary fiat of the Medical Council, from which body there is *no appeal;* which is another injustice.

I have cause to speak very strongly on this point, because it has been my good fortune to come across many honest and clever men, though their names do not appear upon the Medical Register, who practise medicine in as honourable, if not more honourable, a manner than many who are sheltered under the ægis of the Medical Act, and who, moreover, would scorn to condescend to the medical quackery I have frequently encountered in medical circles. From one of these especially I have gained most valuable hints in practical therapeutics, and I am proud to class him among my friends.

The following verse, culled from an old book, is well worthy the consideration of my professional brethren:

> There's such a thing as Medical Etiquette,
> An ethic peculiar to the Medico Set.
> You'll find it crop up in an awkward way;
> And often there'll be the devil to pay,
> If you don't bow down to Etiquette.

Being frequently brought in contact with disease of a severe type, it has been my lot to meet a large number of medical men in consultation, and I have thus had numerous opportunities of studying the psychology and methods of my *confrères*, with the result that I have been forced to the conclusion that the Medical Act is not only too one-sided in its construction, but too autocratic in its working. The Act is empowered to grant so many privileges to those registered under it, that men are led to believe that they may, with impunity, even go the length of deserting a patient who expresses a desire to procure a second opinion; or, possibly, because, in consequence of their limited therapeutic knowledge, they have jumped to the conclusion that the disease is incurable, and therefore there is no need to trouble any further in the matter. Or, again, because of

hidebound prejudice, instigated by ignorance, a man will disapprove of a new and improved method of treating a disease which he has been led to believe is incurable. Therefore, rather than open his mind and so consent to give his consideration and a trial to a plan of treatment, which he is told has proved successful in similar cases, he closes, with a snap, the trapdoor of his intelligence, which sometimes, though not always, may be temporarily open; and so proclaims, tacitly, that he would rather see his patient die before his eyes than give him or her the benefit of any plan of treatment of which he does not understand the *modus operandi*, and into which he is too lethargic or indifferent to enquire. By this display of pessimism, and ignoring the example of the Good Samaritan, he refuses to stretch forth a helping hand to a suffering brother or sister who has unfortunately fallen into his clutches.

Now my readers may ask, What possible bearing can all this have upon the Medical Act? Well, I contend that it places every medical man in a unique position. Indeed, I might even venture to say, a position no man is entitled to occupy. No doubt it was originally intended to shelter the public from being imposed upon by charlatans; but, has it succeeded in accomplishing this protection? The charlatans are busier than ever in imposing upon the public, by means of lying advertisements, of which the Medical Council takes not the slightest cognisance. So that quackery is more rampant to-day than ever it was. A sad state of affairs would seem to exist, which is that the majority of medical practitioners refuse to recognise, on the one hand, that an *un*natural diet promotes disease, and that the most serious of all diseases is incompatible with a *natural* diet, together with observance of hygienic laws; and that these possess a therapeutic value far beyond that of drugs. Yet there is not one medical man out of twenty who understands food values and the intrinsic value of dietetics as therapeutic agents, and also as essentials to the preservation of health, which means the prevention of disease; and, on the other hand, the re-establishment of the healthy standard, when disease has asserted itself.

I go the length of asserting that the continued belief in

the "wait and see" policy of dealing with public health, as exemplified by waiting until disease has established its presence, demonstrates how short-sighted, fatalistic, and inept philosophers of all ages have proved themselves to be. Materia Medica, one of the subjects taught in the curriculum of those subjects, and essential to complete the education of a medical student, is the outcome of this "wait and see" method. Now the treatment of disease is recognised to be a much more tedious, less satisfactory, and more painful method than its prevention. Yet the important subjects of Dietetics and Hygiene—the two essential preventive measures—are not even recognised in the medical curriculum. It is all humbug to plead that flesh is *heir* to disease. Given a pure blood-stream—which is easily attainable—there would be no room for disease; therefore, no excuse for the existence of Materia Medica. It is hardly necessary that I should refer to the Animal Kingdom to obtain ample proof of the correctness of the above remarks.

But to return to the consideration of the anomalies of the Medical Act, a subject so important that it concerns everyone. I have watched the working of this Act for half a century, and I am less in love with it to-day than I have ever been. Its greatest fault, from my point of view, is that it possesses the power of granting privileges and protection to men and women who have succeeded in passing certain examinations, which enables them to become "registered" medical practitioners. The privileges and protection they have thus obtained, from my standpoint, are so generous, that in some instances they have become licence; and go the length of condoning offences which, if committed by one outside the ægis of the Act, would be considered criminal. This, at first sight, may appear strong language to use, but my feeling is, it will be viewed as being quite justifiable when my reasons are given for employing it.

If a father, for example, has a child suffering from a disease of serious import, and can be charged with negligence to the extent of refusing to seek medical aid for the little helpless invalid, so that it dies from sheer neglect, that parent may be charged with manslaughter. Yet, as I have frequently witnessed, if a person is suffering from cancer,

and wishes to have the opportunity of trying the effect of a treatment which, though comparatively novel, has been the means of saving many lives of patients who had previously received their death warrants from hospital surgeons, and been turned out of their hospital as incurable; and others, from their medical attendants; these callous-hearted members of a " noble profession " have been known to refuse them the opportunity of availing themselves of this, the only method of treatment by which the disease has been known to be vanquished. Nay, more, I have known cases where, upon the patient insisting upon giving it a trial, the doctor in attendance has, point blank, refused to attend him or her any longer, and has thus, so to speak, cast them overboard to sink or swim, as the case may be. Now, had the Medical Act not given these men a monopoly and shielded them from any action at law, they would not have dared to act in such an inhuman manner. And does it not partake of the nature of an anomaly that a registered medical practitioner, however far astray he has gone in regard to treatment, when a patient dies in his hands (although in more competent hands he might have been saved), yet possesses the power to cover up his irreparable and fatal mistake by simply signing a certificate of death, by which act he is relieved of all further responsibility. How, then, may I ask, is the public to be protected against neglect, apathy, or downright stubbornness, or all three combined ?

Unfortunately, there are men in the profession who think it unnecessary to keep an open mind, and thus welcome any advance in medical science. Hence, any improvement in methods of treatment or prevention of disease is liable to be strenuously opposed, until the public becomes convinced of their value and demands their adoption. It is of rare occurrence that the initiative is taken by those who ought to give them a friendly greeting, when once their value has been proved. Were the casual method of treating disease subjected to stringent investigation, we would speedily find there would be an end of this arrogant, apathetic and oft-times inhuman conduct, which many poor sufferers have had just reason to complain of. At the

moment of writing the above, my attention has been directed to the following extract from a medical journal:

"I was recently called to treat a case of Bell's Palsy (Facial Paralysis). The lady had been a martyr to neuralgic pain for some months. Her doctor advised her to have all her teeth out. Her dentist at first refused to extract the teeth, which he declared to be quite sound and very unlikely to give rise to neuralgia. On being pressed, however, by the sufferer, he took the whole of her teeth out. Notwithstanding this cruel sacrifice the neuralgic pain continued as violently as ever. She was then sent to a London hospital where she was given an inoculation treatment, the result of which was to kill the affected nerve, but which also caused total paralysis of one side of her face. She now declares that the pain and the discomfort, not to mention the facial disfigurement, are ten times harder to bear than the original neuralgic ailment. Some months of painstaking massage and electrical treatment will now be necessary before the paralysed facial nerves are restored to normal action again.

"I mention this case not so much as an instance of malpractice as for the sake of emphasising the need for caution in diagnosing the teeth as the cause of neuralgia. Undoubtedly there are cases in which a septic state of the teeth or gums does cause neuralgia; but, even in such cases, the mere extraction of teeth is no guarantee against a recurrence of this ailment if the sufferer *continues to poison his blood by his faulty way of feeding, etc.*"

Yet this "malpractice," as the writer has justly termed it, is permitted under the ægis of the Medical Act, and so is winked at.

There exists another anomaly in this Act, which is that the General Medical Council is not sufficiently democratic to meet the present condition of advanced thought. In the first place, it does not represent the ideals of the profession as it should do. Various autocratic and almost effete corporations possess the power of electing members of the Council, which privilege I and numberless others maintain should be solely enjoyed by the registered members as a whole. Also, that the decision of the members of Council (who officiate both as accusors, prosecutors, and judges) should cease to be final; that is, if the alleged

transgressor desires to appeal to a higher court. It is much too great a responsibility to be vested in a non-popularly elected body (every member of which is liable to be a biassed person) to possess the power of depriving a man of his ability to provide bread for himself and family; and this, perhaps, for the sole reason that he does not see eye to eye with his prosecutors who are also his judges. Some of my readers may possibly be inclined to look upon these remarks as uncharitable, a view that I, however, am not inclined to support. But supposing it is an extreme example; that does not detract from the fact that the Medical Act is responsible for bolstering up ignorance, or condoning apathy and carelessness; and giving exemption to men who have made themselves, through downright callousness, responsible for the death of a patient; which devoted attention, combined with every help from men of greater experience than his own (which is always available) would have averted. Yet this delinquent, nay, worse than a mere delinquent, by virtue of the Medical Act, may be held to be inviolable.

In February, 1896, my wife and I booked our passage to Naples in the Orient s.s. *Ophir*, the ship which subsequently was fitted up for the accommodation of the Prince and Princess of Wales for their visit to Australia and New Zealand. Some important alterations must, however, have been made in her hull before this excursion took place, as when we were on board she developed a capacity for rolling which was somewhat disconcerting. This we experienced to the full in the Gulf of Lyons, when, for hours, in our beds, we were very severely tossed about. Yet, notwithstanding this conduct of the vessel, the voyage was one of great interest and pleasure. We made friends with some of the passengers, whose friendship continued for years afterwards. Among these was Mr. Thomas (now Sir Thomas) Devitt, a Director of the Orient Line, who, on succeeding trips I made in their ships, has been most kind and helpful. Also Mr. and Mrs. Moon, who were on their way to visit their son in Australia, with whom we had the pleasure of renewing our friendship on their return to England. Mr. Pears,

whom we had previously met on our visit to Cannes, was also on board. On our arrival at Naples, we were favoured by the unusual sight of Vesuvius covered with snow; but this had entirely disappeared by the time we had finished breakfast. At the customs-house I was asked if I had any cigars or other kind of tobacco, when I mentioned I had only fourteen cigars, never for a moment supposing I would be asked to pay duty upon them; but in this I was mistaken, and a demand for six lira was made, which, of course, I was obliged to pay, but they resolutely refused to accept payment in their own paper money, and insisted upon having it in English coin, which I feel sure was pocketed by the wretches themselves. After giving us a lot of unnecessary trouble, we were at last allowed to start for our hotel, the Bristol, situated at the highest point of the city, where we were made most comfortable. Our bedroom was in full view of Vesuvius, and from my bed I had a splendid view of the crater, from which, at night, we could see the molten lava constantly exuding.

It is not too much to hazard the statement that there are few cities wherein a more enjoyable holiday can be spent than Naples; and there certainly is no city that can excel it in beauty of situation, and for climate in early spring; also for the places of surpassing interest in its immediate vicinity. Vesuvius is, of course, by far the most outstanding object in view, but my wife and I were quite content to behold it from below, and were only too glad to find it quiescent. Our first excursion was to Pompeii, which we visited and revisited on several occasions, until we had pretty well nigh exhausted those relics which bore testimony to the existence of a city in which flourished art, religion of a kind, and medicine, side by side with signs of ancient debauchery of every description; and ample evidence of a love of sport, chiefly of the gladiatorial and gymnastic character. But what especially interested me was the splendid system of baths; while in connection with almost every house of importance was the inevitable vomitorium, by the use of which the Pompeian gourmand could indulge, *ad libitum*, in his abnormal gastronomic proclivities, without much fear of impending dyspepsia. These were

the times when men, evidently, lived to eat and did not eat to live.

Herculaneum, though, as we were told, of great interest, we simply glanced at, as it was difficult of access, and our time was limited. On the other hand, we spent a pleasant forenoon at the extinct crater of Solfatara, which is covered over by a mere shell of material composed, for the most part, of ashes, giving the impression, when one walks over it, similar to what one might experience upon thin ice. It still retains a warm temperature. It was at this place I succeeded in capturing a locust, for which I had a small cage made, and managed to convey it to our home in Scotland, having fed it during the journey upon lettuce leaves. I then placed it in my greenhouse, but it did not survive many weeks.

On one spot of this crater there is a constant escape of carbon dioxide gas into a partially enclosed recess in an elevated position of wall-like structure, which is named the Grotto del Cane. The gas, being of much greater specific gravity than air, accumulates in this recess, and gives the appearance of a white translucent fog. To demonstrate the deadly effect of breathing this gas, a dog is placed in it, when he soon drops down, partly asphyxiated, but is taken out before he is actually killed, when he soon revives. All round this neighbourhood numerous fissures in the ground are to be seen from which hydrochloric acid is constantly escaping, and, in places, boiling water can be obtained at a very few feet below the surface. On our drive to Solfatara we crossed the promontory of Posilipo, upon which the driver pointed out a house which he told us belonged to Lord Rosebery. Near this is the reputed tomb of Virgil. A little further west we arrived at Pozzuoli—the Puteoli of the New Testament, being the terminus of the Appian Way, that ancient high road to Rome. Beyond this we came in sight of Monte Nuovo, a hill of 400 feet in height, which was thrown up in a single night in September, 1538; and in the immediate vicinity we were enabled to visit the Lake of Avernus, the Elysian Fields, and the classic site of Baiæ.

We were told that shortly before our visit to Naples

an Englishman had been murdered on the road we were compelled to travel over on our way from the Hotel Bristol to the city. This occurrence naturally made us a little nervous, especially at night. I had, however, engaged a victoria phaeton during our stay at Naples, the driver of which—also the owner—turned out to be a very decent sort of fellow. He was careful to warn us to be very particular not to place any movable article on the folded hood of the conveyance, as there were always thieves about, ready to annex any article within reach of their hands.

One night we made arrangements to go to San Carlo theatre, at that time said to be the largest theatre in the world. The opera " La Bohème " was the piece that night, after which there was a spectacular display, illustrating the World's Progress in Trade, where all kinds of machinery were at work. Then we were enabled to see the enormous size of the stage. This demonstration did not finish until 3 a.m., but fortunately my man, with his phaeton, was waiting for us, so we arrived without adventure at our hotel. The whole entertainment was the most wonderful production of its kind it has ever been my privilege to witness, and, moreover, highly entertaining.

Another place, also unique in its kind, to which we made frequent visits, was the Aquarium, where every variety of fish to be found in the Bay of Naples was on exhibition in enormous tanks, through which sea-water was constantly circulating. One of these contained, as a solitary inmate, an octopus, which was incessantly on the prowl for food. We made it our business to make friends with the curator of the establishment, who gave us several opportunities of witnessing the voracity of this creature, by dropping a crab into the water, which would immediately be enveloped by the cuttlefish and speedily become absorbed. Another fish we came to be very much interested in was the sole, which lay completely embedded in the sand, with the exception of a small portion of its head, upon which its eyes were plainly visible. There, we were told, he would lie absolutely still until some small fry would appear, when he would make a sudden jump and clutch it. But there was such a variety of denizens of the deep, including many invertebrates,

and even sponges, that it would be impossible to mention them, if I were even able to name them.

To demonstrate how expert the Italian thief is; one day on our way to the Aquarium we called at the Post Office, and I happened to place my umbrella in a corner of the office while I was engaged for a few minutes at the counter. Just after leaving the office, I remembered I had not picked up my umbrella; but though I had not been absent half a minute, when I returned for it, it was gone, and nobody knew anything about it.

An English gentleman, whom we met afterwards at Rome, told us that he was stopping at the Hotel Continental, Naples, and went out for a short stroll one evening after dinner, when he was attacked by two thieves who succeeded in robbing him of thirty pounds; but before they were able to escape, they were pounced upon and captured by the police, and conveyed to prison. The next day they were brought to trial, at which the Englishman was called as a witness. They were convicted, receiving a heavy sentence. Immediately upon this being pronounced, the police called upon the gentleman and insisted upon his leaving Naples at once, as otherwise they could not be answerable for his life, since the thieves belonged to a secret society, a member of which would be selected to waylay and murder him. Thereupon he immediately left, without stating where he was bound for, and so we came across him later on, when he told us the story.

We spent one day in visiting Capri, that isle of beauty, with its wonderful flora, its olives, its vines and its wine. It is in reality only a mountain top (Monte Solaro), with its base deeply planted in the sea. The northern aspect is a garden of great fertility and charm, while its southern aspect presents a precipice rising sheer up out of the sea to a height of 900 feet. At the summit, near where Tiberius had his villas, and from which he perpetrated his horrible atrocities, is situated the delightful hotel named "Quc si Sana," where we enjoyed an excellent lunch, after having penetrated into that marvellous sea cave, to which the sea has access by a minute aperture, named the Blue Grotto, from the margin of which a native exhibited some wonderful

swimming feats, taking on, in the water, the appearance of an enormous fish with scales of silvery sheen. This cave can only be entered through an opening barely large enough for a boat to enter, while the boatman and passengers assume the recumbent position. Otherwise one would receive what might prove to be a serious accident to one's head.

On the Naples boat we made the acquaintance of a Polish lady and gentleman, the Contesse Malweski and Baron Pritwitz, with whom we struck up a friendship which might have ended there, had we not met again at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

The following day we left Naples for Sorrento, and took up our quarters at the Tramontana Hotel, where, by a curious coincidence, we fell in with Mr. Marshall Field of Chicago, whose acquaintance I had made in the White Star s.s. *Majestic*, on which ship we were fellow-passengers. He and I had many a pleasant chat together, and he afterwards sent me his photograph on his return to America.

The town of Sorrento is perched upon the cliffs, 100 feet above sea-level, which separate the Bay of Naples and the Bay of Salerno, and from which a fine view of Capri is obtained. The hotel in which we stayed for a night contains a room which the Italian poet Tasso is said to have used as his library, and where he wrote his " Amadigi."

On the following morning we hired a landau and pair of horses and drove along that most interesting and, at the same time, magnificent road which skirts the Bay of Salerno. This abounds in a unique display of coast and rock scenery, the grandeur of which it is impossible for language to describe. At various points the rockbound shore is studded with the remains of Saracen strongholds, these being situated upon inaccessible, rocky points jutting out into the sea. We arrived at Amalfi in time for lunch, and took the opportunity of visiting the monastery, which since then has, I believe, been partially demolished by a great landslide.

In the immediate vicinity of the hotel there was a macaroni mill in full working order. This excited my curiosity as I watched the long sticks of macaroni pouring out, and, subsequently, being carried out to the sea-shore, where they were spread out upon canvas sheets to dry in the sun.

Across the bay we were able to obtain a good view of Pæstum and the splendidly preserved ruins of the temple to Neptune, said to have been in existence 420 B.C.

After lunch we pursued our drive, which continued to bring continually into view more and yet more pleasing prospects, until we arrived at Cava, whence we took train to Naples, arriving at our hotel in time for dinner, and thoroughly delighted with our excursion. After a couple more days in Naples, we went on to Rome, and put up at the Grand Hotel. There we again met the Polish friends who were on the same boat with us on our visit to Capri. We chummed together, and in company made visits to sundry places of interest in the neighbourhood, each occupying the hours between breakfast and dinner.

Of course, we visited the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, and Tivoli. What remained of the immense garden, which was attached to this villa, was carpeted with violets, affording a most lovely spectacle. Tivoli, on the other hand, is of still greater interest, situated on the western slopes of the Sabine Hills, and overlooking the Campagna and Rome, eighteen miles distant. On the other side the town looks down upon the lofty falls of the river Arno, with the deep gorge through which the river flows. The falls are utilised in affording sufficient electrical power to light up the whole of Rome, and also to drive its tramways. We, of course, visited the Temple of the Sibyl, and made our way back to Rome by means of an electric tramway, which runs across the Campagna and passes some famous sulphur wells which have a thermal heat of 75 degrees, and are said to be visited annually by 40,000 people, the victims of rheumatism.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE IN DUMFRIESSHIRE—PARKSTONE AND PLYMOUTH

THERE is no county in Great Britain which, from my point of view, can excel, in variety and charm of scenery, Dumfriesshire, and the neighbouring county of Wigtown, though Dumfries holds an easy first. Then we were favoured by the possession of many kind friends within driving distance of our dear little home, at whose houses we were always sure of a warm welcome; while the drives leading to each were in every instance through scenes of exquisite loveliness. One especially, along the banks of the Nith, took us through the magnificently wooded Drumlanrig Park past the castle of Malrann, this being a most unassuming, indeed, I might venture to say ugly, residence of his Grace of Buccleuch, who owns a very considerable tract of land in the county. Another of these lovely drives was to Maxwelltown House, situated on the banks of the Cairn, owned by Sir Emilius Laurie, having been once the home of the famous Annie Laurie of song celebrity. It is curious how Sir Emilius came by his name. It appears he was born on a Derby Day, and his father won the famous race that year by a horse named Emilius. He therefore decided to name his son after the animal, which, it will be admitted, was an unusual proceeding. I may mention, however, that his original surname was Bayley, and he took the name of Laurie on succeeding to the Maxwelltown estate. The only time I met Sir Emilius after we left the district was when he was taking a walk near the Grand Hotel at Folkestone, when we had our last chat together.

My life at Penfillan was filled with incidents of great interest to me, and my dear wife also. The house was within easy walking distance of the Nith, which is an excellent fishing river, and upon its banks I enjoyed on many occasions

excellent sport both with salmon, sea trout, and brown trout.

Nor did I give up my fishing excursions in South Uist. On our last visit to the island, my wife being with me, we had a fairly good crossing, and arrived at our home in Dumfriesshire in time for the Twelfth, which was always an important date with us, as if we did not shoot our limited bit of grouse moor in the early days of the opening of the shooting, we would fail to secure many of the grouse bred upon the place.

One year it took my fancy to try my hand at rearing turkeys, which was considered to be rather a risky business, as, when young, and before their pen feathers appear, they are liable to contract a fatal illness if at this early stage of their existence they are exposed only to a wetting from a shower of rain. I, however, decided to take the risk, and procured sixteen eggs, which were set under two barndoor hens. Strange to say, every egg proved fertile, and I had the gratification of owning sixteen turkey chicks. Fortunately the weather was altogether in their favour during the delicate period of their existence; and every chicken arrived at maturity. One of them, a cock bird, developed into a handsome specimen, a "bubbley jock," as cock birds are termed in Scotland; and thereby hangs an interesting tale, as follows: When he was in full feather, I purchased a game cock to improve the table value of our future chickens; and, at the same time, procured a Leghorn cock to improve our stock of egg producers. No sooner had this bird appeared on the scene, than Mr. Game Cock attacked him; and before I could interfere, he lay a bleeding wreck on the ground; yet, under careful management he soon recovered, but always fled in terror at the sight of his enemy. The game bird eventually became a little "cock-sure," and thought he would try a tussle with the turkey cock, with the result that he was soon laid *hors de combat.* No sooner did the white bird perceive the result of this unequal battle, than he made an onslaught on his game brother, and gave him another mauling, which made such an impression on him that the tables were completely turned, so that whenever his white adversary appeared, he

would not stop to show fight; thus peace prevailed on the premises.

After we had spent three most happy years at Penfillan, the lease ran out, and the proprietor, Mr. Gladstone of Capenoch, a neighbour also, refused to renew it on the old terms, insisting upon an increase of rent commensurate with the improvements that my dear wife had made on the place. This disgusted us so that we decided to go elsewhere; and good fortune favoured us, in so far that we were able to secure a much larger house, with 1,200 acres of shooting attached to it, situated about six miles north of Dumfries, and 300 feet above sea-level.

From this old mansion house of Glenae, which belonged to the head of the Dalziel—pronounced De-ell—family, we had a far-reaching view of a most varied character: woodland, farmland, and the town of Dumfries in the foreground, while, far beyond, the distance was closed in by the highlands of the Lake District, the most prominent feature being the supernal and towering bulk of Skiddaw.

Of course, there were many more important adventures in one's life than rearing poultry, but, outside of my profession, I don't suppose there were any more profitable. But my sojourn at Penfillan, with my dear one always in sweet sympathy with whatever I was engaged in, made life one live-long poem, which I at times attempted to put into poetic form, this being always inspired by my sweet helpmeet.

While residing here I rented three different shoots, composed of three farms, each a mile or two distant from the others, so that with my dog and man, who acted as my gamekeeper, I enjoyed many a pleasant holiday. And I feel I must ask my readers to take an interest in my Irish setter, whose name was Fan, and who was one of the gentlest, most affectionate, and cleverest dogs one could wish to possess. She never made a mistake, though on one occasion I imagined the fault was on her side, and not on mine, which, however, turned out to be the reverse. We, she and I, were out for a ramble more than for a day's sport, when all at once she came to a dead set amongst some stones

scattered about in a dry watercourse. I, however, could not see or imagine why she stood so determinedly at this point. At last I said to her, "Come away, Fan, you have made a mistake this time"; still she would not budge, and attempted to turn over a stone with her paw, at which I assisted her; and there sat a rabbit of the smallest dimensions, from which, when she saw it, she turned away in disgust. Still, she was right; and I was wrong in doubting her sagacity. As a setter I never saw her equal, and her power in nosing game, and cautious manner in approaching, was a beautiful sight. There was very little left in a field after she had been through it; not even a wounded bird escaped her.

To give an idea of her qualities, the following account of part of a forenoon's work may prove interesting: There was a ten-acre field of turnips on the estate, which was left untouched until the first of October, so that we might shoot pheasants as well as partridges. It was a splendid shooting day, and a neighbouring stubble had been driven that morning, which had the effect of driving one or two coveys into the turnips. We were four guns, and our bag at the end of the first walk over the field consisted of seventeen brace of partridges, nine pheasants, and three hares, besides a few rabbits. A second trial was then made, when we picked up other four brace and three pheasants; a wonderful bag to take off a ten-acre field, which was largely due to the perfect working of the dog.

Poor brute, she came to an untimely end, when I was shooting with my friend and neighbour, Mr. MacAdam Smith, who always stipulated that I should bring Fan with me. On this occasion a ricochet pellet from one of the guns lodged in her spine, close to the skull, and brought on complete paralysis and death within twenty-four hours, which I need hardly say was a severe blow to me.

I also had some good sport with my friend William Gillies, who had a shoot about eight miles from Penfillan, good driving distance. This was situated in the highlands of Dumfriesshire. It entailed some very stiff climbing, and was excellent black-game ground. There was also always a fair stock of partridges, a few grouse, pheasants, and any number of rabbits, so that we were always sure

of a mixed bag, though we had to work hard for it. But these were the days when fatigue, while engaged in sport, never troubled me. There was some of this ground which rose to an elevation of at least a thousand feet, and this was where most of the grouse were to be found; therefore, it was never left unexplored. We, of course, descended from these heights with renewal of youth and health emblazoned on our features, and with an appetite longing to be appeased, so that dinner was a welcome episode, and a refreshing sleep the reward of our exploits.

Talking of dogs, I went in for breeding my own retrievers, in which I was most fortunate, and was able to supply my friends as well as myself. From some unknown cause my dogs preferred to work under my guidance and tuition, for I always trained them myself; and certainly succeeded in obtaining better results from them than from dogs procured from professional trainers. I therefore feel constrained to give an account of one magnificent creature which I named Rock. He was a huge fellow, although his mother was a comparatively small animal, and one of a churlish and wayward temper. He, however, was of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, and as steady as a rock, however great the temptation. He was also honest in every sense of the word, very different from a predecessor of the same name, which was equally clever at his work; but whenever he got out of sight in pursuing a wounded hare, never brought it back, but, as we discovered afterwards, buried it, and returned on the first available opportunity to feast on it at his leisure. The Rock now under review, however, never condescended to such tactics.

He was only six months old when I took him out one afternoon in a field of turnips for the first time. He was soon sent after a winged, and running, partridge, when he surprised me by his performance, and showed what a treasure I possessed. He lost no time in getting on the scent; following it backwards and forwards between the drills, until, after fully five minutes' work, he captured the bird, and brought it to me without a feather being injured. He was a dog that never required to be corrected, and, as may

be inferred, he was the means, on every occasion, of adding materially to the bag.

It might be interesting, since I have touched upon the cunning and dishonesty of one of my dogs, to relate a story of a Skye terrier which belonged to a friend who rented a shoot from the Duke of Buccleuch, where I frequently had most excellent sport. It was customary for the family and guests to drive to church on a Sunday, when this little dog was left to look after the premises, he being an excellent watcher. But it was discovered that on these occasions the hens' nests would be found empty, a condition difficult to explain, as it never took place when the family was at home; so the dog was suspected. It was therefore arranged that one of the members should be left at home to watch. That day, however, there was no theft. It was then planned that they should all leave, ostensibly, for church; and one should leave the conveyance and return by a route out of sight of the dog and unknown to it; when the cunning little thief was discovered carrying egg after egg in his mouth, and burying them in a hole he had dug in the garden, for future consumption.

It must not be supposed that all my days were occupied by indulging my sporting proclivities, for I still kept a grasp of my professional work, though as a rule this was now confined to three days a week, which were always fully occupied.

These were days of the most radiant enjoyment, when never a care cast its gloomy shadow across my life; during which my mind, having been released from the anxieties constantly to the fore in a large medical practice, and rejoicing in its freedom, found pleasant recreation in a variety of country pursuits, and in giving vent to my sentiments in prose and verse.

Living in the country, while attending to one's duties in the city, has always an elevating effect upon one's mentality; and this more especially when love of the country and communing with nature are interwoven, and both are experienced with an avidity which makes them more and more enthralling and longed for, and, when combined with sport, produces the acme of real enjoyment;

and I don't think I stand alone in this opinion. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that, if there is any latent poetry in one's being, this would tend to bubble over occasionally; while the overflow in its increasing volume eventually might develop into a rippling stream giving forth a melody of a kind which might, in some instances, be described as a song descriptive of the impressions conveyed by environment. For example:

SONG.

Will ye gang wi' me the day ?
Dinna refuse or say me nay,
For 'tis the blithesome month o' May,
So ye maun gang wi' me the day.

Where Nith reflects each bank and brae,
As he wends his tortuous way,
Chanting to the woods his lay;
So ye maun gang wi' me the day.

And ye'll see sich a display
O' yellow broom and hawthorn gay,
Silver and gold on ilka spray;
So ye maun gang wi' me the day.

Ye'll see the lambkins sport and play;
Ye'll hear the laverock's roundelay,
As he mounts on Heaven's highway;
So ye maun gang wi' me the day.

Refuse me not, but answer yea,
While yet the bloom is on the May,
Before its beauty flits away;
So ye maun gang wi' me the day.

It was at Glenae that the health of my devoted wife, which had been precarious for some years past, due to a dilated heart, began to fail very markedly. This she did all in her power to conceal from me, but all to no purpose; and yet, when the end was drawing near, and although she, in a jocular manner, would repeatedly be referring to her leaving me, and making arrangements for my future welfare, I refused to acknowledge the truth so long as I was able to relieve the distressing symptoms of the remorseless disease. But during an absence in Glasgow attending to

my professional duties, alarming symptoms suddenly developed, and although I was speedily on the spot, it was only to realise that my dear one was rapidly fading away from my life, to enter that better life, for which she was so fully prepared, beyond the grave.

So passed away one of the most beautiful natures that God ever planted in womankind, and one richly endowed with intellectual and noble gifts; which she so blended with charity and consideration for others, that her life, and the manner in which she devoted it to the service of all those with whom she came into contact, made her beloved by rich and poor alike.

It would be trespassing too deeply upon one's most sacred precincts to attempt to depict the overwhelming gloom that seemed to blot out my future joy in life. And it was only by keeping my mind fully occupied, and visiting friends with whom I could discourse upon the virtues of her, who was dear to all who knew her, and who were charmed by her friendship, that I was able to obtain even any temporary relief. I, therefore, feeling quite unfit to attend to my professional duties, endeavoured to bury my grief in the homes of some of those friends upon whose loving sympathy I could confidently rely, and who had placed the highest value upon her as a friend; my great comfort being derived from the opportunity of discoursing upon the various charms of her personality.

I therefore paid a short visit to Canon and Mrs. Usherwood, whose residence was beautifully situated at Parkstone, near Bournemouth, and from whom I knew I should receive a warm welcome. The grounds and garden in the midst of which the house was placed lent themselves to interesting experiments in arboriculture and horticulture, owing to the irregular formation of the ground and varying character of the soil. My host, who possessed a wonderful aptitude for experimental work, and, moreover, a very intimate knowledge of plant life of the various climates which he had visited (amongst which was South Africa, where he had resided for some years), was thus enabled to exhibit, in a beautiful dell in the shrubbery, several subtropical plants growing in full life and vigour, without any more protection

than what Nature had provided by the contour of the ground, and the presence of some pine trees which sheltered the spot from the north and east.

It was here that I saw, for the first time, asparagus of splendid quality growing in beds upon which was spread seaweed as manure. This appealed to me as being much more wholesome than decomposing animal manure. I had never seen, or even thought of treating asparagus in this manner; although, on the face of it, this certainly provides the most suitable nourishment for the delicious vegetable, which I have since seen growing wild on the sea-shore of Algiers.

Now gardening has always been one of my most congenial relaxations, upon which I claim to be somewhat of an authority, so that the society of one with similar proclivities proved of great benefit and help in distracting my thoughts from my irreparable loss.

From Parkstone I went to Plymouth on a visit to our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. James Moon, who resided at Brixton, a village a short distance east of Plymouth; where I was treated more like a son than as the ordinary type of friend. They were both very fond of my dear wife, and left nothing undone to help me in my forlorn condition. Mrs. Moon was kindness itself, and ministered most assiduously to my every want; and Mr. Moon did his best to keep my mind engaged in getting acquainted with the different interesting and historical events and scenes which crowd round Plymouth. Our visit to the Hoe was, of course, of very special interest.

Another day was spent in a drive over Dartmoor and a visit to Princetown Prison, which was a melancholy, though interesting sight. I was, however, much more interested in, and charmed with, our journey over that romantic and beautiful moor, and in admiring the numerous wild mountain ponies, which were roaming about in great numbers, and without restraint. So passed many days in pleasant intercourse with those dear and sympathetic friends, when the time arrived that I must return to my desolate home at Glenae.

This was a great trial to me, for though I had many warm

friends in the neighbourhood at whose homes I was always welcome, yet it was quite impossible for me to settle down, or engage in my professional duties. I found some relief, however, in preparing a paper I had promised to read at a Medical Congress to be held that year (1899) in Amsterdam. This kept me occupied with a subject of great interest to me, and importance to the medical profession, and also to the public: "The Treatment of Cancer without Operation," though, as will appear later on, it did not appear to influence the mentality of either, except by arousing the pugnacity of the former.

I then mentioned to some friends that if one or two of them would join me, we might make up a little party and take a trip to Norway, which was speedily arranged to take place in the middle of June, on board the s.s. *Midnight Sun*, sailing from the Tyne. By a strange coincidence the captain was a Dumfriesshire man of some property, who had his residence at Lochmaben, famous as being the birthplace of Robert the Bruce, who was born in the castle, which is now in ruins. The captain of the ship was a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, and had almost retired from his old seafaring life, only keeping up his connection with the sea by taking command of vessels engaged in summer and Mediterranean cruises. As he knew of me very well by repute, and as a near neighbour, he became most friendly both to me and my party, which resulted in his helping us in many ways. With the exception of the first day, which was foggy, we were favoured with ideal weather, while on one occasion we found our anchorage to be near that of the Kaiser, which, I confess, did not excite us very much.

At Odde, the first place we landed at, I bought for one sovereign a red fox-skin, mounted as a mat, which, after twenty years' wear, is as good as the day I first put it down in my drawing-room.

It is hardly necessary to give a description of wanderings through that romantic, majestic, and interesting country, as it has been so ably dealt with by others with abundant time at their disposal.

There are just two points I might be permitted to touch upon, both having relation to fish. The first is that, though

I did my best, throughout a whole day's endeavour, to hook a salmon in one of the most famous salmon rivers, I never even succeeded in obtaining so much as a rise to my fly. The next is with reference to the fish-market at Bergen, where the fish are kept alive in tanks filled with sea-water, from which they are picked out alive, and, in that absolutely fresh condition, put into the purchaser's basket, so there is no fear of buying stale fish in Bergen.

There is one thing more I should like to say about Bergen, which is that there is in that city the most delightful hotel imaginable. Its situation is all that can be desired; the building and accommodation being in splendid keeping with each other; and the most recherché meals are served at a moderate cost. Lobsters, served *à la Bergen*, were invariably the principal part of my lunch and dinner while I remained in that busy city, and these were duly appreciated.

I have all my life been prone to give vent in verse to my ideas, when these are influenced by topics of the day, and therefore dare to hope that the following lines, supposed to be written *by* the year 1898, may prove of interest to my indulgent readers:

THE DIRGE OF A.D. 1898

Old Age is whispering, " Your end draws near,"
Yet my existence counts but one short year.
I entered on life's span, and, sans delay,
Commenced my vigils, which, both night and day,
Without one moment's rest, incessant claimed
Each fleeting second, which like steeds untamed
Have borne me headlong o'er the course of time;
Laden with love, with hate, deceit, and crime;
Pregnant with life, with death, with peace and war;
Yet, helpless, dare not I their progress bar.
I've seen the orator and statesman die,*
I've seen the war cloud overcast the sky.
From off my scroll the once-famed Spanish Main
Has vanished, never to appear again.†
Oppression and misrule have had their day,
Now righteous government has come to stay.

* Gladstone. † The Spanish-American War.

I have beheld, in a near neighbour's land,
Justice dispensèd with a grudging hand.*
I've seen grim cruelties, in far Soudan,
Wiped out for ever at Omdurman.
I've seen the heroic martyr's doom
Avenged in sight of his own Khartoum.
Vengeance has slaked its thirst in savage blood,
Welding by war the bonds of brotherhood.†
I have seen the British Lion in repose,
Yet all the while prepared to crush his foes.
Failing diplomacy, his latent power
Were quite sufficient in the evil hour.
I've seen him crouching in his sea-girt lair,
Ready to spring if any foe but dare
To rouse his righteous anger from its sleep,
Or count his courage or his honour cheap.
I've heard the hammers clang and forges roar
As they have never clanged or roared before;
While open-mouthed, astonished, all aghast,
Our envious neighbours realised at last
'Twere better policy to be our friends,
Than go to war, with all that it portends.‡
Thus end my days so filled with mystery,
Which now shall be consigned to history.

* Dreyfus case. † Conquest of the Soudan.

‡ Fashoda incident, when France and England were on the verge of war.

CHAPTER XII

THE CANARY ISLANDS—SECOND MARRIAGE

Soon after my return to my empty home, the time arrived for me to make for Amsterdam, to attend the International Medical Congress I have referred to, at which were assembled delegates from nearly every country and city in Europe, all being men of more or less note in the medical world.

There was one man present who was determined to make a stir. This was Dr. Doyen, from Paris, and with him he had brought a cinema film, by means of which he advertised himself as a rapid operator, but if his results were in any way similar to those he obtained at the Amsterdam Hospital on the poor woman from whom he removed an ovarian cyst by his slap-dash method, then the more deliberate and careful method is my choice. The poor creature was dead within twenty-four hours; whereas, had the English method of operating in such circumstances been adopted, where hurry is never indulged in, as it must ever be inimical to the patient's welfare, there would have been no risk incurred, and complete success assured. In the stereotyped phraseology so frequently applied to operations, " The operation was entirely successful," but no mention is made of the fact that the patient died.

When I was reading my paper upon the " Cause and Treatment of Cancer without Operation," Dr. Doyen was sitting within four yards of me, an earnest and interested listener, but evidently quite unaware of the fact that cancer is curable by therapeutic and hygienic measures, this being obvious from his remarks and conduct at the time. Yet it was not long afterwards that he published abroad that he had discovered the microbe of cancer—a bacterium which does not exist; this, however, he named the *Bacillus " neo-formans,"* and commenced to inject a so-called serum, manufactured

from it, with the most disastrous results. I only knew of two cases; one of which was the wife of an editor of an Egyptian newspaper, and the other the wife of a land surveyor in Surrey, both of whom used an identical expression when describing its effect upon their wives—viz., that the suffering which followed made the remainder of their lives " a perfect hell "; and that, wherever the injection had been made, a fresh form of disease had been set up. Moreover, he had the coolness to proclaim that he had been engaged in studying this subject since 1885, while my paper was read in 1899.

On my return to England, I read of General Simon's death in South Africa from a wound in the abdomen. Now I had had a very large experience in abdominal surgery, and therefore made up my mind to volunteer as a surgeon, specially qualified to deal with abdominal wounds, during the Boer War. I applied to the War Office for a commission in the Army Medical Department, offering to give my services without payment for these. I also offered to take my own kit of instruments; when I was told by Mr. Brodrick (now Lord Midleton), the Minister for War, that the War Office had no need for me or any more surgeons; a distinct proof of how little knowledge of the Boer character the War Office possessed. When I mentioned the circumstance to my friend Major Hall, he remarked that he had written to the War Office, and explained to them—for he had been for some years on active service in South Africa—that the War Department were labouring under a great mistake if they imagined the war would be a short affair. To this expert opinion some sort of consideration might, at least, have been given; but no, they were cocksure on the subject, and we know the result of the folly of those in authority at the time who, having no knowledge themselves, refused to learn from a man who ought to know what he was talking about.

As it happened, I was detained for a week longer in London than I intended, on account of my having been requested to appear as an expert witness on the question of the use of preservatives in food. During this period I suggested to my friend Colonel Gorham that he and I might take

a trip to the Canary Islands, to which he kindly agreed. So we engaged berths in the s.s. *Gaika*, which was advertised to call at Teneriffe, and was taking out a regiment of the Buffs to the seat of war. There were also several officers on board, with one of whom, General Knox, Gorham and I became very friendly. When I told him of my treatment by the War Office, he exclaimed, "Oh, the fools!" and begged of me to go on with him to the Cape, and he would get me put upon Lord Roberts' staff, who, with Kitchener, was at the time *en route* for the Cape. To this I replied, "I would only go under the auspices of the War Office; and that I had left word there, that if they changed their mind, I would be quite willing to join up if they wired to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe." Of this offer no notice was taken; and yet we all know how very soon they were sorely beset for surgeons of any description.

We arrived at Santa Cruz at sunrise one morning, and obtained our first view of that magnificent spectacle, the towering shaft of the noble Peak of Teneriffe, which was at that hour draped in all the glory of the rose, as Aurora kissed the snow-clad but blushing pinnacle, which, with its supports and spurs, occupies nearly two-thirds of the island. Our object was to reach Orotava, and the journey of about twenty miles, which we accomplished in a very ancient landau drawn by an ox and a donkey harnessed together, over the roughest of roads, occupied about six hours, including a rest of an hour for lunch. At our destination, however, we were pleasantly surprised to find a modern, commodious, and up-to-date hotel, situated in the midst of a beautiful and extensive garden. A considerable number of the guests were English, many of them being of the invalid class. One of these, whose table in the restaurant was next to where I sat, was a most interesting old lady, the Duchess of Cleveland, and mother of Lord Rosebery.

The town of Orotava and the hotel are situated at the foot of the Peak, which, I may say, we did not attempt to climb.

We remained there nearly a month enjoying magnificent weather, with the exception of New Year's evening, when we drove two or three miles to a country house to dine with

some friends of a relative of mine, resident in the island. While at dinner, rain came down as if from a waterspout, and the barancas—water courses—which permitted us to go dryshod over them on the way to our host's residence, were speedily turned into raging torrents through which it was impossible to drive, so that we were unable to return to the hotel until the morning, when the flooded barancas had almost resumed their normal condition.

The roads in the neighbourhood of Orotava were kept in sufficiently good order to permit one to enjoy horse exercise, and as these roads led through fields of sugar-cane, banana plantations, maize fields, and orange groves, and under the shade of date palms, it can easily be imagined how enjoyable these rides were. There was one thing that required to be guarded against, which was a fly, very much like, in appearance, our house-fly, but a most vicious and voracious pest. The first time I went off for a ride I was clad in a knickerbocker suit, when the flies came down and settled upon my stockings, through which they penetrated, and actually drew blood. I, however, took care this did not happen again.

A great advantage, apart from the enjoyment of these rides, was that one got acquainted with the habits of the peasants, and, frequently, how they made a living. One day there approached a woman leading a donkey, on which were packed quite a small stack of live fowls which she was taking into Orotava to dispose of, and which she was quite willing to sell at tenpence each; and, as for beautiful fresh eggs, these could at any time be bought at sevenpence to eightpence a dozen.

In the grounds of the hotel there were held frequent gymkhanas, often on horseback, in which both ladies and gentlemen contested for small prizes. These proved enjoyable as much, I think, to the onlookers as to the competitors.

In furtherance of our plan we left Teneriffe by one of the splendid little sea-boats of the Booth line, which was timed to call at Grand Canary, where it was to remain a day to take on board a cargo of bananas and tomatoes; and then proceed to Madeira, *en route* to England. On this island we intended to spend a month or so.

The time occupied at Las Palmas in shipping the cargo enabled us to explore the island, which is almost circular in form, and appeared to me to be the sheddings of an extinct but once active volcano of considerable size, which had left in the centre of the island an enormous crater, circular in form, and quite a mile in diameter, with almost perpendicular sides. A cup in every sense of the word, the whole floor of which formed a rich and prolific garden and vineyard. The depth of the crater was so great that its floor is stated to be fifty feet below sea-level, and I quite believe it. The district around the crater, which is at the highest point in the island, is named Monte, and within two miles of the crater there is situated a most excellent hotel, from which we obtained donkeys and a guide to convey us to the great and interesting feature of the island, and to which we returned to enjoy an excellent lunch.

At Atalayia, which lies on the route from La Luz, the port of the island, we were much interested to find quite a considerable village devoted to the manufacture of pottery; and where the people who were employed in this industry lived in holes dug out of the tufa of which the superstratum of this portion of the island is composed. I should also mention that the town of Las Palmas, which at one time was the capital of the Canaries, is connected with the port by a short railway, only four miles in length.

On the eastern coast of Grand Canary are to be seen enormous banks of fine sand, all of which has been blown over from the opposite shore of Africa. From the port of La Luz, which is seventy miles from Santa Cruz, is to be had, in my opinion, the most imposing view of the world-famed peak of Teneriffe.

Our run between Grand Canary and Madeira, the distance between the two being about 200 miles, was without special incident; the only points of interest being that we had a glimpse of the Salvages, a group of small islands, or rather rocks, which are situated about 150 miles east of Madeira; and also the Desertas, eleven miles south-east of Madeira, which we were told abound in rabbits and goats. We also observed one or two groups of bare rocks.

On arrival at Funchal we immediately proceeded to

Reid's new hotel, situated upon a rocky promontory about two miles west of the town. This we reached in time for breakfast, and amongst those who appeared at the door on our arrival, much to my surprise, I recognised Dr. Macgregor, an old friend from Scotland, who had come out there on account of his health. I also afterwards learned that the hotel proprietor, Mr. Reid, was a Scotsman, being a native of Kilmarnock; and that his wife was a life-long friend of one of my most intimate professional friends in Glasgow.

The hotel is a modern and beautiful building, well equipped in every sense of the word, and charmingly situated amidst quite a galaxy of subtropical plants; while, facing south, there is a garden of exceptional beauty, containing a great variety of subtropical, and even many tropical, varieties of plants and flowers. This was a great joy to me, and in it I spent many pleasant hours. There was found in this garden a very large species of spider, which the guests took a lively interest in, and amused themselves frequently by giving one of them a meal of insects of various kinds.

In the garden the stephanotis grows in great luxuriance and vigour. One of these plants had been trained round the window of my bedroom, which was on the first floor, and the rich perfume of its lusciously fragrant and graceful white flowers was constantly in evidence in my room. But what surprised me was to note that the fruit of this fragile plant was quite as large as a tangerine orange, but more of a pear-shape.

The shrubbery, too, was of much interest, containing an interesting variety of palms; amongst which was a date palm, but unfortunately it bore no dates, but an abundant crop of date stones, which was most tantalising. There was also a palm which bore the name of "sago palm," though I failed to see where the sago came from. A camphor tree interested me very much. There were also numerous aloes, dragon trees, and many other varieties of subtropical shrubs.

I notice that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that pineapples grow in the open in Madeira, but that is a mistake. They will flourish, however, if they are grown under

glass protection, and I saw a number of them growing in an enormous glass-house owned by Mr. Reid. There the earth was covered with pines in various stages of ripening, and under this glass roof was also, in magnificent bloom, a white variety of orchid from Madagascar.

The flowering shrubs, amongst which I may name the hibiscus, camellia, and heliotrope, with many others, adorn the landscape on every hand, together with the mimosa flourishing in quite a wild state, and add to the beauty of the scene.

I managed to carry a few specimens of these home with me, where I had the pleasure of seeing them bloom in my conservatory. Amongst these specimens was a piece of root I picked up one day, not knowing what it was, but which turned out to be a piece of ginger root. This, under my care, gave rise to a sturdy plant, which produced magnificent flame-coloured flowers, quite suggestive of the pungent effect of ginger.

The climate at that season was all that could be desired, such a splendid change from that in England, and so pleasantly moderated by the sea breezes; while our fellow-guests, on the whole, were as affable as possible, which fact tended to add to our happiness indoors, this harmonising with our outdoor enjoyment. The usual vehicular traffic was of a novel nature, being conducted by means of waggons, or perhaps cars would be a better description, drawn by oxen in double harness. These glided along upon runners like those on a sleigh over the roads, the great majority of which were paved with rounded cobble stones.

There was, however, one single-horse waggonette, which ran frequently between the hotel and Funchal, and which was fairly well patronised. Riding horses, however, were sufficiently plentiful, and of this I took advantage a few times, but soon gave it up, as I did not consider them absolutely safe, the roads being very hilly and steep, so that the cobble paving failed to give a safe foothold for the animals.

There was only one decent road upon which it was really possible to enjoy a satisfactory ride. This led to a small township named Camera de Lobos, a wolf's den, which,

however, was a misnomer, as the rocks and rocky caves in the vicinity were the haunt of seals, which the early immigrants who gave the name to the place had imagined to be wolves.

This place is situated about six miles from Funchal, and therefore four miles from the hotel above named, and it was only after passing the hotel for a short distance that the cobble-stone pavement ceased and the soft riding track commenced, so that there was nearly four miles of a road, this being the only one in the island, within reach of Funchal, really safe for horse exercise.

There were, however, other means of locomotion in the island besides bullock wagons. These consisted of hammocks, each carried by two men, and were utilised by visitors who wished to explore the interior of the island, more especially when there was much climbing to be undertaken, such as visiting the Curral, this being the crater of an extinct volcano, having a diameter of 550 feet, and embowered in a gorgeous display of subtropical climbing plants, emerging from redundant vegetation of a more sessile growth.

Then there is a funicular railway from Funchal to Monte, a beautiful plateau, clad in rich flowering plants. This railway, which is about a mile in length, rises to a height of 1,000 feet; and, in passing through the cuttings, one can observe the traces of various volcanic eruptions that have taken place, by the alternate layers of lava and earth which are exposed to view. Since my visit, I understand that the mansion house, which at that time was occupied by the proprietor, has been transformed into a hotel, which should prove a most attractive residence for tourists.

Midway between Reid's Hotel and Funchal a large villa had been turned into a casino, devoted for the most part to gambling *à la* Monte Carlo. Roulette, however, was the only game that was played, the stakes being from a franc upwards. In the evenings the gambling-room was, as a rule, frequented by quite a number of visitors from the various hotels, and also, as happened on one occasion when I was present, by tourists who would only touch at the island for a day. On the occasion I refer to, a boat laden with

Americans visited the island, and the voyagers paid a visit to the Casino *en masse*, when a most exciting scene was the result. They simply swarmed round the table. Thereupon a most reckless display of gambling took place. Certainly, no system was being observed; money being simply chucked upon the table, and allowed to remain wherever it fell. Yet there was one man whose luck was astonishing. Consequently, there was little opportunity for the usual gambling fraternity from the various hotels to try their luck that evening, but I think they enjoyed the reckless method of the temporary visitors more than if they had had the room to themselves; and I feel sure the proprietors of the table reaped a richer harvest than they had gathered in on any night upon which I had visited the place, and that was pretty frequently.

One afternoon, while I was seated in proximity to the hotel, it was my good fortune to hear a lady, in possession of a remarkably well-trained and sweet voice, giving, as I understood afterwards, a little farewell concert to some American lady friends before she and a friend who was travelling with her removed to a hotel in the town, named the Santa Clara, which also belonged to Mr. Reid, and is situated at a considerable elevation overlooking the town and harbour.

I naturally entered the room, and remained one of the audience, until the music came to an end; and afterwards took the liberty of going up to the lady to thank her for her songs, which I had enjoyed so much. Now, strange as it may appear, although I knew there was a widow lady whose name was Mrs. Ross, a visitor stopping at the hotel, I had never identified her in any way. After this event, however, a friendship was struck up which put new life into me; and we eventually became fast friends, this being brought about more easily by the presence at the hotel of Dr. Macgregor, who, of course, was able to discuss matters connected with my professional status in Glasgow, which, I believe, he did with considerable advantage to me as a visitor at the hotel, so that Colonel Gorham and I were admitted to the social circle there as acceptable members. No doubt, therefore, being thrown upon one's *bona fides*, we were welcomed

to take part in the various excursions and other arrangements planned for our mutual enjoyment. Colonel Gorham, however, soon became satiated with his stay at Madeira, and took a fancy for returning home by way of the ports in the South of Spain, which he thought would be more enjoyable than remaining longer in the island. To accomplish this it would be necessary to leave Funchal in a small coasting steamer, which called at Malaga, Barcelona, etc., and eventually would land us at Marseilles, a plan which I refused to fall in with, as I knew the kind of life one would be exposed to on these small boats.

The result was that we parted company; he going off alone, and I remaining at Madeira. I then followed my friends to the Santa Clara Hotel, where I made many new friends. Mrs. Ross and I were, as a matter of course, meeting each other daily, and exchanged confidences on many occasions, when we found that we possessed mutual friends in London. And eventually, as her character opened out to my vision, it was my good fortune and happiness to recognise in her so many of the characteristics that ennobled the life of my sainted wife, that I made bold to ask her if she would honour me by spending our future lives together; which, after some delay in giving me an answer, she consented to do. I need hardly express the happiness this conferred upon me, which has grown more and more accentuated during every day of the years that have since elapsed, and for which I never cease to thank our heavenly Father, who thus gave me joy for sadness, and a loving companion in place of grim solitude. Moreover, she is beloved by all who know her; and, I may add, has not an enemy in the wide world.

We had many pleasant outings together while we remained in the island. Amongst these were frequent visits to the Sta. Clara Convent, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel, and where there was frequently to be heard delightful music, both vocal and instrumental. In front of the hotel, facing the sea, there is a most commodious verandah, where the evenings after dinner were agreeably spent under the brilliant blue of the cloudless sky. There we met Major Hyslop, who had been sent out on War Office

business, and with him we established a warm friendship, which continued until his untimely death sixteen years afterwards, when, as Colonel Hyslop, he occupied the position of Secretary to the Territorial Forces. Towards the end of February we joined company with him and other friends on our journey home. This was made in the Currie liner s.s. *Carisbrooke Castle*, which, it may be added, was more than half empty, so there was no lack of accommodation. It was a noteworthy fact, however, that the ship was so negligently handled as to result in our missing the tide, which would have enabled us to reach Southampton early in the day instead of late at night. The cause of this delay was that the man at the wheel steered the liner to the south of the Isle of Wight, and not up the Solent, as any man in his senses would have done. After having gone astray nearly as far as St. Catherine's Point, some of the passengers, of whom I happened to be one, called the attention of the captain to the position of affairs, when the ship was immediately put about, and just in time to avoid the risk of running aground upon this headland, St. Catherine's Point, upon which a year or two previously I had seen a large ship lying a wreck.

After seeing my fiancée into the hands of her friends in London, I left for Glasgow, where I soon became engaged in active professional work, and in preparing for publication my book, "Cancer: Its Cause and Treatment without Operation," with which I will deal later.

On April 3, 1900, Clara Ellen Ross (*née* Sims) honoured me by becoming my wife, our marriage taking place in St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, the officiating clergyman being Canon Pennefather; after which we visited the cathedral towns of Peterborough and York, going on to Harrogate, when we came under the ægis of my old friend Dr. Myrtle, of that town, under whose kind care we enjoyed our short visit.

Our real honeymoon, however, we spent during the following winter in Algiers, at Mustapha Supérieur, taking up our abode at San Georges Hotel, an old Moorish palace, where we were most comfortably housed. It is hardly

necessary to say how thoroughly we enjoyed the lovely climate and scenery of this charming beauty spot, which Nature has clothed with a luxuriance of floral attributes to the Giver of all good things; to the East the hoary summits of the Atlas Mountains reared their snow-clad peaks, which contrasted so markedly with the luxuriant efflorescence at our feet; the environment being made up of numberless gardens, replete with roses, flowering shrubs, and flowers of the richest and most varied colour. One of the more interesting spots to visit, and one that is always open to the public, is the Jardin d'Essai, where numerous and successful experiments are made to ascertain the adaptability of the climate to the successful cultivation of various trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers not indigenous to the country. One interesting feature of the garden consisted in examples of the successful results obtained in the cultivation of several varieties of the rubber tree, some of which have attained enormous growth, from which the exuded juice has hardened into immense solid masses.

This highly interesting horticultural and arboricultural domain, I need hardly say, is always a favourite resort of the numerous visitors in search of a genial climate, who have taken up their residence at Mustapha. There are also in the neighbourhood many delightful walks, though one requires to exercise considerable caution, which was made too evident during our visit, when Sir Arthur Havelock, one of the visitors at our hotel and a well-known member of our diplomatic service, was knocked down and robbed, sustaining a fracture of his arm and other injuries, while taking a stroll in a secluded spot at no great distance from the hotel.

The roads are well adapted for horse exercise, and a hack being obtainable at a moderate cost, I frequently took advantage of indulging in my favourite exercise, and thus was enabled to obtain a knowledge of the surrounding neighbourhood, abounding in orange-groves, which at that period of the year were in full fruit.

The descent into the town of Algiers from Mustapha is not at all a gentle gradient, indeed, it is very steep; but, fortunately, electric tramcars run frequently between

the two places, so that one is often tempted to visit the town, which contains many places of great interest. On one of these visits I received a telegram which compelled me to terminate our visit much earlier than we had intended. I was summoned to the bedside of a dear old friend and patient who had developed alarming symptoms, so that I felt it my duty to leave by the boat that evening, *en route* for Marseilles, which after a terrible crossing I reached in safety the following day. But before leaving for Calais, I wired my wife to choose a favourable opportunity and meet me at the Hotel de la Paix at Marseilles on my return, where I arrived within a week of my having left Algiers. We then proceeded to Nice, where we experienced for a day or two some real English March weather, a great change from balmy Algiers. But, on the whole, there was little to complain of. At the Grand Hotel, where we took up our quarters, we met our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Russell, from New Zealand, who had become suddenly enriched by the wonderful development of the Waihi gold mine.

Of course, we made sundry visits to Monte Carlo, where I usually put in an appearance at the Casino; and, on the whole, successfully, so that at the end of our visit, after paying expenses, I had enough over to buy my wife a diamond ring. Our stay at Nice was limited to a fortnight, after which we returned home, and I went back to my work.

CHAPTER XIII

"IN MEMORIAM" ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

In January, 1902, was published "In Memoriam," a tribute to the memory of Victoria Regina et Imperatrix, who the previous year laid down her earthly crown for a heavenly. In this poem my only thought and ambition was to do justice reverently to my theme. I therefore venture to include it in this volume, and at the same time trust my critics will deal leniently with me.

Immediately after publication I took the liberty of writing to Sir Francis Knollys, requesting the privilege of sending a copy for the King's acceptance. This was on January 20, 1902, and on the 24th instant I had the honour of receiving the following:

"Privy Purse Office,
"Buckingham Palace, S.W.

"Sir Francis Knollys begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Robert Bell's letter of the 20th inst., with the enclosed copy of his lines "In Memoriam," which he has kindly forwarded to the King, who has commanded His Majesty's thanks to be expressed for the booklet.

"*January* 24, 1902."

IN MEMORIAM

No monument of bronze, or be it stone,
Mined from the choicest of Carrara's store,—
Yea, although from the shapeless rock there grows,
Born of the sculptor's skill, his masterpiece,—
Can ever to her people's heart appeal,
As did the love they bore their sainted Queen.
For when did monumental pile record
So much its subject, as the sculptor's skill;
Or canvas, but the artist's lasting fame?
And so when time piles up its rolling years,
To heap them in decades and centuries,

Our loving tribute may vicarious prove;
The mantle of esteem be snatched from her,
The memory of a stranger to keep warm.
Nay, more, it is the heart and not the eye,
That would be satisfied, when love makes quest,
And in the heart of Britain there will throb,
Throughout the ages, and on distant shores,
A people's tender memory for her,
Who nursed and shielded them when danger growled—
Gnashing its hideous fangs, with eyes ablaze,
Talons unsheathèd in its futile rage;—
Who led them wisely in the paths of peace,
Welding their union by a mother's love;
And when relinquishing the ties of home,
For enterprise and hopes beyond the seas,
Her sheltering arms were fondly round them thrown;
For were they not her children still, her own ?
And when the withering blast of pestilence,
Or hungry famine bore their victims down,
Or pent up gases burst their prison walls,
And from their ambush poured that fulsome breath,
Which drowns the senses, but to end in death;
Orphans and widows following its trail;
How deep her sorrow for those stricken ones.
Can art with rarest skill at one's command,
And chisel guided by unerring hand,—
However lofty be the sculptor's aim,—
A tribute, worthy of the noblest name,
That ever graced the lineage of Kings,
Create that will do justice to his theme ?
No, 'tis beyond the master mind of man.
Yea, though an Angelo cleft in twain the shell,
And with that genius, only his, display
Her gracious features to our wondering view;
Would it appeal like those which are embalmed,
Yea, live perennial in the nation's soul ?
Which will enrich,—as does a priceless gem
Reflect its lustre on its matrix crude,—
The page of history, so often marred
By deeds which would have fired her loathing scorn.
Where stands the monument to Him whose name,
Whose deeds are glorified throughout the spheres,
Who left His throne to probe the wound of sin,
To brave a life of ignominious shame,
That we to life eternal might attain ?
It is that still small voice, whose gentle strains,
Like sweetest music, float across the soul,
And by their fervid notes, unmasking sin,

Implanted love where hate before prevailed.
It is that fire unquenchable, which burns,
Makes plastic, moulds the hardened heart of man,
Nursing by its pure warmth our love to God;
By its breath, withering the weeds of vice,
And lighting by its flame the path to Heaven.
His is that monument, when æons fade,
Set steadfast on the pedestal of time,
Will, towering, its pinnacles uplift,
And thus embellish all eternity.
It is His spotless life that never dies,
It is His cruel death that ever lives,
And which have lifted from the lowest depths
Our vile humanity to be sons of God.
'Twas he, who smiting evil at its root,
Implanted His divinity in man,
Which by its light the path of progress paved,
And carried happiness to every land.
'Twas He, the Bearer of Man's load of sin,
Who lifted him, by silver cords of grace,
From the cavernous depth to which he fell,
And the Creator's image, shattered, lay.
'Twas He who raised him from his lost estate,
Till, like as when from the amorphous dust,
There rose, at God's command, untainted man,
His soul untarnished by the rust of sin;
Unknown to him disease, decay and death,
But oh! alas, left to unfettered will,
Flattered by lying lips and poisoned tongue,
His choice,—the bane of all his race,—he made,
Bart'ring a Father's love for Satan's hate,
And bliss supernal for a traitor's fate.
Thenceforth God's image was from him effaced,
As from his high estate he fell, disgraced,
Driving before him to the gates of Hell
Those who inherited his cursèd name.
Lo, his the monument which guilt hath reared;
To this all roads converge; Death its name is,
Whose hungry portals, ever gaping, wait
That they may swallow up the wage of sin,
And yet, may open on eternal life;
When, from the grave, its victory is snatched
By Him whose love can fuse the heart of steel,
And mould it then to harmonise with His;
When thus is reared a monument of grace,
As was Her life, which time can ne'er efface.
Hers is that monument, whose length of years,
Like a pure river, gathering in strength,

And stretching its full length to reach the sea,
In its long course, true happiness conveys
To all the lands within its kindly sway.
Her faith, receptive of the light of Heaven,
Shone like a planet in a starless vault,
And lighting up the goodness of her heart,
Illumined the deep religious life,
Which throbbed with every pulse within her breast,
Reflecting on the world example rare
And character so marvellously pure.
Her eight decades—the rich Victorian age—
Will ever glorify the scroll of time;
Will never cease to be the pivot true,
Round which the orbs of Freedom, Science, Art,
And all that elevates the human race,
Expanding under her maternal care,
Will ceaselessly revolve and shape their course
Amidst the firmament of unborn years.
Within the lofty temple of her soul,
Upon the altar of a blameless life,
She freely offered, for her people's weal,
That well-earned leisure she might justly claim.
Yea it was only when the flame was quenched,
And ceased to burn, the fire from which it sprung,
That sacrifice was deemed to be complete.
Untarnished honour, an unblemished past,
The brightest gems that ever graced a crown,
And far beyond the grip of countless gold,
Were the adornments of her stainless life;
And this was ever like the beacon bright,
Which, perched upon the very jaws of death,
Defying tempests from its rocky tower,
A guiding star and guardian angel proves;
Just as the lighthouse soars above the storm,
And, ever watchful, robs it of its prey;
Defies the hurricane, and by its rays
Guides the poor wanderer beyond its range.
Yea, founded on the cauldron of the deep,
Where seething seas know not repose or sleep,
It lends the mariner its eye by night,
Who, fondly gazing on that kindly light,
Now finds a friendly haven by its aid,
Instead of that abyss, the sailor's grave.
So did the Goddess of the golden age
To such supernal heights of wisdom rise,
That Heaven's reflected glory never failed
To shed its hallowed light upon her throne;
While, in the mirror of her daily life,

All might behold that purity of soul,
Which was the admiration of the world;
That strong devotion to her people's cause;
Unselfish effort; that she might secure
The welfare and prosperity of all.
And as she wrestled with her weight of years,
The heavier grew the burden of her life.
'Twas then the lamp of Heaven the brighter shone,
To help her wearied feet to find a path,
When gloomy shadows seemed to bar the way,
Transforming densest night to brightest day,
And shooting wide its beams, that it might throw
The halo of its orb on distant thrones.
Nursed by her care the germ of Empire grew,
Spreading its branches o'er the world's expanse,
But to the stem from which its strength it drew,
It ay remains for ever staunch and true,
And as the reel of time unrolls its years,
And sturdier as the might of Empire grows,
It will look back with fond and loving eyes
Upon the mem'ry of those hallowed days,
When Britain's ruler was the Mother Queen,
Whose bright example shaped its destiny,
And stablished its foundation firm and sure.
And as the ages ceaselessly evolve
The mysteries of life which they contain;
Within each epoch will remain embalmed
The tender memory of the Queen of Queens.
And as the surging tide of Empire rolls,
Gath'ring in force e'en as its growth expands,
Drawing within its sphere far distant lands,
True to tradition is its badge—good faith—
Enfolding all in the embrace of peace,
Who can forget who nursed its helpless youth ?
Now, let the future the obscure unveil,
Casting its shadows on our mental screen,
Permitting us to view the rapid strides
Of Liberty, where Tyranny now rules,
Of Justice, where despotic law, the curse
And millstone crushing out a nation's life,
And in the present grinding it to dust;
Where in the panorama of our dream
We shall behold foul anarchy submerged,
And drowned beneath the waves of righteous thought;
Where superstition is no longer fed,
Or kept alive by ignorance, deceit,
And lies, to mask the crimes of Anti-Christ;
When that base arrogance which swamps the soul,

That it may gratify religious (?) vice,
Shall be impaled upon the spikes it forged;
When the fetters of a mediæval age,
Encrusted with the rust of centuries,
And yet whose grip is no less sure, than when
At first the tyrant crunched beneath his heel
The fragrant plant of glorious liberty,
Indigenous within the heart of man,
But, blighted by the selfish lust for power,
Shall burst, as when the bonds of winter melt,
Releasing nature from its cold embrace,
And yielding to the world the choicest fruit
That ever hung within the reach of man,
His birthright—Freedom;
When the chaotic fog of ignorance
Which blights ambition while it dwarfs the soul,
And stifles the divinity in man,
Obscuring from his view the high estate
To which he may most righteously lay claim,
Will melt before the vernal breath of hope
Which warms and vivifies that latent germ,
Which, in his past, has undeveloped lain
Within his inner self, unknown to him,
But now will twine its tendrils through his life,
And with its blossoms cheer him on his way.
Just as the sun delivers day by day
The light which to our wondering eyes reveals
The splendour of those orbs, which, but for him,
Would in the shades of distance be concealed,
And robbed of glory star-bespangled night.
So, as the growth of Empire doth expand,
The torch of freedom will the brighter glow,
Till those dark spots, where liberty lies dead,
Disfiguring the face of God's fair earth,
Will come within the sphere of its bright rays,
And doff the shroud, to laugh in their new birth.

CHAPTER XIV

EGYPT

In December, 1902, my wife and I travelled to Cairo, in order to attend a Medical Congress, at which I had agreed to read a paper upon the Cancer problem.

On our arrival at Cairo we took up our quarters at the Hotel Savoy, the proprietor being George Nungavitch, who was known to my wife, as she had stopped at this hotel on a previous visit to Egypt. There was a gathering of notable people at the hotel, most of whom had come in connection with the opening of the nearly completed Nile dam. Amongst these were Sir John Laird, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Alma Tadema, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mrs. George Capell, the Duke and Duchess of Portland; while others equally notable, but who had no connection with this event, were also present. Amongst these were two members of the Austrian nobility: Count Karolyi, who has come so much in evidence since the Austro-Hungarian collapse; and the Baroness Uray, a lady who was an inveterate cigar smoker.

Two other visitors of more than usual interest made their appearance—viz., the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother, Prince Eitel. The former did his best to make himself agreeable during his short visit, but I may state he was not very successful in his efforts, though he frequently visited the smoking-room and entered into conversation with the other guests. One day he went off in great style to lunch with the Khedive. Unfortunately, his brother was confined to his room, being laid up with an attack of measles; so the Crown Prince was obliged to proceed alone on his way to India, though, we were told, his brother joined him later on.

We made the acquaintance, and later on the friendship—which has continued ever since—of Mr. Randolph Berens, of 14, Prince's Gardens, London, whose great joy was the

collection of Egyptian and other antiquities, and who had accumulated and stored in a room at the hotel quite a little museum of most valuable objects of prehistoric, and more recent, yet still of ancient art; also domestic articles employed by the Egyptians, of a bygone age, in their daily life.

While in Cairo I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Dr. Voranoff; and also of Brewster Bey, the English secretary to the Khedive. Both of these gentlemen were exceedingly kind to my wife and me, and through their influence we obtained many privileges. On two occasions we were invited to take coffee with the Khedive; we had also an invitation to the State Ball, which was held in Abdin Palace, and was a scene of real Oriental splendour. The Khedive presented me with a gold medal in honour of my researches on cancer. This contains the initials of His Highness, and has my name engraved upon it. As may be supposed, it was of greater value then than it is to-day, since the donor has been deposed. Yet it is an interesting relic of our visit.

During our stay in Cairo, Dr. and Madame Voranoff honoured my wife and me by inviting us to a dinner party to meet two cousins of the Khedive, one of whom was Prince Ibrahim, who possessed a most genial personality and exceptionally good conversational ability. There was one thing about him which appealed to me very favourably, which was that he expressed himself as most grateful to our country, because of the safety of the person which our protectorate conferred upon members of his class. He spoke to me quite frankly on the subject, and told me that his life, for example, would have been in constant jeopardy, and his property confiscated, had it not been for British rule. We had the pleasure of meeting him on another very pleasant occasion, when he made one of a party, in which we were included, at a picnic at the Pyramids, given by Dr. and Madame Voranoff. I should have mentioned that the latter is a daughter of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, maker of the Suez Canal. On this occasion Prince Ibrahim came in his motor-car, of which he was a most reckless driver. He did not seem to mind how bad the road was on which he drove it. Those who have visited the Pyramids will re-

member the rocky character of the ground in their immediate vicinity; yet, amongst all this rubble, he drove his car without discrimination. I was therefore not surprised, though very grieved, to learn of his death a year or two afterwards in France, due to a motor accident.

This outing at the Pyramids was one of great enjoyment, and was the only occasion on which I had a pleasant ride on a camel, amongst the many I undertook while in Egypt.

Of course, we paid several visits to Mena House, and those imperishable wonders of an age 3,000 years B.C. On one of these occasions we had tea in the company of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who visited Cairo *en route* to the Cape, a memorable event. On another day my friend Mr. Brewerton and I, under the guidance of a dragoman, took a journey into the desert to visit the petrified trees, which at one time had been living palms, but are now solid—what appeared to me to be iron-stone—being castings of what once was living wood, but now are everlasting mementoes of a long since bygone age. The only living thing we saw on our trip was a snake, which crossed our path, but where it obtained nourishment was a problem none of us were able to solve.

It was a strange sensation to be out of sight of life in such a waste of sand, and to see the evidence of sandstorms on every hand, but our donkeys seemed to know their way home again; so we soon came in sight of the Pyramids, and arrived safely at Mena House, where it was all life and gladness. On another occasion my own dragoman, whom I had engaged to attend me during my sojourn at Cairo—he was a native of Abyssinia, and professed to be a Christian—and I rode on donkeys far out into the desert, which lies to the east of the citadel and tombs of the Mamelukes. Our object was to visit a pit, which my man told me was the veritable pit into which the patriarch Joseph had been cast by his brethren, but I found this to be a mare's nest, as it was more of a small fissure in the earth than a pit. In this adventure we nearly lost our way, my dragoman having lost his bearings, and there being no landmark in sight. He differed from me as to the position of Cairo,

but I insisted upon my plan being followed, not his, or we should have had a sad time of it before we reached Cairo again. In this instance we did not even come across a snake to enliven our journey, but fortunately we were soon gratified to behold the turrets of the citadel and mosques on the heights to the east of Cairo.

On the west bank of the river, and a short railway run from Cairo, is situated the desert town of Helwan which contains a few excellent hotels to accommodate visitors to the famous thermal sulphur baths, which from time immemorial have been resorted to by victims of rheumatism and gout. So far as my personal knowledge goes, these baths are of unique value to rheumatic subjects, being, to a most extraordinary extent, charged with sulphur, while the water is of a pleasant heat, and of a high specific gravity, so that it is impossible for the bathers to sink, and is also radio-active, which fact adds considerably to its value as a therapeutic agent. But, beyond this, the surroundings of Helwan are monotonous, and it possesses no attractions for robust people. Its solitude, on the other hand, is qualified by its being within an easy and comfortable railway journey from Cairo.

In the railway's vicinity one obtains a glimpse of the caves where Pharaoh, during the years of plenty, stored his corn in view of the coming years of famine. Another interesting spot, also on the right bank of the Nile, is situated a little distance to the south of Cairo, this being the reputed place on the Nile bank where Pharaoh's daughter found the babe Moses.

Another excursion my wife and I, and at times I alone, or in company with one or more hotel acquaintances, were fond of, was to Heliopolis, the ancient city of "On," famous in connection with the life of Joseph. Moreover, it was one of the most notable and important cities of ancient Egypt, both as a seat of learning and as possessing one of the most famous temples dedicated to the sun god, the position of which is now marked by the presence of what is said to be the oldest obelisk in the country, still in excellent preservation. Legendary evidence conclusively points out that the wife of Joseph resided with her father, whose name

and position in society are duly recorded, at Heliopolis, or the city of On, as the Bible names it. It is also stated that the father was a man of considerable wealth. The road is an excellent one, either for driving or donkey riding, and one passes some interesting places *en route*. One of these is the Virgin's Tree, which, though of great age, could hardly, as is reputed, have given shade or shelter to Mary and the Infant Jesus in her flight from Herod's vengeance; though it is highly probable that she may have passed that way, and rested under the shade of a tree in this locality, of which the particular one on the roadside may be a successor.

Then there is an ostrich-farm in this locality, which is quite a show place, and of great interest, as one is able to see the ostrich in its various stages of growth, from a mere chick upwards to full maturity and plumage. There is a considerable trade done at this farm in feathers, which, of course, is the object of the farmer.

At that time Mr. Wilfrid Blunt owned a beautiful estate in this neighbourhood, and I was introduced to him by a mutual friend. He was kind enough to invite me to visit him at his residence. On the day he received me, he wore the dress of an Arab Sheikh, and gave me tea on the roof of his house; after which he showed me his stud of Arab horses, which was a great compliment, and of a most interesting and instructive nature. The perfect little animals were lodged in what Mr. Blunt named his garden, but which was in reality an immense park in which orange and almond trees, laden with fruit, grew in great profusion. Altogether, it was a real joy and privilege to obtain an entrance to such a charming domain, and, at the same time, one characteristic of Oriental life.

During our stay in Cairo it was my privilege to add to the number of my friends several professional brethren of various nationalities who were resident and practising in the city, and from whom my wife and I received the greatest kindness and hospitality.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Cairo, from my point of view, was the Muski, where all kinds of Egyptian work are always on sale, and often to be seen in process of

manufacture. Moreover, a visit to this market-place is invariably of considerable educative value.

One Sunday my wife and I were invited by the Khedive to join a party in his yacht to visit the barrage a few miles distant from Cairo, which was constructed by the eminent British engineer, Mr. Scott Moncrieff. Here we enjoyed the hospitality of the Khedive at a picnic. The trip down the Nile and home again in this superb vessel was the more enjoyable, as the invitation came as a great surprise to us.

While engaged in writing these memoirs, I am grieved to note in to-day's paper (July 5, 1920) an account of the death of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. Gorgas, whose friendship I made in Egypt during the session of the Medical Congress at Cairo. He was then Major Gorgas. He manifested great interest in the paper I read before the delegates gathered together to promote the advancement of medical science. Our relations with each other were of the most cordial nature, and were only severed, as we both hoped, for a time, but fate decided otherwise. The memory of his friendship is sweet; and his loss to his numerous friends and admirers will be felt most keenly. The further loss to medical science, for which he had accomplished so much, can only be viewed as a terrible blow. It was he who converted the most deadly area of the Panama Canal into one of the healthiest places on earth.

I am afraid my readers will wonder at the lapse I have made in not mentioning any incident relative to the prime object of my visit to Cairo, which was the reading of my paper on the "Cause and Treatment of Cancer without Operation." As a matter of fact, the conclusions I had verified, and the methods by which they were arrived at, were so novel and unexpected that they created no little excitement and interest in my audience, which I need hardly say was more than I looked for. And I was glad to find that one of my hearers, from his personal experience, thought my conclusions were quite in harmony with his study of the subject amongst the desert tribes, who subsist largely upon the fruits of the earth, where cancer is unknown; thus justifying, I think, my statements regarding the influence exercised by errors of diet as a predisposing cause of the

disease, and also the potent effect which a reformed diet exerts in not only arresting, but in many instances completely undermining and curing, the malady.

It would appear that civilisation, which in this instance, of course, refers solely to the conventional mode of eating and drinking so extensively indulged in by civilised beings, is entirely responsible for the spread of this disease. And we obtain additional proofs of the correctness of this view of actual results, when we are made cognisant of the painful fact that the death-rate from cancer has been increasing year by year at such an appalling rate in those countries where indulgence of the palate is most prominent. I shall, however, have much to say on this subject later, and will therefore dismiss it for the present.

Towards the end of December we went on board one of Cook's Nile boats, on which we spent a most delightful week, occupied in sailing and visiting numerous temples, tombs, the towns of Luxor and Assiout, *en route* to Assouan.

On our way we were one day met, on the west bank of the river, by a regular herd of donkeys, each in charge of a donkey-boy, whereupon, under the command of our dragoman, named Esau, we undertook a donkey-ride to Abydos, a distance of seven miles. Now Abydos is one of the most ancient cities of Egypt, in which the sacred head of Osiris, the Egyptian god, was preserved. The city, which is, in every sense of the word, a city of temples, dates back to a prehistoric age, having been founded by pre-Menite kings, whose temple and tombs have been found in its precincts, while kings of the first and second dynasty are known to have been buried there. The temple and city continued to be rebuilt at intervals down to the times of the thirtieth dynasty. On the south of the city a vast temple was founded by Seti in the nineteenth dynasty in honour of the ancestral kings of the early dynasties, which was finished by Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Joseph period.

The temples built at Abydos at various times, on one site, are said to be nine or ten in number, dating from 5500 to 500 B.C.. It was, however, impossible to remember in detail all one was told of this wonderful cemetery of kings with its history dating back 8,000 years. Amidst these

historical ruins we ate our lunch, and afterwards mounted our donkeys and rode back to the boat; an unusually long and fatiguing ride, especially for the ladies, being fourteen miles in all.

We then resumed our voyage to Assouan, which is 500 miles south of Cairo, and took up our abode at the beautifully equipped Cataract Hotel, recently erected upon rising ground on the east bank of the river, near the tail of the first cataract. It is three and a half miles distant from the great dam, which crosses the Nile at the head of the cataract. Above the dam the river is transformed into a great lake, extending to a distance of seventy miles up the river bed. A curious feature in this enormous sheet of water is the presence of the tops of numerous palm trees, which have been, to this extent, submerged, but oh ! how melancholy was it to note the disappearance of the beautiful island of Philæ with its magnificent temple, a small portion only of which was still visible above the water. Into this portion, named Pharaoh's bed, we sailed in a row-boat. But, alas ! this also, I am told, has completely disappeared in consequence of the further raising of the height of the dam, which has been effected subsequent to our visit. During our sojourn at Assouan we made several excursions to this wonderful engineering work; and fortunately made the acquaintance of Mr. Blue, the engineer under whose supervision the work had been completed, and who kindly allowed us to travel to and from the dam in his trolley.

At the hotel we had the honour of meeting the late Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, whose table at the hotel restaurant was close to our own.

There were several invalids, from all parts, resident in the hotel, who had come in the hope of being benefited by the salubrious climate and invigorating atmosphere, many of whom should never have been permitted to leave their home. We discovered, to our surprise, that two of our most intimate friends were stopping at the hotel on Elephantine Island—Mr. and Mrs. Macadam Smith—with whom we exchanged many happy visits. Upon this island there is an ancient Nileometer; and here also was the site of the city named Yeb, the capital in ancient days of the frontier

province. Other relics of antiquity upon the island added much to the enjoyment of our visits. Facing this island, on the east bank of the river, below the cataract, the ancient town of Assouan is built. There we found some interesting articles on sale. One of the shops contained many articles of interest, and we made some purchases, one of which must have had a melancholy history; this consisted of a bronze military cross and a silver medal, to which are attached five bars bearing the names of the following battles, inscribed in English and Arabic: Sudan, 1897; Khartoum; The Atbara; Hafir, and Firket. This medal I still possess, but the cross has been stolen from my cabinet. These must have belonged to some Egyptian soldier, and could only have been parted with under some great stress of circumstances.

One day, while we were at the hotel, a fish caught in the river, weighing 110 pounds, was brought in. It was said to be a Nile salmon, and had scales on it as large as a florin.

With the exception of the poor invalids, the inmates of the hotel were a lively company. Donkey rides into the desert were of frequent occurrence, and on one occasion a hare hunt was planned, the hare consisting of a person with a bag of small pieces of paper, with which he started on a donkey, leaving a trail—not always quite continuous, however—of fragments of paper on the route, which oft-times was very tortuous, so that it was not easy to follow. Some few minutes after his departure, the field, consisting of any number of ladies and gentlemen on donkeys, followed the trail as best they could. For my part, I not only lost the trail, but lost myself, and at last found I had wandered into a rather awkward predicament, as my donkey had carried me into a native village, the inhabitants of which looked to be rather a shady lot, from whose company I was only too happy to escape with as much alacrity as I could command. Then it was only after a long search, but more to my donkey's credit than my own, that I managed to find my way home.

After spending a week at Assouan, and a delightful week it was, we took our passage on Cook's boat bound for Wadi Halfa, the northern terminus of the Soudan railway, being 770 miles south of Cairo.

During the first portion of our excursion we were enabled to form some estimate of the enormous volume of water held up by the great dam, the artificial lake being seventy miles long, when, of course, we were sailing in absolutely calm water. Our first stop, where we lay at rest all night, was near the village of Dendur. In the forenoon of the following day we stopped for a short time at Korosko to allow some gold miners to proceed to the mines in the immediate neighbourhood. Korosko is interesting from the fact that it was from this spot poor General Gordon commenced his camel ride to Khartoum. In the evening we arrived at the wonderful temple of Abu Simbel, which is hewn out of the solid sandstone rock, and said to be the greatest and most imposing of all rock-hewn monuments. On either side of the entrance are seated four immense colossi of Rameses II. in pairs, these rising to a height of sixty-five feet. The temple is dedicated to the solar gods Amenra of Thebes and Raharakt of Heliopolis, the true sun god. It faces the east, so that the rays of the sun in the early morning penetrate the length of the two great halls to the innermost sanctuary; and fall upon the figures of Amenra and Rameses II., on either side of which are seated figures of Ptah and Raharakt. The interior of the temple is, moreover, decorated with sculpture of beautiful workmanship, which is in wonderfully good preservation, one of the scenes being Rameses, as king, offering sacrifices to himself as god. This marvellous temple is surrounded on every hand by absolute desert, upon the sand of which were footprints of animals, supposed to be those of panthers, which had quite recently visited the river at this spot.

I should have mentioned that early in the morning of the day we reached Abu Simbel we were awakened to view the constellation of the Southern Cross, which was then visible from the boat. It was, of course, an interesting sight, but opened our eyes to the fact that it possessed a *very* distant resemblance to the form of a cross.

We left Abu Simbel and arrived at Wadi Halfa early in the forenoon, where donkeys were awaiting us on the other side of the river to convey the party to the second cataract, some six miles distant. I should, however, not omit to

mention that we were only able to reach the end of the cataract, which is 124 miles long and has a fall of 216 feet. The path we took to reach it was through the desert, yet in patches we came across melons growing wild; and I observed, in several places, ample evidence of the presence of very rich iron ore, many pieces of considerable size being visible on the surface. The cataract, as can be imagined, was a most interesting sight, and we were told that crocodiles were sometimes to be found in the neighbourhood. We, however, were not fortunate enough to see one of these denizens of the river.

On our return to Wadi Halfa in the afternoon I had rather a curious adventure. I should mention that the town has a population of 3,000. As I wanted to have my hair cut, I was wandering through the place in search of a barber's shop, when I found a man standing in the street, whom I addressed both in English and also in the best French at my command, but without any result, when I happened to mention the word "hotel." He then signed to me to follow him, when he conducted me to a really pretentious looking building, where I succeeded in purchasing some specimens of rather rare postage stamps from the proprietor, who fortunately understood English, and whom I asked if he could direct me to a barber's shop; when, to my surprise, and no little amusement, he informed me that the man who had brought me to him was the barber himself whom I was looking for. He, however, was a Greek, and was only able to speak his native tongue, and Arabic. He was good enough to conduct me to his place of business, which contained a very passable imitation of an up-to-date barber's shop, at which I succeeded in getting my hair cropped in a highly satisfactory manner.

In the evening we were homeward bound, and again stopped the night at Abu Simbel, where we found a dahabea (a Nile house-boat) lying at anchor, belonging to an artist who was spending some weeks on the river. I need hardly add that we enjoyed our second visit to this unique temple quite as much as the previous one. Amongst the passengers in the boat was the Swedish ambassador, who unfortunately became ill, and was, in consequence, unable to visit the

cataract. As there was no other medical man in the boat, I was asked to look after him, which, of course, I was only too willing to do, and I am pleased to report that he speedily threw off the attack without much assistance from me. The whole of this trip was most enjoyable, and we returned to Assouan on Saturday to take up our abode once more at the Cataract Hotel, where we remained several days, again revisiting the great dam on several occasions.

On our way back to Cairo, we called at the Temple of Kom Ombo, or rather the remaining portion of it, part of it having been broken away by the river and destroyed. The remainder, as may be supposed, stands on the very brink of the Nile. I had no means of ascertaining its actual age, though it is thought to have been in existence 2000 B.C. It was of special interest to me, as carved upon one of its panels were a number of models of surgical instruments, which differed very little indeed in appearance from those at present in daily use. There were forceps of various kinds, all of which were easily recognisable.

Our next stop was at Luxor, which is, by river, 450 miles from Cairo. Here we remained several days, there being so many objects of intense interest to visit in the immediate neighbourhood. It is a town of considerable dimensions, having a population of over 12,000, many of whom are engaged in the manufacture of faked antiques. I had not been long in the place before I came across a London medical man, who had been in the habit of coming to Luxor during the winter months for the benefit of his health; and also my friend Mr. Brewerton, who, it may be remembered, had accompanied me from Mena House to the petrified forest in the desert. I was not a little surprised to find that Luxor is largely resorted to by invalids in the winter season, as, from my point of view, Assouan is a much more healthy locality, and possesses a much more salubrious climate. Luxor, however, has the advantage of being the centre for visitors to the ruins of Thebes, in the vicinity of which stands the temple of Luxor, one of the greatest monuments in Egypt. This temple occupies a considerable stretch of the river bank on the south-west side of the town, and measures close upon 300 yards from back to front. But

the temple of Karnak, one and a half miles distant, is by far the most interesting of these monuments, which it was one of my greatest delights to visit on several occasions. It is said to be the largest temple in existence and sacred to Ammon.

For my use I had engaged a donkey-boy and his donkey for the period of my stay in the place, and so was able, without undue fatigue, to get over quite a lot of ground. It would be superfluous, as it would be impossible, for me to attempt to describe this architectural wonder, which has been amply described in a vast number of works by highly competent authorities. That portion of ancient Thebes which lies on the west bank of the river, and is now only interesting on account of its being the great necropolis of kings and queens, was also visited on several occasions. In these excursions I found my donkey-boy and donkey—which, by the way, was named "Whisky"—of great service. Of these two companions of my sojourn at Luxor I have an interesting memento in a photograph which my friend Brewerton took of me on the donkey's back and the boy standing by its head, with, as background, a portion of the temple.

After many enjoyable and instructive tours of inspection of this historic neighbourhood, occupying several days, we again joined one of Cook's boats, which on our way to Cairo called first at Dendera, where there exists a famous temple, which we visited. The next stop was again at Assiout, the capital of the province of Upper Egypt bearing the same name. It is a town of about 36,000 inhabitants, and contains a number of bazaars, at which we made some purchases, and where we were besieged by a number of Coptic school-boys, who wished to show us how well they could speak English, and some of them were fairly proficient. One of them begged that I would adopt him, and take him to England, that he might complete his education at one of our Universities, a very laudable ambition certainly, but to this request I gave a very forcible negative.

We were detained at Assiout longer than was quite agreeable, in consequence of rough and stormy weather, which made it risky for the boat to navigate the narrow passage

through a sort of tunnel in the barrage, which crosses the river just below the town, this being just sufficiently wide for the boat to pass through safely in moderate weather. Why Cook's people did not think of a simpler plan by which all danger of a catastrophe could be avoided, seemed mysterious to me. On my arrival in Cairo, therefore, I called upon Cook's manager, and explained a simple plan, which at once appealed to him as being most feasible, and for which he thanked me, and, very kindly, he reduced my wife's and my fare from Assouan to Wadi Halfa and back by one-half. So much for having a Scotch head on one's shoulders.

On our return to Cairo we received a warm welcome at our old hotel—the Savoy—and also from the many friends we had made on our very recent visit. There had been some new arrivals during our absence, with some of whom we soon became on friendly terms; amongst these were two famous artists—Mr. Varley and Talbot Kelly—both of whom have enriched the world of art by their highly successful efforts in delineating Egyptian scenery, with its ever golden setting. My wife and I had the good fortune to be seated at the same table with Mr. Varley, who was able to add materially to our knowledge of Egyptian lore, and also entertained us with many amusing stories of incidents in his own life. One of these I have repeated on many occasions. It relates how a friend of his in a most ingenious way succeeded in extricating himself from rather a delicate predicament, and is as follows: This friend was invited to a dinner-party, and the lady he took in to dinner was a most voluble person, who commenced to discuss the ages of the various ladies at the table. After having finished the lot, she turned to her companion and asked him: " How old do you think I am ?" when he replied, " Well, really I cannot say, but you don't look it."

Dr. Kenneth Scott, who was lecturer upon ophthalmic surgery at the University of Cairo, was another friend we made in that city, and this friendship continued to exist in a more intense degree in London, where he attained to great eminence. His death has left a blank in that branch of his profession upon which he shed so great a lustre; and his

memory is dear to many friends and patients whom he benefited.

We were, during this second visit, invited to a grand ball at the Hotel Continental, at which Lord and Lady Cromer were present, and others of the élite of Cairo, including many of the pashas and beys resident in the city and neighbourhood; many of whom we had met on our previous visit. On another occasion we were invited to an exhibition of an extraordinary kind, which was described as a *danse au ventre*. This entertainment was attended by nearly everyone of note in Cairo, pashas being in great force. But it was really not a dance at all, unless a number of tumblers placed on the naked abdomen of an Arab woman, who lay at full length on the stage, and who, by certain contortions of the abdominal muscles, caused these tumblers to move about over her skin to the unmusical sounds of the tom-toms, could be so described. And it must be admitted she displayed considerable talent in causing the tumblers to ring changes as they moved to and fro across this cutaneous dancing floor. It appears that this is a favourite entertainment in Egypt, and a proficient performer is highly paid, receiving in this instance, I am informed, thirty pounds.

Of course, dances in the hotel were of frequent occurrence, at which the military element was always very prominent. I remember seeing Mr. Winston Churchill sitting out at one of these dances, looking disconsolate and woebegone, as not much notice seemed to be taken of him by any of the visitors. There were also frequent dinner-parties given by those resident in the hotel, and on more than one occasion we had the honour of entertaining those friends who had been kind to us; for on several occasions we had the honour of being invited to dine with officials in the Government service, one being a Turkish pasha in the entourage of the Khedive; also at the house of a Turkish judge, and at the house of a medical man who was a Greek; also, as I have mentioned before, at the home of Dr. Voranoff, who was of Russian nationality, and one of the court physicians; and others who were British, and members of the various Government departments.

During my visit I had the honour of being elected an

honorary member of the Cairo Medical Society, so that I began to realise the truth of the saying that a man is not without honour save in his own country.

On the whole, therefore, we had a most enjoyable time in this land where history was created, and where literature and art flourished thousands of years before the inhabitants of our more highly favoured land had emerged from barbarism. But we had rather an unpleasant experience on the way when we were homeward bound. We had booked berths on the Orient liner s.s. *Omrah*, by which we were to have been picked up at Ismailia, as she was passing through the Canal. To our surprise and great disappointment when she appeared we beheld the yellow flag flying, which meant quarantine. We were therefore refused a passage, and were told we must proceed on the morrow by rail to Port Said. The hotel at Ismailia was possessed of very limited accommodation, and could not possibly provide bedrooms for the large number who, like ourselves, had expected to leave by the ship. By good luck, however, my wife and I had secured a room, so were not so badly off. The next morning we started by rail for Port Said, which at that time was a filthy city in every sense of the word. I went on board to ascertain the nature of the disease for which the ship was placed in quarantine, when I was told it was due to a case of plague, which had been put on shore at Suez. Fortunately, I met a gentleman on the ship whom I questioned pretty closely *re* the circumstances which had led to the decision of the case being one of plague. The result of our conversation led me to the conclusion that the ship's doctor was an ass. He had actually called in a second-class passenger, who was as ignorant as himself, but, being an Indian, it was taken for granted that he should know all about plague. Now the diagnosis appeared to be wrong to me, and the case, of syphilis as I concluded it to be, had been dubbed plague; and all this disturbance and expense to the owners, not to mention inconvenience to the passengers, had been unnecessarily incurred. I thereupon wired to Dr. Ritter, the sanitary officer at Cairo, who was a friend of mine, to make enquiries at Suez on this so-called case of plague, which I told him in my telegram was evidently

syphilis, and asked him to wire me to c/o s.s. *Omrah* at Naples. This he very kindly did, and confirmed my diagnosis, when I gave the doctor a piece of my mind; and threatened to report him to the owners, which, however, I did not do, though I really should have done so, as he had proved himself to be incompetent to have charge of the health of crew and passengers on any ship. He threatened me with all sorts of legal proceedings, to which I replied: "Fire away! and you will still further confirm the truth of what I think of you." Now had his opinion been allowed to go unchallenged, we would not have been permitted to call at any port until we reached England; and I had booked our passage to Gibraltar, having promised to read a paper upon the "Treatment of Cancer without Operation" at the International Medical Congress, which was to be held at Madrid that year (1903). However, when we were lying off Naples, we learned that Dr. Ritter had wired to the Naples agents of the Orient Line to the effect that the case was not plague, but what I had described it to be. The boat, notwithstanding, was visited by two Italian medical men, who, after counting the passengers, ordered the yellow flag to come down; and gave permission to receive on board those waiting to join the ship *en route* for England. Amongst these we had the honour of receiving Lord Wolseley, who made himself exceedingly agreeable to his fellow-voyagers. Had the previous condition of affairs been in force he would have been left stranded at Naples, along with several others.

The liner remained in the bay for several hours, sufficiently long to permit several of the passengers to visit Pompeii. I therefore took advantage of the opportunity, and made my second visit to this long-buried city, and was thus enabled to obtain a sight of the great progress that had been made in bringing to light buildings which were lying under the volcanic dust when I made my previous visit. When I returned to the ship, I found it surrounded by a number of small boats containing merchants from the city, with goods of various descriptions, endeavouring to do business with the passengers. Amongst these was a man who was endeavouring to dispose of a beautiful pale pink

necklace of coral beads, in which a number of ladies, including my wife, were much interested. No one seemed inclined to make an offer that the man would accept, so I ventured to make a bid, which, of course, the merchant wouldn't look at, expecting, no doubt, that a higher offer might be made; but none being forthcoming he, just as the ship was beginning to move, closed with me, and so I was able to present my wife with this choice souvenir of our voyage.

CHAPTER XV

SPAIN AND FRANCE

Our next stop was at Marseilles, where a number of our fellow-travellers left us, among whom was Lord Wolseley. We then proceeded to Gibraltar, and we were met in the bay by an old friend of mine from Algeciras, on his launch, who conveyed us to this charmingly situated town. My friend, who was general manager of the Algeciras and Bobadilla railway, had engaged rooms for us at the Reina Christina Hotel, one of the most comfortable of its kind. There we spent a most enjoyable week, in the choicest of climates, indulging in the temporary companionship of our fellow-guests, amongst whom was the Rev. Dr. Macgregor of Edinburgh, who was a yearly visitor at Algeciras because of his delicate health. Even there, in the most salubrious of climates, he used to walk about under the extra covering of his plaid. The wild flowers were a great joy to us, and to see Spanish irises growing wild was a pleasant surprise. At meal-times in the hotel we had the honour of being waited upon by a real live duke—a Spanish duke, however—who, poor man, had fallen into reduced circumstances, and who kindly taught me sufficient Spanish to enable me to get about comfortably.

One could hardly admire the town of Algeciras. It is too much of the Moorish type, and not what I should term sanitary. There is an ancient bull-ring, which I was most curious to see, as it is said to be one of the oldest in Spain, and, certainly, it bears the marks of antiquity to a pronounced degree.

When leaving Algeciras my friend Mr. Morrison very kindly proposed to place at the disposal of my wife and myself a saloon carriage as far as Bobadilla, the terminus of his line, which, of course, we took advantage of; and,

besides, we found he had taken measures to ensure our having every comfort in travelling as far as Madrid, though really we had nothing to complain of all through the country. As Lord Northbrook and his daughter, Lady Emma Crichton, were going by the same train, we had the honour of inviting them to occupy the vacant portion of the saloon; and, on learning of my object in going to Madrid, his lordship became deeply interested in my subject, and expressed a desire that I should let him have a copy of the book I was about to publish.

The railway between Algeciras and Ronda, through the cork woods, is most bewitching, beautiful, and varied. The fact of its being well watered by numerous rushing streams adds greatly to the charm of the scene. Wishing to see Ronda, a portion of which is still a really Moorish town, we arranged to stay there over-night, at what went by the name of the station hotel—a wretched attempt at being a hotel in all conscience. The beds were stuffed with hay, and there was only one water-jug in the whole establishment, but we managed to get food of a kind; still, we enjoyed our visit, but were glad to pursue our journey on the morrow. Now I believe there is a new hotel built by the railway company, which is worthy of the beautiful situation of the town. Ronda is built on a high rock, and is almost surrounded by the river Guadiana, which runs through a precipitous cleft of the rock, 530 feet in depth, named by the inhabitants the "Taja," pronounced "Taga." There is a very fine view of the sierras, and the town contains one of the finest bull-rings in Spain, with seating accommodation for, it is said, 10,000 spectators. Now that there is a commodious and well-equipped hotel in the immediate neighbourhood of the railway, it would, I am sure, be a most delightful place in which to spend a holiday. Indeed, Spain is a glorious country, and if there was not so much "mañana" about the people, and more honesty and enterprise in existence, it would be one of the most enjoyable countries in existence in which to pass a few weeks in winter.

On continuing our journey next day we were joined by a Welsh gentleman—who afterwards became our warm friend—Mr. Gwilliam Evans, who was also going to Bobadilla,

at which place we were under the necessity of parting with our saloon carriage. We had therefore to rest contented with the ordinary Spanish railway coach, and to submit to the manners of some specimens of the uncongenial travelling community on our progress towards Seville. But our unpleasant experience disappeared as we approached that city and the railway led us through a vista of magnificent orange groves with the trees in full blossom, exhaling the most delicious odours imaginable. Talk of the breath of roses, truly it is very sweet, but, oh ! give me for choice the outpourings of a grove of Seville orange-trees in full bloom.

The walks in the vicinity of this interesting city are most enjoyable, being redolent with the exquisite perfume of orange-blossom at this season of the year.

During our visit, which happened to be Holy Week, we witnessed a curious religious procession in which life-sized figures, mounted upon lightly built carts, took part. These were drawn by men who rested every now and again, when they took cover under the conveyances and enjoyed a cigarette. One of the figures was intended to represent our Saviour; the others, I presume, were the Apostles, but they were very rude works of art, if a relationship to art could be claimed. They rocked to and fro in their passage along the streets to such an extent that one naturally became afraid lest they should topple over into the street. It was while watching this procession that we again came across Lord Northbrook and Lady Emma.

There is a wonderful palace, a perfect relic of the Moorish occupation. This is situated in one of the most charming of gardens, which is watered in a rather peculiar fashion, so arranged that the water can be made to overflow the footpaths, and that without any warning to promenaders. The palace, which still retains its Moorish name of the Alcazar, is built very much on the lines of the Alhambra, and, as may be imagined, is a highly artistic production, being, an exceedingly fine example of Moorish work. The Giralda situated close to the Cathedral, is also of Moorish origin, having been built for a bell tower, and is 295 feet in height. The ascent is made, not by steps, but by a series of inclined

planes; and from the top a most extensive view of the highly fertile surrounding country can be obtained. The exterior is ornamented with delicate Moorish detail, while the base is situated in the court of oranges. The tower is, said to be the finest specimen of its kind in Europe; and certainly there is nothing in the world can surpass the beauty of the Alcazar and its compeer, the magnificent Alhambra, both exquisite examples of Moorish art.

After our enjoyable and instructive visit to this interesting and historic city, famous as the birthplace and home of Murillo, whose dwelling we had taken the opportunity of visiting, we took train to Granada, from which we drove without stopping in the city, up the steep ascent to the Washington Irving Hotel, situated in close proximity to the Alhambra, this noble monument, of course, being our inducement to visit Granada. The city itself we left to be explored later on.

Having secured rooms which we had previously engaged through our friend Mr. Morrison, of Algeciras, and partaken of an excellent dinner, we spent the evening listening to the charming melody of innumerable nightingales. The hotel was full to overflowing, so that our friend Mr. Evans was under the necessity of finding accommodation at an annexe situated on the opposite side of the road. My wife and I, having been introduced to the proprietor by our friend the general manager of the Algeciras railway, were immediately taken into favour, and were shown many courtesies, amongst which was the display of some very handsome diamond jewellery, of which the owner of the hotel was a collector; and evidently he had the means of gratifying his taste to a considerable extent, thanks to the popularity of his hotel.

In the morning we paid the first of many visits to what still remains of the most perfect specimen of Moorish art, which occupied more than one hundred years to build, but upon which, immediately after the expulsion of the Moors in 1492, vandals commenced their nefarious work, and by successive attacks executed their devilish designs to spoil the surpassing beauty of the Alhambra. Notwithstanding this, however, it still retains many features of its marvellous

grandeur, bearing ample evidence of the highly cultured artistic capabilities of a race which, since then, has sadly degenerated.

The situation of the palace, being upon an elevated plateau, is one of rare natural beauty which adds greatly to its own supernal grandeur, and from it is obtained an extensive view of the city and plain of Granada towards the west and north, and of the heights of the Sierra Nevada towards the south and east. It has been poetically described as "a pearl set in emeralds," the gem being surrounded by luxurious woods. Unfortunately, Charles V. destroyed the greater portion of the winter palace to make room for a more modern structure which he intended to occupy, but which never was finished. In succeeding centuries the carelessness of the Spanish Government permitted this masterpiece of Moorish art to be still further mutilated, while in 1812 some of the towers were blown up by the French, the whole building narrowly escaping a similar fate.

It is beyond my power to do justice to the wonderfully beautiful aspects of this marvellous structure. I can, however, safely affirm that I do not believe it is possible for anyone to have derived greater pleasure than I experienced from the numerous visits I paid during my stay there; each time to be refreshed and gratified by the ecstatic and enthralling visions it was my good fortune to encounter and emboss upon my memory.

The following lines, in some measure, convey the impression left upon my vision:

Alhambra, acme of resplendent art;
Ideal of the mediæval mind,
Which thrilled with ecstasy the Moorish heart,
When, in its depths, the light of genius shined,
And brought to birth this monumental pile,
Which, like a jewel, choicest of its kind,
Adorned the setting Nature had designed.

During our sojourn at the Washington Irving Hotel, in company with Mr. Evans and Mr. Singer, of Coventry, and his daughter, my wife and I paid a visit to the city of Granada, which is beautifully situated on the north-western slope of

the Sierra Nevada, and at an altitude of 2,195 feet above the sea. On the east it is bounded by the gardens and hill of the Alhambra. In the immediate vicinity are to be seen quarries of the most beautiful and varied coloured marble.

During the Moorish régime it must have been a city of great beauty, but it is now in a most dilapidated condition. The streets are ill-paved and denote a terrible falling away from good government, yet there are still some very fine squares and avenues, relics of the Moorish occupation, but, as a whole, it is a wretched-looking place. The Cathedral is of interest, but the life-sized paintings of individuals are of a most disgusting nature, exemplifying, as they do, the cruelty of the Inquisition, and bearing ample evidence of their horrible methods of torturing and murdering their victims.

In one room there was a large collection of beautiful and unique cabinets, which we admired very much, but which, of course, were looked upon by our company as sacred property and unsaleable; and this a priest, who accompanied us, told us was the case. One of the gentlemen who accompanied us, however, when left alone with the priest, expressed a great desire to obtain possession of a cabinet, and eventually succeeded in overcoming the priest's scruples by the offer of a sum in English gold, very much less than the value, even had the cabinet been of modern workmanship. So much for the morality of both priest and purchaser, the sacrilegious thief on the one hand, and the receiver of stolen goods on the other. Of course, it is needless to state that the purchased article was removed surreptitiously from the building, and shortly afterwards arrived in England.

At a short distance from the city we visited a village of cave-dwellers, the caves being quite commodious and wonderfully complete in their internal arrangements. Moreover, the inhabitants appeared quite contented with their prehistoric dwellings, and they seemed to be very pleased to receive into their domiciles anyone who cared to call upon them in a friendly spirit; but always on the understanding that they paid for their " footing," as such a visit would be designated in Scotland.

It was with no little reluctance we took our departure from this interesting locality with its charming associations, but time would not permit of further delay, so our party took its way to Cordova, where we were, also due to my friend Morrison's influence, received most cordially by the proprietor of the hotel he had fixed upon for us to stop at during our visit to this famous city. Cordova is chiefly famous on account of its Mosque, now a Cathedral. This magnificent building is one of the glories of Moorish architecture, and was second in size only to the Kaaba at Mecca. Unfortunately, in the sixteenth century, a Cathedral was built inside it, considerably detracting from its unique beauty. This act of architectural vandalism was well characterised by the Emperor Charles V., who rebuked the authorities in the following words: " You have built here what could have been built as well anywhere else; and you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

We entered through a splendid courtyard 500 feet in length, which is shaded with palms and orange trees. On entering we were bewildered by the magnificence of a perfect labyrinth of pillars, in which are combined porphyry, jasper, and different coloured marble, which have been brought from various parts of the world, including Seville, Carthage, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, the latter having been taken from the temple of Solomon. The Moorish character of the edifice has, however, been very much destroyed by building in its midst, at the expense of the removal of a great number of pillars, the Cathedral above-mentioned.

During one of our visits we beheld an imitation of the ceremony of washing the Apostles' feet by our Lord. This was accomplished in a very perfunctory manner by a priest, the Apostles being represented by twelve poor men. It could hardly be described as an impressive performance.

My friend Mr. Morrison had secured two sleeping-berths for our journey to Madrid, which we had arranged to take by night. On our arrival at the station, about 10 p.m., we found the train had not kept up to time, and when it did arrive, though it was quite lit up when it entered the station, the lights seemed suddenly to fail, and, as my wife and I were entering the carriage, now in darkness, I was jostled

by two men, and thinking I might have unconsciously been at fault, I thought it my duty to apologise, and my apology was at once accepted; when the men left the carriage and the train started. Very soon afterwards I understood what the jostling meant, for I found my pocket-book with all my tickets had been taken from my pocket; these men, as I learned afterwards, were a gang of pickpockets, and the whole affair was evidently pre-arranged with the conductor and police. Fortunately they got no money, as after paying my hotel bill I had removed eight £5 Bank of England notes from the pocket-book, which the hotel-keeper evidently had not observed—for I have no doubt he also was in the plot—and placed them in the hip-pocket of my trousers. Our berths had been paid for, and though the tickets had been stolen, I refused to pay the conductor over again, as the fact of berths having been booked for me was evidence of this, but I gave him a tip, with which he seemed satisfied at the time. But some other rogue had evidently put him up to calling at our hotel in the Puerta del Sol, and demanding the price of my fare from Cordova. This I refused to accede to, and gave him my card instead, telling him to take that to the secretary of the railway company, as I felt sure he was attempting to blackmail me; and that was the last I heard of the matter. It was characteristic of the Spaniards that we were charged the ordinary tariff at the hotel, up to the date of the meeting of the International Medical Congress, when the various hotel-keepers had arranged to increase their prices, a system of graft which was quite opposed to the conduct of the hotel proprietors in other countries, who, on the contrary, made a reduction in their tariffs to members of the profession visiting their cities in previous years.

Having arrived in Madrid some days before the opening of the Congress, I called upon the Secretary, who received me very cordially and helped considerably to make our visit more enjoyable than otherwise would have been the case. He was also good enough to invite my wife and me to seats in his box at the opera. As this box was directly opposite to that of the Queen-Mother, we had, at the opening of the Congress, which was held at the Opera House, and at which

the young King and his mother were present, the privilege of having an excellent view of the exalted personages present at the ceremony. The following day the Congress was supposed to enter upon the business of the meeting, but the Madrid committee had so sadly mismanaged the order of procedure that the business portion of the programme ended in complete chaos, so that only disorder and confusion were rampant. To make matters worse, no one in authority was present to smooth down the rowdy element which was in evidence on every hand, so that a number of the members, who had come from distant countries, left Madrid in disgust. Some of these, I know, had come from Russia. Gradually, some kind of order was forthcoming, and the various sections were got to work, though many complaints were made by those who had come long distances to give their views on important medical topics, and who were unable to obtain a hearing. It was my good fortune to enlist an interest in my subject in Dr. Lorand, of Carlsbad, who succeeded in placing my name on the agenda, when I was called upon to read my paper on the " Treatment of Cancer without Operation." This, I was gratified to note, was received with great cordiality by the audience, much interest being taken in what at that time was an unexploited method of treating cancer, but which to-day is becoming more generally adopted as the only legitimate method of treatment of this scourge.

At the meeting I had the pleasure of inaugurating many friendships, which I have continued ever since, one which I value very highly being that of Dr. Stedman, editor of the New York *Medical Record*, who has more than once honoured me by publishing my views on this important subject in his widely read journal. Several of my London *confrères* who were present, and with whom I had friendly concourse, I fear were not quite so favourable to my views as I should have liked, yet some of these seem now to look upon me with a more friendly eye. Others, however, I grieve to say, have gone over to the great majority, amongst them being Sir William Broadbent and Sir John Tyler, both of whom were staying at the same hotel at which my wife and I had taken up our quarters.

The Sunday following our arrival at Madrid, being Easter, Mr. Evans and I took seats in the bull-ring to witness the most degrading form of sport, which to the Spaniard appeals with such predominating enthusiasm, but which was so sickening to me, that upon the first horse being disembowelled by the horns of the bull, I should have left the place in disgust, had not my friend Evans insisted upon my remaining until this, the first, bull received its *coup de grâce.* This I reluctantly consented to do, but when I saw the gaping wounds of wounded horses being stuffed with straw to keep the bowels from protruding, it was with considerable repugnance I consented to remain. After beholding several narrow escapes of picadors and matadors, and witnessing the final scene where the toreador finished the bull with a scientific thrust of his sword, by which he pierced the heart of the animal, we were glad to escape into the pure air. Oh ! the wanton cruelty of this debasing sport, where the poor brute is maddened by having sharpened darts thrust into its shoulders, until, by all sorts of torturing, it becomes infuriated to such a degree that in its wild plunging it becomes so exhausted that it is impossible to continue any longer the unequal contest, when the opportunity of the toreador has arrived, and the poor stricken beast receives the finishing stroke, which ends the inhuman display of the sport, so-called.

We were invited to many places of amusement, amongst which was a dancing-saloon, where Spanish dancing-girls were displaying with great vigour their proficiency in the wildest of terpsichorean performances. This, however, seemed to be highly appreciated by the Spanish onlookers. It signally failed to excite much interest in our party, so we soon left.

There was one kind of sport which interested us very much—" pelota," I think it is named. This was pursued in an immense oblong, barn-like building of considerable dimensions, with lofty walls. The wall toward which the game was played was divided into two by means of a line about twenty feet from the ground, and on the right of the players there was a gallery from which the sight-seers viewed the game, and where betting upon the game—which was

largely indulged in—was going on apace. The players were each provided with a kind of racquet, somewhat of a basket shape, and of considerable size. It was a two-some game. The sport consisted in driving a ball against the wall, which must be kept in constant motion, and be made at each successive stroke to hit the wall above the line above-mentioned, or the stroke would be lost. Failing to strike the ball would also prove fatal to the play. The exertion necessary to carry through a game can hardly be estimated by anyone who has not witnessed the tremendous strain endured by those engaged in the contest, which is a most exciting spectacle to witness, so that I was not surprised to learn that those who are constantly engaged in such feats rarely survive forty years of age. Notwithstanding this, however, it is a most popular form of sport in Spain, and one which appeals forcibly to the gambling spirit of the age. The prolonged strain upon the heart of those engaged in the game must be terrible, hence the cutting short of their lives; the limit of life, it is said, being forty-five.

One of the sights of Madrid was the changing of the guard at the palace every forenoon, which we witnessed on several occasions. We also paid a visit to the armoury, which is said to contain what is probably the most complete collection of the kind in existence; the arms of the most antiquated construction being in evidence alongside of those of every era in the world's history, up to the present day.

The Queen-Mother very kindly gave a reception at the Palace to a number of the members of the Congress, to which my wife and I were fortunate enough to receive invitations, and we were permitted to have access to the magnificent apartments of the palace, containing innumerable and priceless works of art, composed of tapestry, pictures, and bric-à-brac. On another occasion Her Majesty and the young King gave a garden-party to the members of the Congress, to which my wife, Sir John Tyler, and I had the honour of being invited. This was held in the Royal gardens, and was a most interesting function.

We also paid several visits to the Royal picture-galleries, situated in the Prado, and derived intense enjoyment from the magnificent collection of pictures which they contain.

Beyond the Prado are the Buen Retiro gardens, a most delightful spot, which we were only enabled to visit once during our visit, although this extended over three weeks.

At this time the English sovereign was worth thirty-seven pesetas, and I was thus enabled to make purchases at a considerably reduced cost, one of which was a mantilla for my wife. In this connection I may mention that I experienced no little difficulty in obtaining £20, which I had requested to be sent to me from Scotland. I presented an order from the Glasgow Post Office to the General Post Office in Madrid, to deliver a registered addressed letter to me; but this order they refused to honour, which tended to place me in rather an awkward predicament. The officials refused to acknowledge me as the person entitled to receive the money, notwithstanding my handing them my visiting-card as well as the order. At last I consulted my hotel landlord, who accompanied me to the post office, and affirmed that I was the person to whom the letter was addressed, although he had no more knowledge of me than the officials possessed. However, in the end I got possession of the cash, much to my relief. Of course, had it not been delivered to me, I should have placed the affair in the British Ambassador's hands, which I threatened to do, and this seemed to bring them to their senses. Of course, I had circular notes with me sufficient for our travelling expenses, but not for making purchases.

Our friend Evans left us at Madrid, while we remained for a few days after the Congress had come to an end. Sir John Tyler, who also prolonged his visit, and I made up our minds to visit Toledo (my wife refused to accompany us), formerly the capital of Spain. As this city is only about forty-seven miles from Madrid, a day was quite sufficient to enable us to become acquainted with the objects of special interest, and return to Madrid in good time for dinner. The position of the place is worthy of being noted, situated as it is upon a rugged promontory of granite, while beneath it is nearly surrounded by the Tagus, flowing through a precipitous gorge, which in troublous days afforded the town considerable safety from attack. The river is spanned by two fortified Moorish

bridges, said to have been built in the thirteenth century. The town itself struck me as being a most dreary and monotonous place to reside in, the absence of movement in the uninviting streets being most depressing. It was of interest, however, to observe that Toledo blades were still being manufactured. A modest dagger alone constituted my purchases.

The Cathedral, said to be the finest ecclesiastical building in Spain, was well worthy of our attention. This was completed in 1493. It is of massive Gothic architecture, and it measures in length 400 feet by 180 feet broad. It is divided by eighty-four pillars into five naves, and is adorned by over 200 silver-gilt statuettes, besides priceless pictures by Titian, Rubens, and other equally celebrated artists. Moreover, it is lit by 750 magnificent stained-glass windows—which I need hardly say we did not take the trouble to count—all of which were said to be of Flemish workmanship.

Our next and last excursion, while we remained in Madrid, was to the Escurial, situated about twenty miles north-west of the capital, where we came across a lady and gentleman we had previously met at Cordova; and on comparing notes and relating our experience at the station, the latter told us a similar story to that of our own. In his case, however, the result was more serious than with us. Evidently the same gang had been at work, as their proceedings were identical with those practised upon me. The lights went down in the train, and the victims were hustled while getting into the train, during which process the husband had his pocket-book, containing his railway tickets and £60 in notes, extracted from his pocket; a much more serious loss than mine.

The Escurial was built by Philip II. of Spain, to celebrate his victory over the French at St. Quentin on August 10, 1557, the foundation stone having been laid in 1563; the building, however, was not completed until September, 1594. It is looked upon as the most remarkable building in Europe, for it contains within its walls a palace, a mausoleum, a church and a convent.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the palace is the cell from which Philip II., when he lay on his death-bed,

through an opening in the wall, could witness the celebration of the Mass. Since then the building has passed through many sad vicissitudes, amongst these being a fire which raged for fifteen days, when only the church, a part of the palace, and two towers escaped uninjured. The ravages of this fire, however, have been restored by successive monarchs, especially by Ferdinand VII., so that the principal features of the edifice have been retained, though these again suffered seriously by the vandalism of the French in 1808. The library, still being in existence, though sadly impoverished by plunder and neglect, is another interesting object. This at one time was one of the richest in Europe, before it suffered so severely by the fire of 1671.

The mausoleum, however, from all appearances seems to have been left intact, and is a unique sight containing, as it does, over twenty niches, each occupied by a black marble sarcophagus containing the remains of Charles V., Philip II., and their successors on the Spanish throne down to Ferdinand VII., with the exception of Philip V. and Ferdinand VI.—several of the sarcophagi being still empty. The pantheon, moreover, is decorated in a most elaborate and rich manner, and from my point of view was the most interesting object in the building. The few hours at our disposal were only sufficient to enable us to grasp the immensity of the vast structure we had come to see, and our visit came to an end with only a limited idea of its importance. Towards evening, just before taking our departure, we wandered into a kind of garden, more like a coppice than a proper garden, and were enraptured by the chorus of a whole choir of nightingales in full song.

We left Madrid the day following, and while regretting to quit this beautiful country, we were not sorry to leave behind us its predatory inhabitants; and therefore felt quite relieved when we arrived at Biarritz, where we spent two most enjoyable days, which we would willingly have extended to as many weeks, had duty not called us homewards. No wonder our good King Edward was so fond of it, and the same could be said of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, who really brought it into such prominent note. Taking up our quarters at the Hôtel de

l'Europe, where we experienced every possible kindness from the charming proprietress, we had the pleasure of finding my old friend Alexander (afterwards Sir Alexander) Cross and his sister, who were staying at the same hotel.

Biarritz may safely lay claim to be called the queen of seaside resorts, with its glorious beach, or Plage, its casinos, baths, luxurious villas and fine hotels, all looking on the Bay of Biscay, while to the south of the town there is a spot where there is situated a rude pier, from which one beholds the immense rollers of the Atlantic as they come thundering in, spending their force upon the Atalaye point, and breaking in showers of spray all over the place. We were fortunate in being present when a stiff westerly breeze was blowing, and therefore a splendid display of the ocean forces was revealed to us.

The town is most interesting, and contains some beautiful shops, many of them stocked with articles of a tempting nature, to which we fell a willing prey. There, indeed, in my humble opinion, could be no more enjoyable place in which to spend a delightful holiday, and my wife and I only regretted we had not cut our visit in Spain to an extent which would have permitted us to enjoy a longer sojourn at this charming seaside resort, and also to take a run to Bayonne to indulge in sampling its famous oysters. The only satisfaction we had in this respect was to view the famous old town from a distance.

Although time was becoming more and more precious, we determined to snatch a couple of days to have a look at Bordeaux, one of the finest and largest cities of France; also one of the most important, both from a commercial and beautiful point of view. The former characteristic is brought into prominence by its extensive and busy quays, flanked by enormous and lofty warehouses and factories, in the background of which are situated mansions of no mean proportions; while to the latter visitors are conveyed by numerous tramways, and enabled to make a rapid survey of the beautiful boulevards, and the charming public garden and promenades, all of which are situated near the centre of the city. In the immediate neighbourhood is the beautiful Place de Quinconces, which opens into the Place

de la Comédie, in which is situated the Grand Théâtre, the masterpiece of the architect, Victor Louis.

As is well known, Bordeaux is the centre of the extensive wine-growing district of Médoc, and, although situated sixty miles from the sea, is in navigable connection with it by means of the beautiful Garonne, which is crossed by the Pont de Bordeaux, a magnificent stone bridge over 1,500 feet in length.

Having completed our short but most interesting visit, we undertook a daylight journey to Paris, which was a highly enjoyable trip through one of the most charming and historic portions of *la belle France*, arriving in the evening at the Hôtel de Londres in time for dinner. Here we met with a most disagreeable and barefaced piece of roguery. There existed at that time a stupid custom of publishing in the Paris newspapers the names of strangers arriving at the various hotels. These are got hold of by a gang of thieves, members of which walk into a hotel, and, during the dinner-hour, having by some means ascertained the number of a visitor's room, gain access to it, and help themselves to any valuables that may be accessible. On this occasion a woman was the culprit, who made her way into our room, opened my wife's dressing-bag, and annexed several articles of jewellery, and, when met coming down-stairs, being asked what her business was, stated that she had been asked by Madame Bell to obtain the address of a certain person, but having found she was not in her room, had left a message with a maid that she, finding Madame was *probably* at dinner, did not care to disturb her, but would forward the address by post. As a matter of fact, we *were* at dinner, and the manager, suspecting some underhand work, came to our table and enquired if my wife had given any such instructions to a woman, and, receiving a negative reply, he rushed to the concierge and enquired if a woman had recently passed out, but he was just a minute too late to intercept the thief. We thereupon put the matter into the hands of the police, but with only negative results. Of course, the proprietor of the hotel quite admitted the concierge was at fault, and expressed his willingness to make good the loss; but, as I felt we were somewhat to

blame in not having locked the bedroom door, and as the thief had overlooked the most valuable article, a diamond brooch, we did not insist upon taking advantage of his offer on the understanding that he would endeavour to find the thief and restore the lost articles. But, needless to say, no success rewarded his efforts, if he ever made any.

In the summer of 1903 the Congress of the British Medical Association was held at Swansea, when my wife and I were the guests of Mr. Gwilliam Evans at his charming residence near Llanelly, which is within easy driving distance of Swansea. Mr. Evans, whom, it may be remembered, we met at Ronda in Spain, was a most popular man in Carmarthenshire, being D.L. and J.P. of the county. During our visit the Baroness Cederström—Madame Adelina Patti—gave a garden-party, to which Mr. Evans, my wife, and I received invitations, an honour which we highly appreciated. It was a lovely day, and the drive of thirty miles to Craig-y-nos in Mr. Evans' motor-car was most enjoyable. We were enchanted with that beauty spot, and our charming host and hostess received us on our arrival, and entertained us most sumptuously. We were shown the beautiful little theatre, and invited to explore the Castle grounds, which possess a charm it is impossible to give full expression to. Refreshment tables were placed at various splendidly selected points, and were loaded with refreshment of the most recherché description. Altogether it was a highly delightful entertainment in every sense of the word; which, I feel sure, the numerous guests enjoyed to the full. Compared to the present state of affairs on roads, one looks back to that time with a certain amount of amazement, when I state that we only saw one other motor-car on that sixty-mile drive to Craig-y-nos and back.

CHAPTER XVI

LONDON—WORK AND RECREATION

My friend Dr. Kenneth Scott, who had left Egypt and had commenced practice as an ophthalmic surgeon in London, now urged me to come to London, and when I had made up my mind to do so, he kindly arranged to look out for me suitable consulting-rooms, strongly advising me not to think of Harley Street, and I feel glad I took his advice on that point. He very kindly found me suitable accommodation at 15, Half Moon Street, which is not only more central than Harley Street, but has now the advantage of being near to the tube stations which have come into being since I took up my professional quarters in Mayfair. Moreover, motor buses pass the Piccadilly end of the street every minute or two, an additional advantage.

The decision to come to London was not taken without serious consideration. For some time several of my patients had been trying to persuade me to take this step, since my prospects of getting my views adopted by my professional brethren would be infinitely greater than was the case in Glasgow. My removal, however, entailed sacrificing a lucrative consulting practice, and severing my connection with the Hospital for Women's Diseases, which I had founded in 1877. On the other hand, I had no great prospect of gathering together a sufficient clientèle even to pay expenses. I felt, however, that being at the hub would be better than remaining on the tyre, as the tyre is entirely dependent upon the hub; so that some impulse made me decide to do my best in London, trusting that with Divine help, upon which I ever relied, I would be enabled to convince my professional brethren that my policy is the right one to follow in the treatment of cancer. And it is wonderful how frequently I have received valuable help from sources I never before knew were in existence. Fortunately, I

was in the possession of means sufficient to enable me to live comfortably without any monetary assistance from my practice; otherwise it would not have been possible for me to act as I did.

In the spring of 1905, then, having sub-let Glenae, we came up to London and took rooms in the Hotel Russell, preparatory to looking out for a residence with some ground and a good garden attached to it; and after inspecting a number of places within easy reach of the city, my wife and I, after eighteen months of search and innumerable disappointments, at last succeeded in securing a suitable residence on the outskirts of Ewell. This was named Stoneleigh, after the name of the original proprietor, whose name was Stone. This, however, after having bought the place, we changed to Ewell Park, and it well deserved its new name. It stands in the midst of thirty acres of park-land, off which was railed about seven acres for a garden, orchard, tennis court, and shrubberies. Amidst this was situated the dwelling-house and offices. The place is of somewhat historic interest, as the ground was at one time part of the policies surrounding Non-Such Palace, frequently occupied by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. What constituted the lawn and flower-beds fronting the south aspect of the house was the bowling-green of the Palace, at the south border of which there is growing a magnificent oak tree of great age, computed at 700 years. This bore the name of King Henry's Oak, the legend being that he was accustomed to sit under its shade, watching the games of bowls. The bowling-green keeper's house has been transformed into the kitchen premises of the present house, and a small farmhouse, which was built on to this, is now remodelled and connected with the modern dwelling, which had been built twenty-five years when we obtained possession. It may be of interest to my readers who have a love of sport to know that during the first year of our residence at Ewell Park, which is only thirteen miles from Charing Cross, I shot ten brace of partridges on this thirty acres, and I could have got a hare at any time; but these I spared for the harriers which hunted the district at frequent intervals, so that my ground was looked upon as a sort of sanctuary.

The garden contained fifty-four pear trees of the choicest varieties, and of excellent quality, which were a beautiful sight in spring when they were in full blossom, and quite as much so when they were laden with fruit. The wall of the garden was covered with peach and nectarine trees; so that with a number of apple, plum, and greengage trees, we were well supplied with fruit; while a vinery yielded an ample supply of grapes of three varieties. I need hardly say we greatly enjoyed this charming spot, but the time came, after residing at Ewell over five years, when my work, including attendance at the Battersea Hospital, to which I was appointed as Physician in Charge of Cancer Research, made it imperative I should take up my residence in London. Having therefore received a good offer from Mr. William Stevens, a gentleman who had made his fortune in the Argentine, I sold the property to him.

There was one incident which pointed to the necessity of leaving Ewell and taking a house in London, otherwise there was a constant risk of my work being sadly interfered with. For on this occasion my wife and I were detained in London in consequence of a dense fog having settled down upon the city, while we were present at a matinée at one of the theatres. So dense was the fog, that on going to Waterloo station, we found there was no prospect of a train being able to leave for Ewell if the fog did not lift; and as I could see no prospect of this, we went to the Waldorf Hotel, where I was well known to the manager; and he kindly took us in, though we were minus luggage of any description, so I was obliged to go out into the Strand and buy night clothes, a shirt, two tooth-brushes, and brush and comb, and so supplied our immediate needs. The fog, however, continued until the third day, so we were unable to get home until we had spent two nights at the hotel, but we managed to find our way after dinner to the Lyceum Theatre, and to the Gaiety the following evening. Even then, though the distance is so short, we found great difficulty in getting back to our hotel; and had it not been for my wife's shrewdness, though we were never more than one hundred yards from our quarters, I don't know where we might have wandered to. This was an experience which went a long

way to make us decide to come and live in town. We were then fortunate in securing the flat, No. 10, Thorney Court, where we have been resident during the past eleven years. Its position is one of the choicest in London, as our public rooms overlook Kensington Gardens, so that we have from our windows a view hardly to be excelled by that obtained from many a country mansion.

Before we left the Hotel Russell, my friend Dr. Duke introduced me to Dr. Brown, editor of the *Medical Times*, who immediately took great interest in my work, and kindly proposed that I should write a series of articles for his journal, which I gladly consented to do. The friendship which rapidly sprang up between Dr. Brown and myself was highly advantageous to both of us, especially to me, as through the medium of the *Medical Times* frequent opportunity was given me to set forth my views on the subject I had so much at heart. Without his sympathy I should have been sorely handicapped, since (with the exception of the *Medical Press*) all the other medical journals in London refused me the hospitality of their columns, and this notwithstanding the fact of my having been a regular contributor to them in previous years.

From this time onward I have been waging an unceasing fight against the treatment of cancer by operation, as I shall relate in the following chapters. As will be seen, my doctrine is so much at variance with the orthodoxy of the day, that it has been exceedingly difficult for me to overcome long-established prejudices. There are, however, two mottoes which have always stood me in good stead: *Nil sine Deo* and *Nil desperandum*. So far these have carried me forward, and I am convinced they will see me through whatever difficulties may crop up before me in the future. Truly, as a reviewer of one of my books has put it, mine has been a lonely furrow to plough, but I am thankful to say many co-workers have now come forward, until the outlook is more promising, and it is evident that what was considered heterodoxy will become the orthodoxy of the future. It has been my comfort in many a trying position to remember Disraeli's remark: "Everything comes to him who waits," and this seems to be coming true in my case.

In 1911 I took a lease for three years of Dalreoch shootings and salmon fishing. The place is situated near the west coast of Ayrshire, about midway between the town of Ayr on the north and Stranraer on the south; and as Stranraer is the terminus of the railway, and the port from which the mailboats run regularly to Belfast, it was possible for me to leave London at 8.30 p.m. and reach Stranraer at 6 a.m. the following morning, whence by motor-car I was able to reach my house in time for breakfast, the distance being twenty-four miles. And this was the way I frequently spent a week-end after my wife and servants had returned to London, which was at the end of September, when my annual holiday of two months had terminated. We had quite a commodious and up-to-date house, attached to which was a delightful and productive garden, and a farm close at hand from which we procured an ample supply of milk, butter, eggs and fowls; while I could, whenever necessary, go to the river, only about a hundred yards distant from the house, and bring home a salmon, or sometimes two. Then we had an abundant supply of game of all kinds in their season, so that there was no difficulty in keeping the larder well stocked with home produce.

The river—Stinchar by name—only fishes well in the autumn, and yields salmon which run up to considerable weight, with an average of fully eighteen pounds; but I frequently have landed them up to twenty-three and twenty-four pounds, my largest turning the scale at thirty-two pounds. I hooked him in a pool, called the " Priestman," in connection with which there is an eddy on the opposite side of the river, in which all kinds of rubbish have accumulated. Therefore, it was always the sportsman's aim to keep the fish in the main stream, for if once he gained access to this pool, the chances were that he would get the gut cast entangled amongst the submerged contents of the eddy, and break away. Well, I managed to be able to put sufficient strain upon the fish to keep him out of the danger zone; and having got him tired out to some extent, succeeded in keeping his head down stream in an endeavour to drown him, when he made a spurt, and taking a lot of line out, succeeded in gaining a stream lower down the

river where it widens out, the depth being consequently reduced considerably, so that there was not sufficient water to cover the fish properly. There he commenced to flounder about, so that I was in terror of losing him, when my man, who, like myself, always was clad in waterproof waders, rushed into the middle of the stream and gaffed the fish; but no sooner had he taken the strain off my line than the hook dropped out of its hold. However, by that time the gaff was in his flesh, and he was safely landed.

Talking of that eddy, a friend of mine, who was fishing this same pool, while I was watching him, succeeded in hooking a splendid fish, which immediately tried to make for the eddy. I urged my friend to put forth every effort to keep the fish from gaining its objective, but to no purpose. The result was that though the line remained taut, the efforts of the fish had evidently ceased. My conjecture at first was that the fish had gone to the bottom and was sulking. I therefore advised my friend to wade to the opposite bank and endeavour to put a move on him, keeping the line taut all the time. My gamekeeper and I being interested spectators of the scene, we urged my friend to put as much strain on his line as compatible with safety. This he did for some considerable time, and yet there was no movement. At last, however, the fish, as we thought, began to give signs of giving way, when lo and behold we, from our position, saw something black appearing on the surface of the water, but no salmon; and to our amazement, and amid fits of laughter, a pair of black breeks (trousers) was gradually brought to land. So the joke went round: "He hooked a salmon and landed a pair of breeks!"

The one drawback to this river was that it only remained in fishing order for a day or two after a spate, as it rose in depth very quickly after rain, but fell as rapidly. On the whole, however, we hadn't much to complain of, as my friends and I managed to land twenty-seven salmon during my first season at Dalreoch, all of good size. Indeed, on several occasions it was my good fortune to capture two before lunch.

The shooting was also fairly satisfactory; in fact, I may say, good for a place of only 1,400 acres. This comprised

grouse, black game, partridges and pheasants. The latter were all wild birds, as there was no hand-rearing practised. My friend William Gillies generally shot with me on the 12th and 20th. We always had a very satisfactory bag of grouse on the former date, and of black game on the 20th, besides various sundries. It was my good fortune to have a most faithful and hard-working gamekeeper, who also attended to the garden, which he took good care to have well stocked with plenty of good things for the table. Gilbert MacWhirter was his name, and be became a great favourite with our friends. He and his wife and two children lived at the lodge entrance to a short avenue leading to the " big house," as it was named, though it was not big by any means.

During the tenure of our lease we, as a family, spent the months of August and September at this delightful retreat. Fortunately, my lease terminated in 1914. It was there we heard of the declaration of war, which we knew meant the giving up of all thoughts of ever returning thither for our holiday.

It was about this time that the mania arose for treating almost every form of disease by injections of serums, manufactured from cultures of the microbes responsible for the infection. This was on the principle which Hahnemann promulgated in 1796—" Similia similibus curantur "—which he named " Homœopathy," on account of his conviction that minute doses of drugs are more efficacious than large doses; and this dogma of his has also been confirmed by the present extensive employment of colloidal solutions of metals, which contain 1 part of the metal in 500 of the solution, and yet are found to be more efficacious than any preparations of the pharmacopœia given in full doses. Now we know that homœopathy has been treated most unfairly by the so-called orthodox members of the medical profession; and I must humbly confess I was one of the most inveterate opponents of its claim for friendly consideration. Now, however, I am fully aware that my opposition was due to wanton ignorance of the fact that minute doses, and minute doses only, will be retained by the

blood, and exercise their curative effects, whereas larger doses of certain medicaments are thrown off as impurities by means of the kidneys, skin, and bowels. Hence the value of those vital colloidal salts and vitols, contained in fruits, vegetables, cereals, milk, cheese and eggs, all of which go far to supply the blood with material, yielding to the cells of the body their vitalising constituents, and so fortifying them against invasion by disease germs. For, believe me, there is not a microbe in existence that is able to obtain a footing in healthy blood. Here, therefore, we have absolute proof of the immense superiority of preventive measures over those involving drugs.

Consequently, I have always been opposed to subcutaneous injections of foreign matter into the blood, for we never know what the ultimate effect may be. Employ Nature's methods to keep the blood pure, and there will be no need for any of these abominable practices.

There is, however, no disputing the fact that all those who continue to employ serums and colloids are, *de facto*, homœopaths, much as they may object to the term. As for myself, after nearly fifty years of opposition to the doctrine (which I sincerely regret), I am proud to proclaim myself, so far as homœopathic doses are concerned, a convert, and yet, as the following incident will illustrate, I have unconsciously been practising it in two important instances.

As a general practitioner, I found that, especially in the lower grades of society, children were frequently troubled with crops of warts growing upon their hands. I really have no knowledge from whom I obtained the idea, but I found these unsightly growths rapidly disappeared under the influence of very small doses (five grains) of sulphate of magnesia, given in water twice a day. And, within the last few years, I have found that the same dose given to adults, night and morning, in a short space of time removes every trace of hæmorrhoids. Now these good effects cannot possibly be due to the purgative constituent of the salts, for the dose would be much too small to produce such an effect. The only reasonable explanation is, that the blood absorbs these small doses, and their retention by it exerts a beneficial influence upon the nutrition of the affected part.

There is a very plausible theory in existence that the absence, or insufficiency, of magnesium in the blood interferes prejudicially with cell nutrition, and this is my personal conviction.

Is it not wonderful that it took over a hundred years to realise the truth contained in Hahnemann's doctrine? And is it not humiliating to look back upon the persecution he endured during so many years, he having been driven from one city after another by men envious of his success in curing disease that they themselves were unable to achieve? Yet they refused to adopt his methods; so at last he was compelled to leave his native land, and carried his more successful plan to Paris, where he found a haven of rest and carried on a highly successful practice. But even in this country his methods were taboo, and to such an extent that, in my younger days, one dare not collaborate with a homœopathic practitioner lest he should be ostracised by his professional brethren. Now, however, willingly or unwillingly, the medical profession all over the world have tacity homologated Hahnemann's doctrine, which not so long ago was looked upon with eyes askance.

But it has been the rule, not only throughout the history of medicine, but also throughout the history of science and art in their various branches, that men who lived before their time were looked upon as maniacs, and persecuted as such. We have only to hark back to the days of Galileo, who lived and taught in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; or Denis Papin, in the seventeenth century, who demonstrated the power of steam, who invented the safety valve, and actually built a boat driven by steam, which was destroyed by a set of ignorant boatmen. Yet the views of these two notable men are now adopted and acted upon throughout the whole civilised world.

I have just been reading the Life of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who, notwithstanding the fact that he was under Royal patronage at the time, was compelled to submit to such an amount of opposition from his *confrères* that his at one time extensive practice dwindled away to such an extent that he said he would have starved had he not been a saving man in his

previous prosperous days; and yet he now stands out as the greatest benefactor to the profession of medicine, and, through it, to the human race. Such would appear to be the reward of those who are able to see ahead a little more keenly, and to the advantage of the community, than their neighbours.

In my personal experience I can remember with what contumely Pasteur and Lister were treated when they brought to fruition their epoch-making discoveries, and launched them forth upon a vapid generation. I am also able to recall the opposition Brown Séquard's discovery of the value of organotherapy was met with by his medical brethren. And yet the offspring of the brains of these eminent men has developed into a sturdy growth, notwithstanding all the shafts of opposition which were hurled at it in its infancy; until now, having been proved invulnerable, it has been endowed with immortality.

It was wonderful how the war affected the income of medical consultants, especially during the first year. In my practice, never a very lucrative one, my receipts went down by fully a half; while a Harley Street man stated that he had been, up to the pre-war date, earning three thousand a year, which, during the first year of the war, was reduced to barely three hundred. After this, however, people seemed to get accustomed to the abnormal conditions, and one's income gradually resumed its normal position. Still, it was out of the question that one could venture to spend as much upon a holiday as before. Moreover, the constant strain, and dread of the almost daily recurring air raids, proved most enervating, and interfered sadly with the enjoyment of life. Still, I am thankful to say I never condescended to take a pessimistic view of things, for I was ever confident in the belief that the Almighty would never allow Great Britain to go under, much as we, as a nation, merited the punishment we were receiving at His hands.

I therefore sent the following essay to Lord Stamfordham to ascertain if the King would not consent to adopt the sentiments therein expressed, and proclaim them, as his own, to the nation, which had assumed, quite unwarrantably,

I always maintained, a most pessimistic mood, notwithstanding the palpable fact that the Almighty Arm had invariably intervened on behalf of the Allies when affairs had, apparently, assumed a desperate condition. Thereby, we, as a people, would be encouraged to confide upon the *real* Source of the " man-power " we talked so much about.

Now it was quite evident the King had read my appeal, because a few days afterwards I had a letter from Lord Stamfordham, asking me to consent to address the document to the King through the medium of the Prime Minister, which I felt I could not possibly comply with, for the cogent reason that my conscience would not permit me to have any dealings with this man.

" We are hearing a great deal at the present time about ' Man Power,' but if we are content to rely upon that alone for victory, we need not be surprised if we fail, as Germany is also relying upon ' Man Power,' and she is possessed of more of it than we. Is it for a moment to be supposed that it was this that enabled our troops to turn the enemy back at the Marne in 1914? Lord Roberts did not think so, but devoutly attributed that retreat to the ' power of Almighty God.' These were his very words when he heard of the German defeat; while Lord Kitchener remarked that ' it was in answer to prayer,' and so, doubtless, it was.

" Just as ' the Assyrian was the rod of God's anger, and the staff in their hand was His indignation, and was sent by Him against a hypocritical nation, and against the people of His wrath ' (Isaiah x. 5 and 6), and was permitted to lay waste the territory in his path, terrorising the inhabitants, and destroying their villages in his march, yet was held up before he was able to reach Jerusalem, and had to content himself by shaking his fist at it; so, I firmly believe, will be the outcome of this mighty struggle; not, however, be assured, before we, as a nation, have received the punishment we so richly deserve, and place implicit trust in the Almighty Arm, and turn away from the hypocrisy which so appallingly permeates the people.

" The amount of irreligion in our midst, and the blasphemy which is rampant, are simply terrible to contemplate: and this in the face of all the mercies and privileges we enjoy, every one of these the gift of our Heavenly Father. How many of us, think you, ever even acknowledge His fatherly care over us, not to mention going down on bended knee to

thank Him for the mercies we are ever receiving from His gracious hand? How many of us offer unto Him the worship that is His due? Why, there is more religion, of a kind, amongst the Mahomedans than there is amongst Christians, or rather I should say, *professing* Christians. The former, according to their lights, are much more devout in their allegiance to Allah than we—'infidels' according to their view, and really a correct designation in numberless instances—are to our Saviour.

"Is it to be wondered at, then, that God has poured out the vials of His wrath upon us? Yet His forbearance has been great, and, so far, has protected our shores from invasion. Notwithstanding this, however, repentance seems very far off still. His name is constantly being taken in vain, the Sabbath desecrated, His commandments ignored, and His houses of worship for the most part comparatively empty.

"We persistently view with contempt the unspeakable love which prompted the Creator to permit the offering up His only-begotten Son as a sacrifice for sin; also, the less important fact that He has made ample provision for the happiness and comfort of the human race. In spite of all this, how meagrely we reciprocate His immeasurable love and forbearance!

"How few is the number of those who, when sitting down to a meal, 'reverently,' and I use this word advisedly, offer up their thanks to the Giver of the food they are about to partake of, and ask His blessing upon His gift! How limited is the number of those who, morning and evening, bow the knee to Him in thankfulness for His presiding care over us, and plead for grace and strength to enable them to resist the devil that he may flee from us!

"Even when we do repeat the Lord's prayer, and say 'Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done,' do we take this to heart and do our best to advance His kingdom on the earth? In other words, are our hearts in our prayer, or is it merely a perfunctory utterance?

"Surely the manifold manifestations of God's love to mankind deserve some recognition and worship on our part. If one receives a gift from a friend, does he not thank his friend for that gift? Why, then, should we not daily and hourly lift up our hearts in reverence and gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, the greatest of which was His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life

for his friends.' And surely this true nobility of character is daily, nay hourly, being exemplified by our brave men at the front, who certainly deserve that we, at home and in safety, should continually offer up our prayers to the God of battles on their behalf; for in His hands remains the issue of the contest, when right shall overcome might. The amount of sacrifice, however, shall be *pro rata* to the trust we place in the Almighty Arm."

During the later days of the war, the Devonshire Club, to show its sympathy with wounded soldiers, arranged to entertain a number of these who were able to leave the various hospitals for a few hours, and be guests of the Club, where a wholesome meal was followed by a healthy and vivacious entertainment. Music, recitations, and funny stories were most prominent in the programme, and I feel I must repeat one of the stories told at one of these meetings.

There were two middle-aged bachelors who had occupied rooms together for a number of years, and were happy in their bachelorhood. They had similar musical tastes. One played the violin, while his friend excelled upon the 'cello. But their boon comradeship was destined to be shattered, when A. without the least warning informed B. that he intended taking to himself a wife. Poor B. was so taken aback at this statement that he hardly knew what to say. At last he expressed a wish to know if his friend was really in earnest, and why he meant in this manner to sever their long friendship. Would he not reconsider his decision? But no, A. was obdurate, and so he got married, and the bride and bridegroom went off on their honeymoon, which, of course, they were supposed to have enjoyed very much, and came home to the flat which the bridegroom had prepared for their domicile. A short time afterwards, having settled down in their abode, A. suggested to his wife that he should like to invite his old friend to dinner one evening, to which Mrs. A. cordially assented. So the meal came off at the appointed time, after which, having enjoyed a generous repast, the port wine circulated freely, both upon the table and in each other's veins. Cigars were then produced, and the lady retired to the drawing-room, leaving the two old friends to unburden their minds to each other. Quite

suddenly, however, the newly-wedded husband made a break in the conversation, and demanded to know what opinion his friend had formed of his wife, remarking that he had seen her and conversed with her, and should therefore be able to give a candid opinion of what he thought of her. Naturally the friend was taken very much by surprise at having such a curious request made to him, and used all his wits to enable him to evade the question. But the husband refused to be baulked, and insisted on his friend giving an unbiased opinion, reiterating, " You have seen her, and must therefore have come to some conclusion as to whether you like her or the reverse "; and, " Remember, I shall not feel annoyed or vexed whatever your reply is. Do you like her, or do you not ?" " Well," replied the friend, " if you will have it, I don't think much of her." " No more do I," replied the husband.

Of the misdeeds of our politicians during the war much might be said. In the appointment of heads of departments, for instance, the nation's welfare appears never to have been considered in the remotest degree. At a time when the most competent men were of supreme importance, the only qualification seemed to be that they should be either friends or supporters of ministers; and the best interests of the country were allowed to go hang. Fancy a shop-walker in a drapery house being placed at the head of an engineering department, which is a fact; and a working gardener being appointed as an inspector of munition factories, also a fact. Here is a story relating to this subject. Two men were appointed to look after suitable wood to be commandeered for military purposes; they were proceeding along a certain road, when they came upon a massive tree which they thought would be suitable. No. 1 remarked that " It is an oak." " Nonsense," replied No. 2, " it is an ash." " Nothing of the sort," persisted No. 1, " it is an oak." " But I say it is an ash." Then they spied a man in khaki approaching them, when it was agreed that he should settle the matter. No. 1 thereupon addressed him, and asked if he could say whether the tree was oak or an ash. " I say it is an oak, but my friend here maintains it is an ash." The soldier, however, made no

reply, but took his bayonet and began poking at the bark, when No. 2 called to him, saying, "What are you doing? We want you to tell us what kind of tree it is." "Well, am I not finding out what kind of tree it is?" replied the man. "Very good; what kind of tree is it?" "It's a wooden tree." And I can believe he was not very far wrong. There are, unfortunately, many such displays of indifference in politicians towards the interests of the country. But the above being a fair illustration of this fitness for office, it is of little use prolonging the agony.

It is melancholy to remember that members of the Government actually presumed to scoff at that exemplary patriot, dear old Lord Roberts, when he worked so unremittingly to stir up the country to prepare for the cataclysm which he foresaw would deluge the world with blood, his warnings being designated the "ravings of a man in his dotage." The "dotards" were the men in office, many of whose actions were, to say the least, suspicious, and who, had they possessed the backbone of a mouse, would have taken such precautions as would have compelled the German miscreant to think twice before he declared war.

My dear old friend Mr. William Reid—who was then in his ninetieth year—on more than one occasion remarked to me—and this was many years ago—that one of the greatest calamities that could befall this country would be "an impecunious Cabinet." And how terribly accurate has been his forecast is surely sufficiently evident to-day (1922). The idea of a man being Prime Minister of this country who preached class hatred; reviled those whom he was pleased to term "the idle rich"; increased the Bureaucracy to a hitherto unheard of extent; and who is responsible to a large extent for the labour unrest at the present time and the critical condition of the Empire, is certainly far beyond my comprehension.

On looking back upon my past life, and comparing the days of my youth and my prime with those of to-day, it is sad to contemplate the turmoil and unrest that has sprung up so wickedly since the last half of the nineteenth century came to an end. Yet the pleasant memories which illumined it—though so often, aye, *very* often brought to a

tragic end through death—do not die, but still clothe those days, when life continued to animate those who shed such a radiant happiness over one's existence with an indescribable charm.

> Memory is that store-room of the soul,
> Which is replete with ancient youthful lore,
> Yet still subservient to one's own control—
> Though much remains one fain would now ignore,
> Or bury in oblivion's vast abyss;
> That thus, with vision cleared, one might once more
> Recall the vanished days of perfect bliss.

One of the most pleasing episodes of my career has been my association with Mrs. Douglas-Hamilton in her noble efforts to rescue helpless infants—the flotsam cast upon the callous sea of life—who would otherwise have been left to sink or swim, but in any case to drift into a condition worse than death.

It was in 1915 that my friend, on her own initiative, undertook to establish, and personally to supervise, a philanthropic mission to be devoted to this splendid work. Her aim, in which she has been eminently successful, was to rescue from inevitable profligacy, and in the majority of cases from impending death, defenceless infants who were either completely destitute and bereft of parents, or whom for some reason the parents or parent (in many instances a girl-mother) were unable to rear. Many of these poor mites, when first brought under her care, were in so emaciated a condition that it appeared to be an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt to revive the perverted functional activity of the organ which normally presides over nutrition. The poor little objects had frequently been reduced to such an extent that their natural power of resisting disease was lost, and consequently they fell an easy prey to tubercular infection, the disease attacking the mesenteric glands and producing that wasting malady named *tabes mesenterica*, a potent and prolific cause of mortality in children of a certain stratum of society, in which indifference to, and ignorance concerning, child-welfare are so appallingly prevalent.

It was in this apparently desperate condition of affairs that Mrs. Douglas-Hamilton honoured me, by inviting me to co-operate with her in the work of salving some, at least, of the wreckage of infant life, which is so frequently allowed to pass into the Great Beyond without an effort being made to rescue it. My duty, of course, was to devote my special attention to the administering a diet suitable to each individual case; to matters of general hygiene; and to the prescription of such therapeutic measures as might mitigate the evil effects of previous neglect.

No mother could have been more solicitous about the welfare and happiness of her children than was this benevolent lady towards her little adopted family. And it is wonderful to note how, under God's blessing, these erstwhile human wrecks, if I may use the expression, have grown to be healthy and vigorous, both in mind and body, specimens of well-behaved children, of whom no natural mother could possibly be ashamed. Indeed, they are children to be proud of, not only on account of their abounding health, but because of their excellent morals and good behaviour. Their devotion to their foster-mother is unbounded, duly reflecting the affection that has been bestowed upon them.

I may recall one case in which, through the benevolence of Mrs. Douglas-Hamilton, an infant only a few days old was literally plucked from the very portals of death; and though this might perhaps be viewed as an extreme instance, yet it is only one of many extreme instances of a similar history, who now promise to become useful members of the community. I cannot but conclude from what I have observed, that these efforts, so unselfishly and generously put forth, have received in full measure the blessing of Him who said: " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CANCER PROBLEM.—I

I MUST now go back many years in order to record my experiences, my researches, and my controversies in connection with the problem of Cancer.

For twenty-one years I was senior Physician of the Glasgow Hospital for Women, and during seventeen of these years I laboured under the impression that operation for Cancer was the only available means of treating this disease. I was, however, not aware at that time, nor was it then acknowledged as a fact, that quite 50 per cent. of breast tumours are not malignant, so that when these cases came under my knife and completely recovered, one was inclined, from lack of accurate information, to believe that to operate was one's duty.

I therefore adopted this method, both in private and hospital cases, with the inevitable result that the disease in every instance returned with increased virulence, and, without a single exception, proved fatal to the poor victim, after involving untold agony. The fact that operation for Cancer never succeeded in giving permanent relief was indelibly impressed upon me when I witnessed the excruciating agony of a near relative who had been operated on by a most competent surgeon, a friend of mine of some years' standing. This circumstance appalled me to such an extent that I began to look back upon the after effects in my own cases, and realised that operating only led to increased suffering and a speedier death than if the disease had been left to run its course.

This continual failure so preyed upon my mind that, in 1894, I determined I would not be guilty of operating again for this disease, seeing such appalling results were the inevitable consequence. On the other hand, I knew that

on rare occasions Nature succeeded in curing Cancer spontaneously, and I therefore determined to endeavour to discover what were the methods she had recourse to when she was enabled to restore healthy cell metabolism.

It goes without saying that, by declining to operate in cases of Cancer, I sacrificed a highly lucrative source of income, but this was much preferable to being guilty of deceiving the sufferer by the vain hope of recovery being assured were this line of treatment followed. I therefore made it my business to devote diligent attention to the study of the natural history of the disease, and to compare notes of the various circumstances which were present in the numerous cases which came under my observation. In this way I was enabled to associate certain concomitant symptoms which were invariably present in subjects of Cancer, and naturally concluded that if these were overcome, we would be enabled to impart to Nature's healing power considerable help in her beneficent endeavours to overcome the disease. But what appealed to me as being of even greater importance than the ability to assist the healing power of Nature, was to be able to demonstrate that, by advocating an altered mode of life, one might be enabled to prevent the incidence of the disease. And when we consider that within the last fifty years Cancer has become three times more prevalent than it was at the commencement of that period, it is impossible to ignore the fact that this enormous increase must be intimately connected with our mode of life, which has in some way militated against the normal resisting power of the body to disease. It is beyond doubt, moreover, that Cancer is a self-inflicted disease, and is most assuredly a disease dependent for its origin upon a prolonged contaminated condition of the blood, a fact which can be placed beyond doubt by noting the behaviour of the blood, and its appearance, in other respects, under the microscope.

The fact that in not a few instances Cancer has disappeared " spontaneously," means that the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—God's therapeutic agent—has received full support. Therefore, the disease, which was due to a negation of His laws, has been overcome by a return to their strict ob-

servance. For it is only by these means that the integrity of the blood can be restored and the various cells kept in functional activity, or, as it is termed, healthy metabolism, which term is applied to the changes constantly taking place in the cells of the body during the maintenance of life and health. Now, if this is interrupted by the presence of a vitiated blood-supply, these cells will lose their normal resisting power to disease, which, eventually, will lead to their departing from physiological control. It is then they become prone to set up a new form of existence bearing a strong resemblance to that of a fungus, and this, again, is liable to culminate in Cancer in one form or another. We know that a fungus only grows in unhealthy soil, or upon decaying material. The same holds good with Cancer, because, were the cells of our bodies supplied with pure blood—which is their soil—their functional activity would go on unimpeded, and disease of any kind be completely ruled out.

Holding these views, then, I hope it will be conceded by my readers that I am quite justified in protesting against the wholesale operative measures at present in vogue in the so-called *orthodox* treatment of Cancer, associated, as it is always is, with terrible mutilation. How is it possible to conceive that such a proceeding can be justified when the poor patient is not only left in the same hole—to speak figuratively—she was in before the operation, but in a much deeper one, from the fact that a considerable amount of valuable tissue has been removed in the process; and, therefore, the part has been so weakened that there is not only a risk, but a certainty, of the disease being able to re-establish itself there, and that with greater virulence than was before the case. Moreover, a pathway has been opened for the spread of the disease to distant organs. Furthermore, the mutilation of the part has so prostrated it, that this fact alone, in the majority of instances, precludes the possibility of therapeutic and dietetic measures proving of any substantial avail.

With a view to enlightening the public—upon whom really rests the onus of dealing effectually with this important question—I have published from time to time

numerous brochures dealing with the subject in a popular manner. And that there may be no difficulty in my readers obtaining a full grasp of the deplorable method of attacking a blood disease by means of operation, I have thought wise to introduce here a few pages from one of these numerous brochures. For, as Charles Lever has stated in one of his novels—and it is no less true to-day than it was fifty years ago: "You know the obstinacy with which the medical people reject every discovery in the art, and only sanction its employment when the world has decreed in its favour."

"The Futility of Operations in Cancer.

"When the lives of 25,000,000 of one's fellow-creatures are in the balance, I hardly think one would be justified in not calling attention to the subject, and employing his best endeavours to avert the terrible catastrophe which awaits the world if it continues to court premature death: and that of an agonising nature, which civilisation at present is so busily engaged in making a certainty.

"Statistics which are indisputable go to show that the above enormous number of the population—if the present habits of life are continued—are doomed to die of cancer, which, I may add, is an easily preventible disease, and I make this statement advisedly.

"Since I began practice, in 1868, the death-rate from this disease has increased over 200 per cent. Moreover, it is still mounting up by leaps and bounds, and will continue to do so while the present folly of ignoring nature's laws is permitted to remain so much in evidence, and until the surgeon is barred from exercising so free a hand as he does at present.

"Surely it stands to reason that if operations for cancer were of the remotest value, and while at least nine out of every ten cases are subjected to operation, the death-rate would not have gone on increasing as it has done. Nay, more, I have no hesitation in affirming that, on the contrary, the wholesale mutilations which have so culpably and systematically been perpetrated, are largely responsible for this increased mortality. Surgeons are perfectly well aware, and, moreover, admit the fact, that an injury when it takes place in some instances becomes the *exciting* cause of cancer; but I maintain that a vitiated condition of

the blood—which unfortunately is much more prevalent than people are aware of—is invariably the predisposing cause without the co-existence of which a blow would have no effect. How, then, I ask, is it possible that the greater injury, inflicted by the knife, can possibly avert the return of the disease in the mutilated part?

"The knife has never in a single instance succeeded in effecting a cure heretofore, and, what is of more importance to those who have not submitted to this cruel method, they should be informed that it never will effect a cure. But what is of quite equal importance is the fact that, in numberless instances, operations are performed on tumours which are *not cancerous*, and therefore would have been quite amenable to non-operative treatment, but in consequence of the part having sustained such serious injury by the surgeon's knife, cancer has developed and rapidly proved fatal to the confiding patient.

"From my point of view—and I feel confident I am not by any means singular in this respect—there is by far too much licence given to the surgeon and the unwarrantable use of his knife; but let it be borne in mind it is only with regard to its abuse in the so-called treatment, or what might be better described as the maltreatment, of cancer that I am concerned at present; and from the following quotations from the writings of eminent surgeons it will readily be conceded that I have excellent testimony in support of my contention:—

"'Operations for cancer, instead of stopping the disease, actually seemed to hasten it.'—Sir Benjamin Brodie.

"'Operations for cancer never arrested, but uniformly accelerated, the progress of the disease.'—Professor McFarlane.

"'The extirpation of cancerous growths with the knife can neither be regarded as a means of curing cancer nor of prolonging the existence of persons afflicted with the disease.'—Professor Walsh.

"'Operations as a cure for cancer are an illusion.'—Dr. Weedon Cooke, who for twenty years was surgeon to the Cancer Hospital, London.

"'It would be better for the interests of humanity and the credit of surgery, if operations for the cure of cancer were altogether abandoned.'—Professor Syme.

"'Assuming that the patient survives the risks and effects of an operation, I venture to say that the number of cases in which the disease does not return is not more than one in five hundred.'—Sir James Paget."

More recently I have received the following notes from America, extracted from the *Medical Summary*, U.S.A., October, 1916:

"NON-SURGICAL TREATMENT OF CANCER *versus* SURGICAL.

"BY G. N. MURPHEY, M.D.

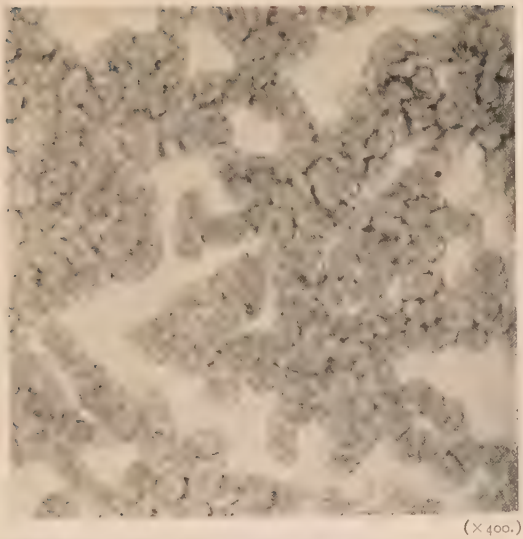
"When will the medical profession learn that surgery with the knife is one of the most uncertain expedients in the treatment of malignant growths?

"In the face of all the failures made by surgery in the treatment of cancer I cannot understand why the profession still cling to methods fraught with so much disappointment and failure. Some one writing upon this subject, whose name I am unable to give, says: 'I know, by a life-time experience, that the method of extirpation of cancer with the knife is not attended with success, but, on the contrary, aggravates the complaint. We have been called upon to treat the disease in all stages, both before and after excision, and therefore consider ourselves competent judges, and now have to state that this operation is uncertain, ineffectual, and ought to be abandoned, and some other means substituted. Dr. Alexander Monroe of Edinburgh, noted for his great medical skill and high reputation as an author, stated many years ago that he had been present at the extirpation by the knife of sixty-two cancers of the female breast, and not two of the individuals remained free of the disease two years after the operation; and that in those in whom he saw a relapse it made quicker progress than it commonly did in others, when no operation had been performed.' Many eminent surgeons of Europe endorse the above statement, among whom may be mentioned Carmichael, Abernethy, Sir Astley Cooper, Velpeau, Cruvelier, Boyer, Lebert, and a host of German writers.

"Dr. McFarlane operated upon 118 cases, and could only claim two cures. Dr. Samuel Gross removed 408 cancers of the breast, and stated that all his cases, save one, died of a recurrence of the disease in three years. Dr. D. Hayes Agnew said that he had removed enough cancerous breasts from women to fill an ordinary cart, and failed to save a single life."

I could cite the failures of many other surgeons in this line of work, but the foregoing ought to be sufficient to convince the most sceptical.

PLATE IV.



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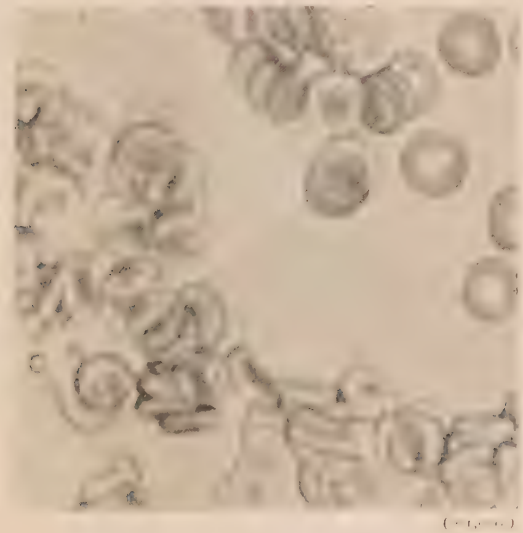
BLOOD OF ANOTHER PATIENT WHO HAS RECOVERED FROM CANCER FOLLOWING TREATMENT BY DIETETIC AND HYGIENIC MEASURES AFTER OPERATIVE MEASURES HAD SIGNALLY FAILED.



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CANCER OF BREAST, WIFE OF MEDICAL MAN, AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' TREATMENT BY FRUITARIAN DIET AND HYGIENIC MEASURES—RECOVERY.

In order still further to prove the urgency of the matter, I may quote some further statistics just sent me by a co-worker, Dr. Bulkley of New York. He speaks of—

"the awful ravages cancer is at present responsible for in the United States, where the deaths from cancer under *surgical control* have increased steadily and alarmingly since 1900, when they were 63 per 100,000 of the population, to 79·4 per 100,000 in 1914. In New York State the increase had been from 66 in 1900 to 86·5 per 100,000 in 1915, or over 30 per cent. In New York City it has risen from 63·3 in 1898 to 81·7, or over 29 per cent. Throughout the world the cancer death-rate from 1900 to 1909 had advanced on an average, in all countries reporting, 23·3 per cent.

"In England cancer mortality is very high, amounting, during the past forty or fifty years, to an increase of four or five fold, while the population has a little more than doubled. Switzerland is credited with the highest death-rate from cancer of any country; it having augmented from 114 per 100,000 living in 1889 to 132 in 1898."

Dr. Bulkley lays great importance upon the fact, to which I have always given constant prominence, that surgical interference is, to a large extent, responsible for the huge increase in the mortality from this scourge.

With a view to bringing my views before my professional brethren, in May, 1896, I read a paper before the British Gynæcological Society in London, giving a description of the treatment I had inaugurated, and tested in undoubted cases, together with the results I had been privileged to obtain. In August of the same year I had a paper on the same subject read at the International Gynæcological Congress, held at Geneva. In 1899 this Congress was held at Amsterdam, and this I attended and read a similar paper. In the winter of 1902, as I have already recorded, I went to Cairo, attending the Egyptian International Medical Congress as a delegate; and in 1903 I journeyed to Madrid, and attended the International Medical Congress held in that city. In both cases I took the opportunity to lay my views upon this increasingly important subject before the large number of medical men who were assembled from various countries.

But it was on my return to Scotland after the last-mentioned journey that the most important era of my professional life commenced, as it was then that I inaugurated in earnest my campaign against the operative, and what I deemed to be the worse than futile, treatment of Cancer. The first thing necessary was to procure a publisher for my book, "Cancer, Its Cause and Treatment without Operation," the manuscript of which I had prepared before leaving for Egypt. This was placed in the hands of Messrs. Baillière, Tindall and Cox, who, upon my making a payment of fifty pounds for production expenses, speedily had the book of 271 pages completed and placed on the market, the price being five shillings.

I regret to state that, though the book demonstrated the theory that Cancer might, with a considerable show of truth, be looked upon as a preventible disease, and, moreover, that it had, on several occasions, been cured without operation, yet its lessons were persistently ignored, while the author was viewed with anything but a friendly eye. Indeed, I was told one day by an eminent ophthalmic surgeon, who was a staunch friend of mine, and a firm believer in my methods, that "the operating surgeons would cut my throat if they dared take the risk"—surely a most unbrotherly attitude to assume towards one who had only the welfare of the public at heart. Curiously enough, the publishers of the volume had inserted, without my sanction even, the well-known proverb, "Mens sana in corpore sano." Now one wonders wherein consisted the *mens sana* in those who seemed to look with disfavour upon one who desired to promote the *corpus sanum*.

This volume was the first, I believe, which ever dealt with the possibility of successfully treating Cancer by a reformed diet, in combination with hygienic and therapeutic measures, thus restoring the blood, and thereby cell metabolism, to as healthy a condition as possible. Of course, in connection with the publication of this work, it was absolutely necessary that proofs should be in existence to support the statements I had ventured to make. Now, nine years had elapsed since my first successful experiments had been made in carrying into practice my new method of

dealing with this scourge, and already in the paper I read in May, 1896, before the British Gynæcological Society, I had established the fact that two out of five cases of cancer of the uterus—all of which had been pronounced to be inoperable—had completely recovered under my care. Since that date several other uterine cases, together with one of cancer of the female breast, which—the only instance I had then met with—was also the subject of an epithelioma (skin cancer) just below the collar-bone on the same side of the thorax, which had originated in a large wart. The patient—a maiden lady of forty-five—completely recovered without operation, and I believe is alive to-day. At all events, I had a letter from her in 1912 when my libel action against the British Medical Association was in progress, and she was then in good health.

I should be only too well pleased to think the opposition to my views at that time was only consequent upon lack of due consideration of the subject, together with prejudice founded upon this.* I remember Lister had to submit to

* The following notice of the second edition of my book, which appeared in the *Evening Standard* (December 23, 1913), displays judgment and sympathy such as has been sadly lacking in the medical press:

"Cancer is a disease so universally dreaded that any contribution to the study of its cause and cure is worthy of the most serious consideration. When a theory is advanced that is contrary to orthodox surgical opinion it ought to be examined with particular care, for in a disease of such terrible destructive power no stupid ideas of medical etiquette or practice ought to be given preference over the good of the community.

"A second edition of Dr. Robert Bell's book on 'Cancer, Its Cause and Treatment without Operation,' is therefore to be welcomed. Dr. Bell is a highly qualified physician. He is late consulting physician to the Glasgow Hospital for Women, and is Physician in Charge of Cancer Research at the Battersea Hospital. His views cannot, therefore, be lightly set aside, even if they do run directly against those of the most eminent authorities on the other side.

"Briefly his argument is that the term cancer is frequently misapplied to other diseases that are comparatively innocuous; that surgeons having a vested interest in their art or craft have made a fetish of operating, despising all other suggested methods of treatment; that the unnecessary use of the knife not only fails to eradicate

the same opposition, and others, in more remote days, of which I cannot speak from personal knowledge, who dared to suggest any advance in medical science. Fortunately, things have begun to run more parallel with the views I then had the honour of initiating, though, as will be apparent later on, one has still a considerable continuance of opposition to battle against.

It was not long before the facts which I had compiled in my book began to interest the public, in various parts of England more especially; and, amongst others, two very interesting cases visited me in Glasgow. The first was a lady from a city in the Midlands, who had suffered from mammary Cancer, and had been twice operated upon by the late Sir Thomas Smith, one of the most genial and considerate of surgeons. Recurrence of the disease had taken place at the site of removal of the breast, which was again operated upon. This was likewise succeeded by a second recurrence, when Sir Thomas informed the husband of the patient that he could do no more for her; but added that he was not to hesitate to call in the services of any medical man who might possess means of treating the disease which he (Sir Thomas) might be ignorant of. And so I happened to be called in to the case, with the result that there was, within a few weeks, complete cessation of the alarming symptoms, and within a year there was no sign of the disease in existence, the lady's health becoming completely re-established.

The other case I refer to is that of a lady who came to see me after having consulted my friend Mr. Taylor, an eminent surgeon practising in Birmingham, who refused to operate because, as he told her, "there would not be sufficient skin left to cover the wound it would be necessary to make." She then requested me to do what I could for

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a cancer if there is one, but that it frequently predisposes a patient to the very disease it is supposed to cure.

"A layman can only state Dr. Bell's arguments, and can neither dispute nor support them with any authority. But it does seem a pity that the considered views out of the long experience of a veteran practitioner should be received by his brethren not only with scepticism, but with active hostility."

her. When she arrived in Glasgow, her home being in South Devon, she was suffering from a large ulcerating cancer of the breast, so I was not surprised at Mr. Taylor's refusal to operate. She remained under my care in Glasgow for three months, during which period the disease showed signs of being arrested, and gradually began to manifest a change for the better, so much so that she was enabled to return to her home, where she continued to carry out the dietetic and therapeutic measures I had prescribed. Eventually the disease completely disappeared; and she had no recurrence. After I came to reside in London, she called upon me several times at intervals of several months, so that I can testify from personal observation that the recovery was complete.

In view of the fact that Cancer has hitherto been looked upon as neither preventible nor curable, I think it only just to myself to lay before my readers the following further cases which have come under my care. I select these cases because they have been fully described, from start to finish, in the Press. Here, however, the salient points only need be described, but I may be permitted to call special attention to the important fact that each of the patients referred to, after an exploratory incision had been made, and the diagnosis thus confirmed, had been, as soon as the wound had healed, discharged from well-known hospitals as incurable, and in each instance they were told they had only a short time to live.

The first case was that of the wife of a commissionaire, employed at one of the City Banks, who was, when she arrived at my rooms, in an apparently hopeless condition, due to extensive Cancer of the stomach. She was a little, emaciated woman, having lost thirty-two pounds in weight. She was put upon a special diet and therapeutic measures, and in a few months had regained her normal weight and health.

The second one was a member of the London Fire Brigade, who was discharged from another hospital, after his wound had healed, as incurable. His disease was also an internal Cancer, and he had lost three stones in weight. In seven

months, however, he had not only regained his previous weight, but also his precancerous health, and now is engaged in the arduous duties of a member of the London Fire Brigade.

The third had been employed as a workman at the Woolwich Arsenal, but had been incapacitated during a period of four years. He also had been, during this period, suffering intense pain. He was never a stoutly built man, yet he had lost fully a stone in weight, and was, when he came under my care, in a most prostrate condition. There was palpable evidence of Cancer of the stomach, which had been verified by an exploratory incision, which means that the abdomen had been laid open, so as to lay bare the diseased area. He has not only regained his lost weight, and precancerous health, but is now back to his old employment.

In May, 1908, indisputable evidence appeared in the pages of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* that a case of Cancer of the stomach, which had been dismissed from one of the most renowned of the London hospitals as incurable, had completely recovered under my care. Now this was, as I have shown, by no means an isolated case of recovery under similar treatment. I therefore felt I was on safe grounds in opposing certain dogmas which, if accepted as truths, would militate most seriously against the reduction, and, finally, the stamping of the disease out of existence. This desirable result, moreover, would be surely delayed were the people so far misled as to believe the dogmatic statement that Cancer is neither a preventible nor curable disease by Nature's methods.

Surely, if we are cognisant of therapeutic measures by which Cancer can be, and has been, eradicated after it has asserted its presence, it goes without saying that even less extreme measures would go far to prevent its appearance. The surgeons, however, were immediately up in arms, and the following reply to my letter appeared on May 16, 1908:

"*To the Editor of the 'Evening Standard and St James's Gazette.'*

"*May* 16, 1908.

"CANCER RESEARCH.

"SIR,

"I have been requested by Lord Cheylesmore to reply to Dr. Bell's letter on the above subject in the *Evening Standard* of the 14th instant, inasmuch as it was written by a medical man.

"Dr. Bell's letter may be divided into two sharply divided portions: one in which he expresses opinions, the other in which he makes statements. Naturally, I do not propose to combat the opinions of a man who entered the profession at a time when scientific medicine, as we understand it at the present day, was hardly out of swaddling clothes. Still less would I enter the lists with one who feels, as Dr. Bell does, that he can put the 'cancer problem in a nutshell.' But when your readers are asked by him to believe that money has been fruitlessly spent upon cancer research, it is their right to demand that the statements upon which that request depends are open to no doubt.

"Dr. Bell says, 'We know cancer is both a preventible and curable disease.'

"I maintain, Sir, that we know nothing of the kind. Even if it be granted that 'Nature's unaided efforts' cure cancer in certain cases (would that they were the 'many' that Dr. Bell seems to imagine!), there is not the smallest shred of evidence at the present moment that cancer is a preventible and curable disease. Moreover, when Dr. Bell goes on to say, 'We also are aware that it is Nature's protest, and that in a concrete form, against the neglect of those dietetic and hygienic laws she has laid down for our guidance,' he begs the whole question by a meaningless and high-sounding sentence. For we know that men become affected with cancer, we know that they disregard dietetic and hygienic laws, but we do not know that these two factors stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect. Indeed, I fancy that most pathologists would agree that the known morbid effects of disregarding dietetic and hygienic laws lie in vastly different directions than that of new growths.

"But, Sir, the most serious part of Dr. Bell's letter is his statement that 'if money were spent upon a scheme to enable patients to be treated upon hygienic and dietetic, combined with therapeutic, lines we would soon perceive that these are infinitely preferable to surgical interference.'

At the Middlesex Hospital, which in this respect may stand for all competent authorities throughout the world, since the year 1745 we have treated cancer patients on the soundest hygienic, dietetic, and therapeutic lines which the combined medical and scientific knowledge of the world has placed at our disposal.

"But, whatever we may have done for the patients—and it is much, as a visit to the special cancer wards would show—we have not cured or saved a single patient apart from 'surgical interference,' with this exception. During the past ten years the contemned methods of 'cancer research' have devised a form of treatment—to wit, that by the X rays—which has achieved remarkable results.

"But our knowledge of this form of treatment is still in its infancy, and cannot, as yet, replace the knife.

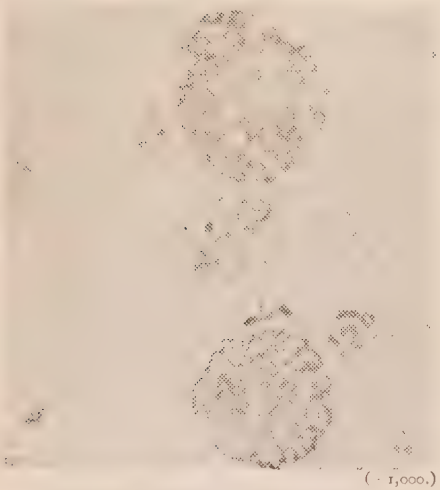
"Hence we must regard any scheme at the present time which would restrain the unfortunate patients from their only chance, as given by early operation (natural cure being so rare that it must be neglected), in the light of a dangerous and quite unjustifiable experiment.

"Lastly, when Dr. Bell asks: 'Is it not reasonable to infer that if we can supplement the existing healing power of Nature and remove barriers in her way, cancer will rank as a curable disease to a greater extent than it does at present?' I answer 'Yes,' adding (1) that this is the guiding principle of every cancer research laboratory throughout the world; (2) that 'cancer' covers a multitude of conditions which differ in many respects from one another, and which we do not fully understand; (3) that we do not know in what the 'existing healing power of Nature' consists; (4) that we do not know what are the 'barriers'; (5) that we are, consequently, ignorant of the way to 'remove' them; and (6) that it is easy to lull oneself into the belief that 'opinions' are 'facts,' and particularly easy to criticize the 'man at the wheel.'

"W. S. Lazarus-Barlow, M.D., F.R.C.P. (*Director, Cancer Research Laboratories, Middlesex Hospital*)."

I only wish that I were able to take for gospel all, or even a part, of what is asserted as being true in this letter. At the present moment I have under my care two poor mutilated women who are in an infinitely worse position than they were in before they were operated upon; and both were also the victims of X-ray treatment, which has added still further to their misery.

PLATE V.



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LEUCOCYTE AFTER HAVING UNDERGONE FUNGOID DEGENERATION.

(× 1,000.)

SPORES FROM SAME SOURCE AFTER LEUCOCYTES HAVE BURST AND SPREAD OVER THE WHOLE FIELD. FULL INFORMATION REGARDING THESE TWO PLATES MAY BE OBTAINED BY REFERENCE TO "THE CONQUEST OF CANCER," P. 58 (BELL AND SONS).

But to come to a criticism of this letter, I may be permitted to ask whether one can conceive a more abject confession of ineptitude and disregard for hygienic law? Is it not pessimism of a most dangerous order? Yet we know that the welfare of the human race depends upon an optimistic view of the subject not only being adopted, but adhered to. A pessimist is content to rest on his views, whereas the optimist will put forth every effort to prove that his contentions have been all along correct.

What, I ask, would have been the result if scientific men had listened to those whose watchword is "The thing is impossible"? When Watt, for example, foreshadowed the possibilities of steam; or Graham Bell those of the telephone; or Marconi those of wireless telegraphy; or the Wright brothers those of aviation; and many others in the several walks of life.

The writer says: "Dr. Bell's letter may be divided into two sharply divided portions: one in which he expresses opinions, the other in which he makes statements." But he evidently overlooks the point that these opinions and statements are founded upon established facts; these having culminated after years of close study of the previous clinical history, environment, habits, and present condition of the victims of Cancer. In this way I have been able to form the "opinions" I have ventured to formulate, and to put them into action, obtaining satisfactory results, which account for my "statements," which, I know, are the embodiment of truth. The writer then makes the following remark: "Dr. Bell says, we know Cancer is both a preventible and curable disease"; which he follows up with what he evidently considers to be a clincher: "I maintain, sir, that *we* know nothing of the kind." He probably means to say that *we* do not *acknowledge* anything of the kind, just as sceptics in other branches of research—wireless, perhaps—have maintained the impossibility of discoveries which have nevertheless recently astonished the world. Does Dr. Lazarus-Barlow imagine for a moment that a merciful Father would refuse to provide a remedy for a disease which is decimating His children? And plain facts staring us in the face point to the cause of this and other diseases. It

must never be lost sight of that His laws are irrevocable, and if they are not obeyed, they will break the law-breaker.

He provided in our Saviour a panacea for the rescue of our souls, which otherwise would have been lost, as a penalty for sin; and surely He would not refuse to provide means also for both averting and curing disease of the body, if we would only have recourse to them. Yet how many refuse even to acknowledge His greatest gift; and we may see the result, in the present chaotic condition of the world, and, on the other hand, the overwhelming ravages of disease!

It would appear that the pessimist still adheres to the old adage: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Yet notwithstanding his denial that Cancer is a preventible disease, he persists in saying that by cutting away the outcrop of a *blood* disease, which Cancer is, he can cure it by the knife, a result that never yet followed operative measures. As I have frequently remarked in my publications on the subject, the surgeon leaves the poor patient in a deeper hole than she was in before the operation. And I speak from my unhappy personal experience. I am no novice in the so-called treatment of Cancer by the knife. And the poor wrecks that are constantly appealing to me for help in their extremity amply testify to the correctness of the above expression of my "opinion and statements."

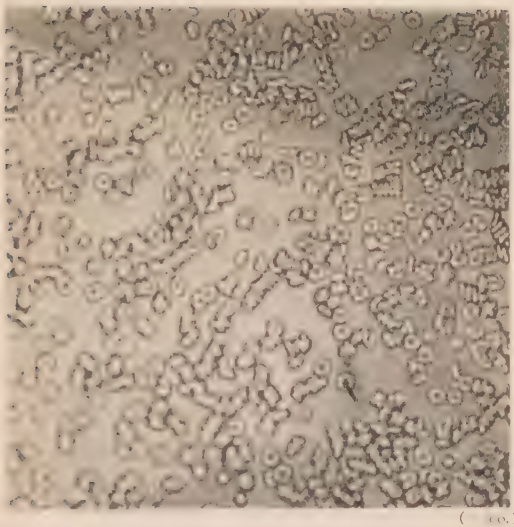
Notwithstanding what this gentleman says to the contrary, I do not think there are many who have studied the subject carefully who will deny that Cancer is a self-inflicted disease; and that it has never been cured by X-rays or by the knife.

I am not speaking without ample proof in support of my contention that the present ruthless method of operating for Cancer—and I mean *Cancer*, not a benign growth—has never in a solitary instance done anything but harm, having invariably been the means of aggravating the suffering, and shortening the life of the poor confiding patient.

Every year thousands of women are mutilated and doomed, who would have been easily cured by gentler means.

There is no gainsaying the fact that Cancer is a blood disease, and can only be reached by the blood, not by the

PLATE VI.



(— ∞.)

MRS. A., CANCER OF BREAST AT COMMENCEMENT OF TREATMENT. NOTE THE IRREGULAR DEFORMED CORPUSCLES AND THEIR DISORDERLY ARRANGEMENT, WHICH INDICATES A HIGHLY NEUROTIC CONDITION.

(× 1,000)

BLOOD OF MRS. A. AFTER THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT BY FRUITARIAN DIET. NOTE IMPROVEMENT IN THE VITALITY OF THE RED CORPUSCLES.

knife, if cures are to be effected. Improve the quality of the blood and apply, locally, superheated air, but do not neglect a carefully regulated diet, and strict attention to the following essentials: efficient ventilation of the dwelling, and free and complete evacuation of the colon every twenty-four hours, together with a reformed diet, and drinking an unmeasured amount of pure water between meals, so as to flush the kidneys.

Shortly before I gave up operating for cancer, a very pronounced case of myxœdema came under my care, which defied every ordinary method of treatment, and eventually it was suggested that small doses of thyroid gland, in its natural fresh condition, should be given a trial. This was followed with such excellent results, complete recovery taking place, that I immediately concluded that this gland must exercise a powerful effect upon cell nutrition. Now treatment of disease by gland extracts at that date (1893) was in its early infancy, while even for suggesting such unheard-of therapeutic measures Brown Séquard had been looked upon with obloquy, and was characterised as a quack of the worst description.

It appeared to me, however, that administration of thyroid extract having had such a beneficial effect upon the above case of myxœdema, which is purely a disease of malnutrition, I should like to experiment with it in cancer.* I therefore spoke to my colleagues at the hospital on the subject, and stated I should prefer to give a trial to this agent, to the exclusion of the knife. I was thereupon met with strong opposition, if the case should be one that was deemed operable. On the other hand, consent was not withheld if the symptoms were of so grave a nature as to preclude the possibility of operation; they were handed over to me for treatment according to my method. To this I agreed; and

* When I was attending the International Medical Congress at Madrid, Dr. Lorand of Carlsbad called my attention to the fact that he had made many post-mortems upon patients who had died of cancer, and in the majority of these cases he had found that the thyroid gland was atrophied, thus confirming my opinion that a deficiency of the secretion of the gland is responsible, to a considerable extent, in promoting the development of cancer.

five cases, which were considered to be beyond operative treatment, were allotted to me.

Now, as I have before stated, the *Lancet* had published a paper by me upon the evils attendant upon constipation, showing that it is not only a disease *per se*, but that it is also provocative of disease, this being due to the fact that the undue retention of fæcal matter in the colon permits of toxic material being absorbed by the blood, thus giving rise to autotoxæmia, or, in plain words, self-inflicted blood-poisoning. So that, feeling assured that Cancer is primarily a blood disease, I commenced my treatment by ensuring a thorough evacuation of the bowels at least once a day; also, the patient was given a teaspoonful of Allen and Hanbury's Elixir of Thyroid, each teaspoonful containing the equivalent of five grains of fresh thyroid gland.

I was not, at that time, so well acquainted with the value of dietetics as a therapeutic measure as I am now, yet a prescribed diet to the exclusion of flesh meat was ordered. And I may add that at that date practically very little attention was directed to this ever-important factor in the treatment of disease. But to return to the five patients upon whom I was permitted to experiment—if I may use the term—and who were considered to be beyond surgical treatment. The whole five were put under treatment by thyroid extract, and two completely recovered. The others received no benefit. The recoveries, however, gave a warranty to attack the disease by this novel method in subsequent cases.

I then went assiduously into the study of the physiology of the thyroid gland, which enabled me to follow the various functional activities which it controls, and it may prove of interest if I give an account of some of them in detail. I therefore quote the following from the second edition of "Cancer, its Cause and Treatment without Operation":

"In its healthy condition the thyroid gland secretes iodine, arsenic, and phosphoric bases, which play an important part in the formation of the skin and its appendages, such as hair, nails, claws, and feathers; also the brain and the genital organs in the embryo; the excess of these secretions being excreted in the form of menstruation in those females

who have little hair upon their skin, as long as there is no fœtus to consume it. The catamenia in the human species is but a means of conveying from the economy the thyroid secretions, which are abundantly discharged during the menstrual period. Men are not subject to this, because the renewal of the cuticle, hair, nails, and their equivalents is sufficient outlet for the excess of products of the thyroid gland. These, as we know, after puberty are constantly growing and being renewed. This fact would seem to imply that the thyroid has a considerable influence upon growth; and its arrest at maturity, when the beard comes into existence.

"The females of animals which are well clothed with hair, at the time of heat, do not suffer any loss of blood, while those possessed of little hair do menstruate. It has been noticed that in the cases of certain animals a very close relationship exists between the organs of reproduction at the time of heat, and the evolution of certain parts of the body which undergo changes periodically, such as the antlers of deer, the combs of fowls, and the brilliant feathers which adorn certain birds at the mating season.

"In the *American Veterinary Review*, August, 1906, it is stated by Weiland, that 'especial epithelium plays the *rôle* in the fœtal evolution of the ovaries and testicles; and that the features and hair are of simple epithelial nature. These anatomical analogies are strengthened by the functions of the thyroid gland, so that we can state with certainty that each moult in the case of animals covered with hair or feathers is only a means of drainage of the secretions of this gland, which are eliminated in excessive quantities at the time of menstruation.

"'It has been ascertained that the female body stores everything it can produce in the placenta, a part of which, in consequence of the contraction of the uterus, enables this to some extent to be absorbed; but, as a matter of fact, a great portion of this is lost at the time of delivery, this being a great loss to the body. We therefore find that in the female, even if it belongs to a species to which flesh is usually abhorrent, there is an instinct to consume her own placenta. This is because it possesses a special value for her at the time. The consequence is, there is created a strong desire to eat and digest the after-birth. Now it is an established fact that females, which can eat all or part of their placenta, recover more quickly, and the milk secretion makes its appearance more rapidly and in greater abundance in these circumstances. In the case of rabbits and guinea-pigs,

for example, if measures are taken to prevent these animals from eating their placenta, it will be found their offspring never attain full growth: the mammary glands are unable to secrete a normal supply of milk, so that the young are not sufficiently nourished and eventually perish.'

" Now having learned the great importance of this gland, we must bear in mind that the blood is the source from which it derives its inherent properties; and how essential it is that its healthy functional capabilities should be carefully considered, if the general health is to be maintained. But it, as well as every other gland of the body, each of which has its special duty allotted to it, can only act efficiently if it is supplied with a pure uncontaminated blood-stream; and this can only be secured by strict attention being given to dietetic and hygienic laws, the observance of which, I may remark, is strictly observed by animals which are not under the domination of man—that is, in their wild state, where they are free to be guided by their individual instinct. Hence disease is scarcely known in such circumstances; and it is hardly necessary to say, how very different is the case in man, who is the victim of disease in every shape and form. And why ? Because he studies his palate more than his stomach, and is liable to ignore those hygienic laws, which therefore renders him liable to autotoxæmia (self-inflicted blood-poisoning), and therefore completely weakens the defensive power of every cell of his body. For were the blood retained in a pure condition, this would remain impregnable to any microbic influence that might be afloat, for the simple reason that a pure blood condition would not supply the germs of disease with the soil (or medium) upon which they could exist. And my conviction is that one identical microbe is enabled by its protean capacity to give rise to various forms of disease, the state of the blood, at the time of invasion, being responsible not only for the character of the attack, but also for its severity. Thus we have immunity in a number of persons, a mild attack in some instances, and a severe attack in others, each being *pro rata*, according to the condition of the vital fluid."

Just as I had arrived at this stage in the compiling of the second edition of this book, a circular was sent to me from H.M. Stationery Office, calling my attention to the vast importance of what have been termed " vitamines." Sending me this, however, would appear to be rather superfluous, seeing I was the first—in 1906—so far as can be

ascertained, to call attention to the vast importance of their value as component parts of food, if this is to furnish its full dietetic value. I did not, however, invent the term "vitamine," but named it the "living principle," as when it is removed by mechanical means, or destroyed by heat, in the process of cooking, the food so treated is deprived for the most part of its therapeutic properties; and, moreover, tends to give rise to the development of blood affections, such as scurvy, beri-beri, cancer, and other disease. The fact is that when this important element is absent, as it is in polished rice, the seed will not germinate; so that we may take it that in every instance when cereals, pulse, vegetables, and fruit are so treated that germination has become impossible, the dietetic and health-bestowing properties of these have been reduced to a minimum. Hence the immense value of fruit and vegetables in the condition provided for us by a beneficent Providence; which have been quite sufficiently cooked by the sun, and, moreover, what is also of great importance, their nutritive value has not been interfered with. Furthermore, when they are sufficiently masticated, they are more easily digested, and less liable to undergo fermentation, this giving rise to acidity accompanied by the generation of gas in the intestines, which we call flatulence.

Now vitamine is a misleading term to apply to this living principle, because it implies that a vitamine is a living amine. Amines, however, are ammoniacal substances, and it is impossible that a living compound of ammonia can possibly exist. I, therefore, who have the best right to give a new and shorter name, if necessary, to this vital principle, have named it "vitols."

There can be no doubt whatever that the prevalence of disease is largely due to the fact that food is so universally deprived of this essential principle, together with the important vegetable salts, wherein I feel convinced the vitols really exist, all of which are potentially electric entities, and of a negative polarity, as demonstrated by the so-called Brownian movements, recognisable under a high-power microscope. Now the writer of this circular seems to imply that flesh food contains these vitols, which is far from being

correct; but it does contain purins in considerable quantity, and these are subtle poisons. He states: "The vitamines" —he here refers to vitols—"are always present in natural food-stuffs"—I am glad to observe he employs the adjective *natural*—"as consumed by men and animals. There is evidence to suggest that they are formed only in the tissues of plants, whence they pass into the tissues of herbivorous animals, and thus become available for carnivora." He omits, however, to mention the important fact that carnivora drink the blood of their victims; and it is in this the vitols and organic salts are contained, not in the flesh. Besides, they eat the bones also, which supply them with phosphates in the form of phosphate of lime. Now the human stomach is unable to digest blood, which always acts as an emetic. The alimentary canal of the carnivora is entirely different from that in man, and from this fact it may be inferred that Nature never intended man to indulge in the habits of the carnivora.

Let me repeat that neither vitols nor vegetable organic salts, both of which are essential to the healthy condition of the blood-stream, are present in flesh meat, which, moreover, contains a considerable quantity of purins. The latter, it may be added, are increased to an alarming extent when the meat has been kept for an indefinite period in cold storage. Why, if you feed a dog upon frozen meat, it will speedily die of dysentery; and there can be no doubt that the eating of frozen meat is largely responsible for the tremendous increase of disease to-day, and for its severity and fatality. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that flesh meat is highly constipating, and constipation has been a concomitant of every case of Cancer that has come under my observation. This factor, I am convinced, is also a potent predisposing cause of rheumatism, which disease, in almost every instance, is associated with Cancer.

Our object, then, should be to confine our diet to those articles which Nature has provided so amply for our use; for the physiological construction of our alimentary canal, from the teeth downwards, clearly indicates they should consist of the fruits of the earth. Then we should find there would be no such thing as constipation to give us trouble,

and, therefore, no tendency to what has been aptly described as autotoxæmia, or self-inflicted blood-poisoning.

Since, therefore, neither man's teeth nor his digestive organs were ever intended to deal with the flesh of animals, this should be excluded from the dietary. In any case, the flesh of the mammalia must be rigidly excluded. The flesh of oviparous creatures, on the other hand, though not so pernicious as the former, should only be partaken of sparingly, if at all, and never to the exclusion of cereals, fruit, and vegetables, which, as a whole, are more nutritious than flesh meat, especially when taken, so far as possible, in their natural, that is, uncooked, condition.

There is only one article in this class that I ban, and that is rhubarb, while asparagus should be partaken of sparingly. In further consideration of this subject, it should be noted that some patients exhibit certain idiosyncrasies which forbid them to indulge in certain fruits with impunity. For example, there are not a few in whom strawberries invariably give rise to nettle rash; and, in others, asparagus induces erythema, which is closely allied to nettle rash. Further, it is generally admitted—as I have previously affirmed—that the health of the cells is dependent upon the blood being supplied with the vitols (the living principle of vegetables and fruit) and the natural organic salts, contained in uncooked vegetables, in the form of salads, and ripe fruit in its natural condition. It therefore follows that when vegetables are cooked, the cooking should be carried out in a double saucepan, without water—as there is abundant moisture present in these articles to ensure the cooking being properly performed—so that the organic salts I refer to may be conserved. Whole wheat meal—*stone ground*—bread which contains not only these salts, but also the germ of the wheat, should always be preferred to white bread. In parenthesis I may repeat that this bread, weight for weight, contains quite as much real food value as beef and mutton, but is minus the unwholesome purins which they possess.

In this connection I give the diet sheet, which was ordered by a well-known consultant to a patient who was going from bad to worse upon it, and who left this copy with me. It

palpably demonstrates the complete ignoring of Nature's distinct laws regarding diet.

The articles to which I object are printed in italics, my reason being that they contain poisonous purins in abundance, which are conducive to the development of uric acid, rheumatism, gout, and cancer; besides inviting the presence of microbes of various descriptions into the blood, all dead animal tissue, especially the viscera, are highly charged with purins.

It will be observed that salads, fruits, almonds, and nuts in their *natural condition* are never mentioned, yet they are known to contain, weight for weight, quite three times the amount of nutritive value of the choicest beef in the market, besides valuable vitols and natural organic salts, both of which are essential to the retention of a healthy blood-stream; whereas these are completely absent in flesh meat, their place being occupied by poisonous purins.

" Mrs. H——. The best diet for your case is:—

" *For Breakfast.*—Weak tea, or *cocoa* made with milk, toast, butter, eggs, white fish, *ham, tongue,* porridge, honey.

" *For Luncheon, at* 1 *o'clock.*—White fish, chicken, game, *roast mutton, chop, cutlets, sweetbreads, calf's head, sheep's brains, sheep's head, tripe,* potato, cauliflower, seakale, spanish onion, *asparagus,* stewed celery, milk puddings, plain puddings, milk, hot water, ginger ale.

" *At* 4 *p.m.*—Warm milk, *tea, cocoa,* plain cake, toast, biscuits.

" *For Dinner, at* 7.30 *o'clock.*—White fish, *sweetbreads* or *tripe,* milk pudding, *or as Luncheon.*

" *At* 10 *p.m.*—Warm milk, Benger's food, tapioca or gruel.

" Avoid all green vegetables, all fruits, spirits, wines, malt liquors, cider, jams, cayenne pepper, condiments and pickles, excessive smoking.

" Take 1 pint of warm milk each day.

" Add a sherry-glassful of lime water to each tumblerful of milk."

It is really appalling that people will not exercise common sense, but wantonly continue to ignore the importance of diet, as, on the one hand, being conducive to robust health: and, on the other hand, being responsible for the outbreak of the vilest and most deadly diseases. Where is the

benefit of consuming a second-hand article in the shape of food, of which flesh meat is certainly an example of the first importance ? If such powerful animals as the horse, the ox, or cow attain to their strength and beauty by being reared upon the lowest grade of vegetable material, surely it stands to reason that human beings have no need of a flesh diet, seeing that they have at their command an unlimited supply of the most delicious, choicest, and varied products of the vegetable kingdom, which, moreover, contain those essential organic salts and vitols that are entirely absent from flesh meat. It must be very good land, indeed, for an acre to supply nourishment sufficient to feed a growing ox, which might, in exceptional circumstances, yield 300 pounds of beef and offal; whereas the same land would be capable of producing *annually* thirty to forty bushels of wheat, oats, barley, or their equivalent in root crops; and it takes three years to rear an animal fit for the butcher. The great waste of valuable food-producing material which exists in grass land is the true cause why this country is unable to raise sufficient food for the nation's requirements.

From the consideration of diet, it is natural to pass to that of drink. I have incidentally given, out of place, perhaps, a shot at " Pussyfoot," who, I am thankful to say, was not in evidence in my time. Had he cast his ominous shadow across my path, I should in all probability have been in my grave thirty years ago, as it was only by the help of free libations of good port that, under the heavy strain of work during the busiest period of my life, I was able to keep my head above water. This so-called poison has never injured my health one whit; neither did it ever get the length of muddling my brain in a single instance, nor ever interfere with my appetite or digestion, which from my standpoint goes to prove that, in moderation, and in certain circumstances, it can aptly be described as a boon and a blessing to men. Unfortunately, however, as we know, when indulged in to excess, alcohol muddles the brain, just as excess in eating plunges the gourmand into the depths of dyspepsia, and the agonies of gout, followed by an early death. Indeed, I am convinced there are more people who add to their misery and shorten their lives by over-

eating than even by intemperance. It is not, however, to be imagined, for a moment, that I do not, and that most emphatically, condemn both the one and the other, when taken in excess.

At this juncture there is brought to my remembrance a curious instance of the muddling effect of an overdose of drink; the particular form in which it was imbibed I do not profess to know, but I am pretty sure it was not good port wine. The following is my story: While walking down Sauchiehall Street, one of the principal streets of Glasgow, one evening, I was accosted by a person who appeared to be one of the well-to-do working-class, but who had partaken of an amount of alcohol which muddled his brain somewhat. He addressed me as follows: " W-will yo-you p-please to tell me wh-which is the o-other si-side of the street ?" I replied, pointing across the way, " Over there, of course." Whereupon he said, " Do-don't t-try to ga-ga-gammon me, fo-for I wa-was ov-ov-over th-there, a-and a ma-ma-man to-told m-me it wa-was ov-over here." This occurred fully thirty-five years ago, but Glasgow to-day is a much more sober city now than it was then.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CANCER PROBLEM—.II

KNOWING how deeply interested King Edward was in the Cancer problem, I ventured to write to Lord Knollys on May 5, 1908, to ascertain if His Majesty would honour me by accepting a copy of my book, "Cancer, its Cause and Treatment without Operation," which I enclosed with the letter. To this I received the following reply:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
"*May* 6, 1908.

"SIR,

"I have had the honour of submitting the book which accompanied your letter of the 5th instant to the King, and I am commanded to inform you, in reply, that His Majesty will be happy to accept the volume referred to.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"KNOLLYS.

"ROBERT BELL, ESQ., M.B., M.D."

On November 29, 1909, I took the liberty of sending to Lord Knollys a copy of "The Cancer Problem," and also evidence of the success my treatment had achieved, and on December 3 I had the honour of receiving the following letter:

"SANDRINGHAM,
"NORFOLK,
"*December* 2, 1909.

"SIR,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, and the enclosures which accompanied it.

"I have had the honour of submitting them to the King, and I am commanded to inform you that you should com-

municate on the matter in question with The Secretary, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"KNOLLYS.

"ROBERT BELL, ESQ., M.D."

This command I immediately acted upon, but I regret to say that I received no reply to my letter to the Secretary of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Meanwhile, however, I wrote to Lord Knollys a further letter, in which, after thanking him for the honour he had done me by submitting my communication to the King, and expressing my earnest and constant desire to obey His Majesty's commands, I pointed out that I had been devoting myself unremittingly to the study of the Cancer problem for a period long prior to the establishment of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund; that I had relinquished a lucrative practice in Glasgow in order to come to London and devote my whole time to the subject; and that while I had no doubt that my views would eventually be adopted by the medical profession, I was convinced that the first move would have to be made by the public, owing to the deeply ingrained prejudice existing in the professional mind. I suggested, therefore, that in order that the public might be instructed as to the true cause of the disease, some influence should be brought to bear on the Press, which at present showed little sympathy with topics bearing on the subject of health.

Thus ended the correspondence with His Majesty; but during the following summer a gentleman, whom I knew to be a friend of Lord Knollys, came unexpectedly to call upon me at Ewell Park, my place in Surrey. Of course, I greeted him cordially, as he and I had been for some time on friendly terms. To my surprise, he told me he had come from Buckingham Palace to ask if I would accept a Baronetcy. Now I knew my monetary position was far from sufficient to finance an hereditary title. Moreover, I was obliged to confess that certain domestic circumstances might arise which would militate against my successor to the title being a credit to it. So I felt it my duty, though

most reluctantly, to ask permission of His Majesty to allow me, on account of family affairs, respectfully, and with the highest appreciation of His Majesty's unlooked-for regard of my endeavours to relieve suffering humanity, to decline the high honour he so generously and graciously desired to confer upon me.

Had it been in my power to accept of this high honour, I feel sure that it would have been the means of inhibiting my detractors from publishing a defamatory article in the *British Medical Journal*—after King Edward's death—in 1912, which compelled me to seek redress in the Courts by instituting an action for libel against Dr. E. F. Bashford, Superintendent of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and the *British Medical Journal*. A summary of the case, as reported in the *Daily Mirror* of June 15, 1912, is printed in the Appendix, and here I need only record the fact that my action was successful and that I was awarded £2,000 damages and costs. In the course of his summing up, Lord Alverstone used the following words, which I may be forgiven for quoting:

"It would be a most lamentable thing if research and experiment, to find some cure for this scourge of mankind, should be checked by comment on the action of such a man as Dr Bell."

Now it is to be noted that the obvious intention of this nefarious attack upon my honour was to demolish me, and pour contempt upon my efforts to prove that Cancer is only curable by dietetic and therapeutic measures, the consequence of which would be that the futile, and even worse than futile, methods of the so-called treatment of the disease by surgery would continue to go on unchallenged. The very opposite effect, however, was produced, as the evidence in support of my claim amply demonstrated, for it was of such a concrete character that theories were proved to have developed into indisputable facts. Thus a blow was given to the fallacy that surgery held in its keeping the only cure for Cancer, which it can never assert again as being the truth. I am, however, anxious that my readers should bear in mind that my great aim is, and always has been, to point out that Cancer is a *preventible* disease, and would speedily

become a thing of the past, were the public to make up its mind to give strict observance to the laws of Nature, in place of flouting them, as they do, to such a flagrant extent, to-day.

On the other hand, though the old adage still stands pre-eminent that " Prevention is better than cure," there still remains, beyond this, a method of cure, which consists in giving a helping hand to Nature's healing power by refusing to adhere to those conventional habits which have culminated in the disease process being set alight; and by substituting a reformed mode of life, together with therapeutic measures, which, in unison, have proved in numerous instances to be capable of restoring healthy cell metabolism, without which health can neither be retained nor become re-established.

On the publication of my monograph on " The Cancer Problem " I sent a copy to Sir Arthur Bigge, expressing a hope that he would lay it before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This was on November 2, 1904, and in his reply on the following day Sir Arthur was good enough to say that he would take the first opportunity of laying the pamphlet before His Royal Highness. Ten years later, in June, 1914, I ventured to bring to the notice of Lord Stamfordham (as he had then become) a scheme which, if successfully carried out, would have proved of inestimable value to the community at large. I pointed out that for over twenty years I had laboured to impress upon my professional brethren and the public the fact that there are within easy reach and attainment effective measures for lessening the mortality from Cancer. What I had hitherto lacked to enable me to carry on my campaign was sufficient funds to endow a hospital for the systematic treatment of Cancer by therapeutic measures. Now, however, a gentleman had come forward and placed in the hands of trustees a sum of £25,000 to found and endow a hospital for the study of preventive medicine, especially in relation to Cancer, his only condition being that as an acknowledgment of this patriotic deed his name should be included in the list of Baronets. I stated further that several medical colleagues shared my desire that such an institution should be established, and were ready to co-operate with me. And, finally, I expressed the hope that his Lordship would place the

matter before His Majesty, and thus enable the scheme to become an accomplished fact.

In reply to my letter I was informed by Lord Stamfordham that no communication dealing with medical or surgical questions could be submitted to the King, unless coming through members of the King's medical or surgical household. As I did not feel it consistent with my self-respect that a man of my professional standing should be called upon to approach His Majesty by means of intermediaries who were prejudiced against me and opposed to any reform, the scheme had to be allowed to drop.

As to the gentleman referred to—whose name and address, with an account of his former gifts to hospitals and other patriotic acts, had been placed before His Majesty—is it not natural that he should have preferred to receive a Baronetcy in acknowledgment of his gift to the nation, rather than to go, with purse in hand, to the Prime Minister and offer him a sum of £15,000 or £20,000 to be devoted to some political purpose—thus purchasing his title as though it were a pair of boots? Surely no man with a modicum of self-respect would look upon such a title with the pride and satisfaction that would accompany an honour conferred upon him in recognition of a patriotic deed. And considering the obvious loss this refusal of a public benefactor's gift to the community has inflicted upon suffering humanity, I feel justified in enquiring whether the Prime Minister has usurped the King's prerogative—and that for political ends rather than for the general welfare? "Homo qui in homine calamitoso est misericors meminit sui,"* and "Honor fidelitatis premium,"† together sum up the whole question.

Meanwhile, in 1910, I had been invited to take charge of Cancer Research at the Battersea Hospital, where there was fitted up a Cancer department in an annexe to the main hospital. This comprises two private wards and four public wards, containing fourteen beds in all. The wards, for the most part, look on Battersea Park, facing towards the

* "A man who is merciful to the afflicted remembers what is due to himself."

† "Honour is the reward of loyalty."

south. In these have been fitted up two sun baths, and every ward has been made as comfortable as possible. There is an excellent ward kitchen, and two up-to-date baths, with wash-hand basins, supplied with hot and cold water. On the ground floor is a laboratory, in which is installed an apparatus for microphotography, capable of producing pictures up to a magnification of one thousand diameters. On the second floor is the operating theatre, fitted up with the most recent appliances, amongst which is an apparatus for the application of hot air, which is employed under a pressure of three atmospheres in treating the local manifestations of Cancer. There are also provided all the appliances for operation purposes, though these are never brought into use in combating this disease, as we do not employ the knife in dealing with Cancer—we obtain better results without it.

Lord Tenterden, the Chairman of the Board of Management, is in hearty sympathy with all that tends to promote the prosperity of the hospital and the welfare of the patients. There are also several ladies on the Board, whose untiring devotion to the success of the hospital and the comfort of the patients is beyond all praise. It is impossible to speak too highly of the Matron and nurses, whose duties, though onerous, are most faithfully and humanely carried out. Indeed, when patients are quite recovered and fit to go home, it often is difficult to persuade them to make a move.

Our experience is entirely derived from clinical observation, and noting, by close investigation, the circumstances relating to the past history of the patients, especially those relating to their diet, the sanitary condition of the colon, their homes, also their environment, and their habits; when we generally find that these have all run on almost identical lines. Upon principle, as well as for humane reasons, we never seek to gain information by vivisection methods; which, moreover, have invariably proved futile in elucidating the Cancer problem; and this has been amply corroborated by the futility of the tens of thousands of experiments upon defenceless animals performed at the laboratories of the " Imperial Cancer Research Fund." For Cancer, in a man, has very little resemblance to that in the

lower animals, at least, for investigation purposes, because any information of value can only be obtained from the victims of the disease themselves. We are bound to bear in mind the fact that Cancer is a self-inflicted disease, and is the direct result of disobedience to those hygienic laws which the Almighty Creator instituted for the guidance of His creatures, but which they have daily ignored and flouted; but, let me add, more from the prevalence of crass ignorance of this important factor of disease than from wilful disobedience. But I maintain that the lack of knowledge is no excuse, as it should not exist; nor would it continue were men not too much given to indulge their palates to the disregard of their natural appetite. There is an old proverb, "Man eats to live"; but how often is it daily being reversed; for it would appear that man only lives to eat, and with the result that disease is now so rampant, and that not only of the body, but of the mind also.

And now to return to the research work at Battersea Hospital; the efforts made at that institution have done more towards solving the Cancer problem than those of many whose pretensions have been much more in the limelight. Yet they view this trim little hospital, with its splendid statistics, with their eyes askance; though in one remarkable case a poor man, suffering from an internal Cancer, who was turned out of a well-known hospital as incurable, and was given only two months longer to live, came to Battersea the following day, was put under treatment, regained his lost weight of three stone, was quite recovered in less than seven months, and has been doing strenuous out-of-door work ever since October, 1918. Every possible obstacle is thrown in the way of the progress of the Hospital, and no efforts are wanting to cripple its resources. Still it manages to struggle on, doing good to poor suffering humanity, with the smallest expenditure of money possible; though at times it has become necessary to close some of the wards. Surely it deserves the support of all who have the welfare of the public at heart, and who have an eye to economy, which is one of the tenets of the Hospital.*

* It may be of interest to note that this Hospital has been the means of educating and giving diplomas of efficiency to a large

My chief desire has always been to get cases, never minding whether they were able to give me a fee or not, and, of course, I always welcomed those who had been engaged in the war. In this connection I may instance that of a sergeant-major, whose colonel asked me if I could do anything for him. The case was one of special interest to me, as it was unique so far as my experience had taught me. This was due to the fact that he was only twenty-three years of age, and yet had been in the service seven years. He certainly was a big man, and might have passed for twenty-seven. Now, when I questioned him as to the possibility of his seven years' service, he explained that when sixteen he was "a big fellow for his age," and had stated that he was eighteen, so that he would be enabled to enlist. He had been invalided home after two years' service at the front, in consequence of the appearance of a scirrhus Cancer, which

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number of probationers who have been educated in its wards; and I can testify that no more capable nurses have been produced at any other hospital. Yet the Antivivisection Hospital—the only one of its class in existence—has been deprived of its privilege of training nurses by an Act of Parliament, which I affirm has been passed with a view to cripple this deserving charity, because it will not tolerate, and publicly testifies against, that unnecessary and wicked system of cruelty to animals, inflicted by vivisection experiments, which, so far as cancer is concerned, has never been the means of throwing a solitary ray upon either the cause, prevention, or successful treatment of the disease. Whereas the Battersea Hospital has by clinical research alone not only demonstrated by its humane methods what cancer is due to, but also how it can be cured by adopting Nature's methods; and there are abundant records at hand which amply and undeniably prove this statement to be absolutely correct.

The Act limits the power of granting diplomas to nurses in hospitals containing at least a hundred beds, when it is a well-known fact that this hospital gives much better training than the larger hospitals can possibly confer, as every class of disease is treated in a smaller compass than at any of the larger establishments. Another crying shame is that its legitimate share in the Sunday Hospital Fund has been studiously withheld from this hospital, which does such magnificent work amongst the poor in the densely populated district of Battersea. Surely the philanthropic public, who contribute so largely to this fund, can hardly be aware of this studied insult.

was growing out of his left breast, and had the appearance of a huge mushroom, of the shape and size of an inverted saucer. The fact is, I had never known Cancer of this description attacking a person under thirty-five years of age, and even rarely at that age. I then questioned him as to the diet he had been living upon while in France; when he told me that his rations consisted of two pounds of flesh meat per diem. This, of course, was the explanation of the condition he unfortunately was in. I then questioned him on the diet served to his fellows, and received the same reply. My next enquiry was made with reference to the amount of vegetables he received, the answer being that there were hardly any vegetables included in the rations. No wonder, then, that the poor fellow had contracted this horrible disease; and so convinced did I become that Cancer would soon be rampant among the troops if this condition of things was not speedily rectified, that I wrote to the Commissariat on the subject, after which the diet of the troops was put on a more hygienic basis. Otherwise, I am convinced, the result would have been tragic.

Naturally, it has always been my urgent desire to demonstrate to my fellow-countrymen the fact that Cancer is not only a preventible disease, but that even when it had presented itself in a concrete form, it was amenable to treatment by dietetic, hygienic, and therapeutic measures. I therefore prepared a paper with the intention of reading it before the Royal Society of Medicine—of which I had been a Fellow since its inception—so that I might be permitted to submit to my co-fellows of the Society the lessons gained by experience, both during seventeen years as an operating surgeon, when I had obtained nothing but disastrous effects, and during the twenty-six years when I was able to obtain highly satisfactory results by rational methods. Yet, strange and incomprehensible as this will appear to anyone who values fair play, the Secretary refused me permission to carry out my benevolent intention. Moreover, this *Royal* Society, ostensibly formed for the advancement of medical science and the welfare of humanity, condescends to do its best to stultify the efforts of a man who, when well over the age when he is entitled to take a

rest, continues, and will continue as long as God gives him strength, to fulfil his mission; and this, in spite of the rebuffs it may be his lot to encounter; for full well he knows that Truth shall prevail.

When the Royal Society of Medicine refused me the privilege of reading my paper, I was induced by many of my friends to publish it, with comments on the treatment I had received, together with ample proofs in support of my views and the success that attended these when put into practice. The book was published by the Eveleigh Nash Publishing Company under the title of "A Plea for the Treatment of Cancer without Operation."

The following review, which I select out of a number of others in the lay Press, gives a very fair expression of opinion of the book. I am sorry to confess that I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance even of the writer—I only wish I had that happiness, so that I might have the opportunity of thanking him for so fair a criticism.

From "The New Age," November 27, 1919.

"Salus Populi.

"It was my privilege, on a former occasion, to draw attention to the work of Dr. Robert Bell in connection with Cancer, and to show that his work indicated that Cancer was both a preventible and curable disease. It is not a subject on which I claim to speak with any authority, although I think that I am capable of forming an intelligent opinion concerning it; but my only purpose was, and is, to draw public attention to the fact that a horrible disease, with a steadily increasing mortality, need not be accepted as an inevitable calamity. The health of the people should be of prime public interest, as I have so often insisted; it is a necessary basis of that 'good life' that we all, including Mr. Lloyd George, desire; and if we cannot all contribute to the sum of actual knowledge of the means to and conditions of public health, we can at least do our share towards making known the work of men who have something to contribute. I return to the work of Dr. Robert Bell* because, in his Preface, he requests publicity which has been

* "A Plea for the Treatment of Cancer Without Operation." By Robert Bell, M D., F.R.F.P.S. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s 6d. net.)

denied him by his profession. He is one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society of Medicine, and he has been refused permission to read to that Society the paper which is here printed at the expense of one of his patients whom he has cured.

"If it were not for the tragedy of unnecessary suffering that this policy of boycott always entails, its eternal recurrence would be comical. Those acquainted, however casually, with the modern history of medicine know how inevitably, as it seems, the profession as a whole resists the introduction of curative measures. Hahnemann discovered a new principle of treatment (to say nothing of his actual contributions to the knowledge of the properties and powers of drugs), and to this day his followers are treated as strange and not quite nice animals by their colleagues; although you cannot prescribe even quinine for fever, or mercury for syphilis, or the antitoxin treatment for anything, without applying the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*. Gall demonstrated the anatomy of the brain, discovered many of its structures, and located many of the mental functions—and was denounced as a quack and a fraud. Mesmer and others revived the knowledge of the curative power of ideas and emotional states, and until the war hypnotism (in England, at least) was practised only in holes and corners. Antiseptic surgery was resisted by practically the whole profession; osteopathy, more recently, has been elevated to the dignity of quackery in this country, for a quack is a man who performs cures. Psychoanalysis, denounced before the war as the filthy product of a filthy mind, has been accepted more quickly than is usual as a permissible and even respectable method of treatment of neuroses. Such a history suggests strongly that a doctor has only to prove that he can cure disease to find himself at loggerheads with the profession of healing.

"In the case of Dr. Robert Bell the boycott has come too late. He has been studying Cancer for twenty-five years, making notes and printing them, like Burns' chiel, and restoring to normal health people doomed, either by their habits or their surgeons, to die of cancer. Apart from his four books on the subject, his successful private practice and his no less successful practice at Battersea Hospital, his Vice-Presidency of the International Society for Cancer Research, all combine to make it impossible to suppress entirely the knowledge that Cancer is curable without surgery, and is not curable with it. Dr. Bell cannot be suppressed; but the medical profession can limit its useful-

ness to the public, can forfeit what little remains of the public regard for its collective intelligence, by ignoring his work and refusing to put his methods of treatment to the extensive test of private practice. No reasonable man expects much from the various cancer research organisations, which seem to be more concerned with trying to graft cancer on mice than to cure it in human beings. Indeed, we may say that cancer is curable, but cancer research is not. Dr. Bell's chief difficulty is that his method undermines both the surgical and medical vested interest in disease. It is generally admitted by surgeons themselves that cancer is not curable by surgery; indeed, some of them are shocked at the virulence with which cancer begins, or recurs, after operation. I use the word ' begins ' advisedly, for Dr. Bell quotes cases in which there seems to be no doubt that the cancerous change followed the operation. We usually hear the cry of ' mistaken diagnosis ' when a patient is cured of cancer; but Dr. Bell shows, by actual cases, that the mistaken diagnosis is frequently made by those who prescribe surgery. Simple cases of mastitis, for example, which yields readily to therapeutic treatment, have been diagnosed and sometimes treated as cancer, with disastrous results in the latter case. Dr. Bell's contention that patients die more quickly after operation than they do if left to the normal progress of the disease robs surgery of its only claim to usefulness in this respect—it does not prolong life; on the contrary, it shortens life—and if that opinion becomes widely known and accepted, it will deprive the surgeons of a considerable portion of their income.

" The hostility of the surgeons to Dr. Bell's method is intelligible; but the dietetic portion of the cure strikes no less surely at the medical vested interest in disease. There is nothing more certain in medicine than that errors of diet, with their accompanying disturbances, malnutritions, toxæmias of the organism, are at the root of many of the diseases that distress man. A reformed diet will certainly diminish the demand for medical attention; ' an apple a day keeps the doctor away '; and so long as the medical profession is organised for private profit, and not for public use, doctors are naturally chary of adopting or advising anything that might diminish the demand for their services. Until we learn to pay our doctors while we are well, and fine them when we are ill, we must expect them to be more interested in the discovery or invention of disease than in its prevention or cure. But a scourge such as cancer is so horrible in its ravages that, let us hope, simple humanity

will over-ride self-interest, as it does so often in individual doctors and so seldom in the organised profession. Anyhow, the fact remains that the public have a right to know that cancer is both preventible and curable; and if the medical profession and also the medical Press will not permit the circulation of that knowledge, it is the duty of the public Press to acquaint its readers with the fact. If sufferers and subscribers both turn their attention to the Battersea Hospital, the desires of both for the cure of cancer will be more quickly realised than in any other way.

"A. E. R."

I feel impelled to give three specimens of letters which I am frequently receiving to give my readers some evidence in support of my statements. The first is from a country doctor:

"DEAR MR. BELL,

"I am much obliged to you for sending your book to me, which I have read with much pleasure and interest. It surprises me to learn that the members of the Royal Society of Medicine refused you a hearing—I feel sure that many members of the rank and file of the profession would be interested to learn a few facts with reference to your treatment and results.

"In treating cases of cancer, hitherto, I have always felt so helpless, and without any hope of helping the patient.

"I have two cases of malignant disease on my list, and it is my intention to use your method of treatment.

"Mr. R."—a patient of this doctor who is under my treatment—"expresses himself as feeling better. I have given two injections as you prescribed.

"One of my patients, mentioned above, is suffering from malignant disease of the uterus; and the other has undergone two operations for epithelioma before he came here. Secondary growths have taken place with an open ulcer on the scar.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"G. S."

"*August* 4, 1920.

"DEAR DR. BELL,

"You will be wondering why I have not been to see you again, and I feel I must tell you the fates were too strong for me, and I underwent the operation for amputation of the

breast—I could not find a way out of it, and was told if I delayed it might be too late, as I had known the hardening there for nearly a year. It was found to be malignant and the glands also infected on examination *after* the operation" (the italics are mine). "All was removed, and I have been in a dreadful suffering state ever since; and am so now. Of course, I had no idea it would be such a big operation, and was not told. Why I am so painfully crippled now in the whole operated area I do not know. It was done in London, and I have managed to get back here" (Tunbridge Wells) "into a nursing home. It is nine weeks since the operation, and I am still in my room, mostly in bed and in pain. My people and doctors were against my trying your treatment, and I did not know what I was letting myself into if I refused to have the operation, as I knew nothing about these things. We have never had anything of the sort in our family. I should have liked nothing better than to have followed your advice, if I could have found a way to do so. Things were too much against me. Whether it would have been worse to have left it than it is now having had it, I cannot tell, for it is a terrible thing having had it and going through what I am doing.

"I shall not expect an answer to my letter. It is just to tell you what happened.

"I am yours sincerely,
"M. W."

Now I feel convinced that this lady would have recovered had she been permitted to carry out her own wish. But prejudice, supported by threats, carried the day, and with what terrible results! Now the poor creature will only be able to end her sufferings in the grave.

The third letter describes a more favourable result:

"MANCHESTER, *October* 6, 1920.

"DEAR SIR,

"A sister-in-law who was under your treatment for cancer some six or seven years ago, named A—— T——, of Canada, and was completely cured, and has been again on a visit to this country, returning to Canada from Liverpool October 9, wishes me to write and ask if you would be so kind as to send to the above address a list of diet, same as you recommended her when under your care, as she wishes to follow it up, she having entirely forgotten. She expresses

her sorrow in not being able to pay you a visit, owing to her short stay in the country. "Yours truly, J. C.

"Thanking you for all kindnesses."

Now when one comes to think that one can hardly speak to a person on the subject without being told that the person spoken to has lost one or more intimate friends from this scourge; moreover, when statistics proclaim that one out of every eight or ten people alive to-day is doomed, if the present method of dealing with the disease continues, to die of cancer—which, I am able to prove, is an easily preventible disease—is it not pitiable that such a menace to life should be permitted to go unchallenged ?

Where is the use of the endeavour to increase the birth-rate, when one out of every eight or ten of the survivors shall only have been reared to die an ignominious and excruciating death from cancer, if the present system of treatment is allowed to continue ?

Does the community ever consider that the annual number of those smitten by this disease far outnumbers those killed in any war, not excepting the Great War so fresh in our memory ? And yet, I again affirm that most, if not all, of these deaths might have been prevented. The following is an extract from a letter written by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane to the Editor of the *Spectator* on November 23, 1923: "If, on the other hand, he (Dr. Bell) means that by attending to the diet and habits of the community 75 per cent. of Cancer cases can be avoided, I entirely agree with him."

My readers will have realised before now that my struggle against the routine method of treating Cancer by surgical methods has been an uphill fight all the time. Opposition has met me in every possible manner, and not fair opposition either, but enmity. Yet this, though unpleasant to a degree, has not for an instant caused me to deviate from performing my duty to my fellow-creatures. The fact is, I rather enjoyed the fight, knowing I had right on my side, and the opposition has made me more and more determined to continue the struggle to a finish. It could not possibly be put to my charge that my efforts to place the treatment and prevention of Cancer on a more promising basis than it

has hitherto occupied were prompted by any selfish motive, or by hope of pecuniary gain. Yet the surgeons have made such a dead set against my views becoming known to the general practitioner and the public, that it is impossible for me to come to any other conclusion than that it has been their powerful influence that led to my being boycotted so severely. I have already stated that the whole of the medical press in this country, with two exceptions, refused me the hospitality of their columns, in spite of the fact that I had previously been a contributor.

What puzzles me even more than the suppression of the valuable—nay, vital—facts of Cancer by the technical press, is the refusal of such journals to open their columns to any pioneer ideas that tend to traverse established practice. This policy of silence is as productive of harm as a policy of open conflict with the new ideas, which, nevertheless, continue to make headway in circles less prejudiced. Nay, more, it inhibits free discussion and exchange of ideas, which alone can tend to efficient practice.

I am glad to say, however, that my communications received a welcome from the most popular of the American medical journals, to which I have contributed articles dealing with my views on the pathology and treatment of Cancer; also of fibroid tumours and non-malignant affections of the breast, cures having been effected in each of these without operation. And I am grateful to learn that these essays have proved of considerable service in the United States.

During the past fifteen years it has been my privilege to publish in the *Medical Times*, and occasionally in the public Press, a variety of articles bearing upon the Cancer problem, and also upon dietetics, which bear so forcibly upon the preservation of health and the prevention of disease, and also upon its successful treatment.

During this period the following volumes from my pen have also been published: The second edition of " Cancer, its Cause and Treatment without Operation "; " Cancer and its Remedy "; " Ten Years' Record of the Treatment of Cancer without Operation "; " Health at its Best *versus* Cancer "; " The Cancer Scourge and How to Destroy It." Also several monographs and brochures bearing upon the

PLATE VII.

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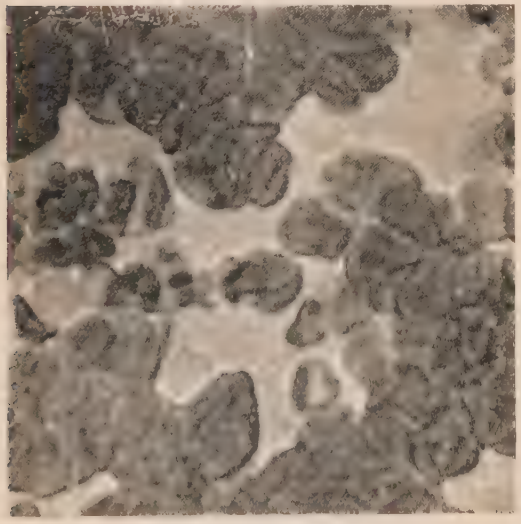
BLOOD OF A PATIENT SUFFERING FROM SARCOMA.



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BLOOD OF SAME PATIENT AFTER TUMOUR HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY INJECTION OF FORMIC ACID, SUPPLEMENTED BY FRUITARIAN DIET.

Cause, Prevention, and Treatment of this Disease; Dietetics and Hygiene; Various Reputed Cures for Cancer; The Pathogenesis and Treatment of Fibroid Tumours without Operation; Diet and Health; The Futility of Operations for Cancer; and, lastly, "A Plea for the Treatment of Cancer without Operation."

Amongst the monographs were two which have, justly, I think, been termed "epoch-making," inasmuch as a new light has been thrown, by both, upon the natural history of Cancer and Fibroid Tumours of the Uterus. To the first I called attention in the New York *Medical Record* on June 5, 1915, and I think it may be safely assumed that this was the first occasion upon which the disease received a definite and reliable account of its pathogenesis (that which leads up to the development of disease). The one unique and distinctive characteristic of Cancer is that, unlike other tumours which grow *within* the body, Cancer grows *upon* it, and commences to grow at the expense of the neighbouring normal tissue. A short extract from this paper will elucidate my line of reasoning on the subject:

"It has been long accepted as a plausible theory that secondary deposits of cancer are due to the migration of its cells from their original seat to distant organs and tissues, these being conveyed by means of the lymphatic vessels. This I hold to be fallacious, and for the reason that the calibre of these tubules would not permit of the passage of a cancer cell. How, then, are we to explain satisfactorily the *modus operandi* of metastasis (change of position)?

"My conviction is—and this is founded upon actual observation—that cancer in its varied forms possesses one special characteristic in every instance, which is that it is a fungoid growth, and that of a malignant type. The polarity of its cells is opposed to that of the healthy cells of the body. Its method of obtaining nourishment is that of a fungus. Its rapid and increasingly rapid proliferation of cells is that of a fungus. The nature of the soil upon which it is planted—viz., devitalised organic matter—is that of a fungus, and this soil yields to a fungus the nourishment which accounts for its marvellous rapidity of growth. The fact that its secretions are acrid and highly toxic also favours this conclusion. But by far the most conclusive evidence which I adduce is the fact that it ripens like any

other fungus, and produces spores as vegetable fungi do. This I was able to demonstrate during my microscopic researches about three years ago, when I was called in consultation to see a case of cancer of the ovary. In such cases we are well aware that the peritoneal fluid frequently contains a considerable amount of flocculent material. On this occasion I took some of this home with me for examination, and found that these flocculi were composed of a colony of capsules measuring about one-two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and that they were filled with what appeared to me to be granular matter.

"I managed to get one of these isolated under a cover glass. This I wrapped up in wet lint, and, twenty-four hours afterward, examined the slide again, when I found this capsule had ruptured and the field under the microscope was covered with the spores it had contained. Of this I took a micro-photograph (see Plates IX. and X.).

"With this experience I think I am entitled to conclude that the flocculent particles suspended in the ascitic fluid, and which are actually fungus growths, were developed from spores thrown off from the diseased ovary. This being the case, it only stands to reason that a similar state of affairs exists in other organs, and that these spores are so very minute in size that they are discernible as separate entities only under a microscope giving a magnification of 1,000 diameters, and therefore can readily pass through tubules of the smallest calibre.

"Knowing then that when metastasis (change of site) occurs the secondary growth does not partake of the character of the structure of the organ to which it has been transplanted, but retains all the histological (minute anatomical) features of the primary growth, it is only natural to infer that this is the product of spores which have been conveyed to, and located themselves upon, the organ or tissue secondarily attacked."

To the natural history of Fibroid Tumours of the Uterus I first called attention at the *Congrès Périodique International de Gynécologie et Obstétrique*, in 1899, when the meeting took place at Amsterdam. I must, however, point out that it was due to the teaching of Lister, at the time when I was a member of his class in the University of Glasgow, that I was enabled to arrive at the following conclusions. For he brought forward the fact, which had never before been recognised, that blood effused into a

healthy tissue would not coagulate, but become absorbed; whereas, if the tissue was in an acute or subacute inflammatory condition, coagulation would ensue and form a clot, which might become organised.

The effect of a bruise is to cause effusion of blood, which becomes absorbed in a few days if the skin and subcutaneous tissue are healthy; but, on the other hand, if the blow has been sufficiently severe to injure the part to a greater or less extent, or if the health of the part is enfeebled by other causes, a clot will be formed, which may become organised, forming a tumour. Now this may break down into an abscess and be discharged as pus; or the weakened tissue, as in congestion of the muscular wall of the uterus, may give rise to a clot; each of which may, on the other hand, become an organised body with which there has become established a vascular connection.

"They will then be enabled to maintain an existence independent of that of the tissue wherein they have become established, yet partaking in a remote degree of the characteristics of the normal structure of their host. Now if the health of the muscular walls of the uterus be allowed to remain in the atonic condition which has permitted the development and continuance of these neoplasms (new growths), they will speedily, as parasitic growths invariably do, become a very serious handicap to the vitality of their environment. Whereas, on the other hand, were the integrity of the uterus restored, not only would the risk of such unwelcome guests obtaining a footing within its walls be well-nigh avoided, but even if they did, by some accidental circumstance, gain admittance, their presence would prove only of temporary duration, as the healthy muscular tissue, in which they were enveloped, would quickly crush them out of existence. Their growth then being entirely dependent upon the uterine blood-supply, conjointly with the flaccid condition of the muscular tissue of the uterus, we can understand why the partial failure of the former, which takes place after the climacteric, frequently results in the disappearance of these growths, also why oöphorectomy (excision of the ovary or ovaries)—which I have frequently had recourse to when excessive hæmorrhage has been an alarming feature of their presence—has been followed by atrophy of the morbid growth or growths. But there are

other, and less dangerous, measures which we can resort to, which have proved quite as efficacious as those which surgery has devised for the removal of these benign tumours. I refer to the therapeutic method of treatment which I inaugurated in 1894, and which has proved of signal service in dealing with these neoplasms. The proof of its value and efficacy does not rest upon my evidence alone, as it has been testified to by many witnesses. I refer to the administration of mammary gland, which has succeeded in my hands, and also in those of many other conservative gynæcologists, in reducing to complete disappearance fibromata (fibroid tumours) of the uterus, which had, in some instances, attained to the size of a half-term pregnancy, and even to larger dimensions. I have also frequently found this gland substance effective in the treatment of adenomata (gland tumours) of the mamma, especially when combined with frequent applications of superheated air applied under a pressure of three or four atmospheres.

"We should not, however, rely solely upon any solitary means of treating disease of any description, for we cannot but acknowledge the fact that disease, whatever be its nature, cannot possibly assert itself in the absence of a predisposing cause, which, on the other hand, can only act when the normal resisting power to disease has been subdued, which may in itself prove to be the predisposing cause. Our primary object, therefore, should be to remove all conditions which interfere with the recuperative energy of the body as a whole. This means that the diet should receive attention, that the teeth be looked to, defective digestion assisted, the complete evacuation of the colon, once in twenty-four hours, be insisted upon; and the environment be so regulated that no sanitary measures be overlooked and left unattended to. Unless these essentials receive the most careful attention, and are recognised as part of the treatment, and diligently acted upon as such, it would be unreasonable to expect the full benefit from any form of therapeutic measures, and I may add that the reason why surgery so frequently fails is that these essential points are not paid sufficient attention to, or, to speak more bluntly, have been ignored."

I may also be allowed to print some extracts from a lecture upon "The Cancer Scourge and How to Destroy It," which I delivered in 1911 on the invitation of Mr. Sidney Beard, President of the Order of the Golden Age. The lecture,

which was afterwards published, was illustrated by means of lantern slides, showing the characteristics of the blood in Cancer, and that of patients in process of recovery from the disease by means of dietetic and therapeutic measures; and also the appearance of the blood in health. (See "The Cancer Scourge and How to Destroy It," price 2s., published by "The Order of the Golden Age," London, S.W. 3.)

"When we are aware that 43,000 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales, while a proportionate number also succumb to it in Scotland and Ireland, and that 25,000,000 of the inhabitants of the globe, at present, are doomed to be cut off by this terrible scourge, all of which deaths are preventible, is it not a matter for wonder that the public remain indifferent to the safety within reach of all, if only a little common sense were exercised?

"It is incumbent upon me to add that this enormous death-rate is to a large extent due to the fatuous and almost universal resort to operation with its accompanying mutilation, which *invariably* provides a certain nidus for the disease to reassert itself, and at the same time militates both against Nature's efforts to cure and the efficacy of therapeutic measures by which the healing power of Nature may be materially assisted.

"It is an old saying that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' and it is equally true that filth is incompatible with health. A pure mind and a pure body are the embodiment of true religion, and we should never permit ourselves to forget there is a religion which pertains to the welfare of the body, as well as that which concerns the soul and the future state.

"The regulation of our daily habits, so that the welfare of the body may be promoted to the utmost, is our plain duty, just as much as it should be our aim to obey those laws which were enacted for our moral guidance. Moreover, rigid adherence to the observance of those hygienic precepts, which should so influence our mode of life that disease will be an unknown quantity, will also make it much easier for us to live up to the moral standard which it is the aim of every religious person to attain.

"Man is responsible for all the physical penalties in the various forms they assume, by which life is made a burden, and which, moreover, hasten the culprit, crushed and broken by untold suffering, to a premature grave. All these penalties are the result of his own reckless disregard of dietetic and hygienic laws.

"The Apostle Paul said: 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' And it is defilement of this living temple which is answerable for the lamentable, and I may add—more shame to us—preventible, amount of disease and suffering which at present penalises the human race. Wanton disregard of the beneficent laws which have been laid down for our guidance is a human characteristic, and, notwithstanding the daily reprimands we are receiving, Man goes on, a slave to habit instead of being guided by common sense.

"He permits his palate to take precedence of his stomach, and employs himself diligently in committing slow suicide, and in the cultivation of disease in its varied and innumerable manifestations, in place of ordering his mode of life naturally in accordance with the capabilities of his organs of digestion, assimilation and excretion.

"Apart from all preaching, I would remind my readers that the first command given to Man in our Scriptures confirms the revelation of the Creator's will and intention made so unmistakably in Man's physiological structure (that of a frugivorous creature). It reads as follows: 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree, yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.' And I venture to affirm that if Man would only adhere to this diet, and conform to this law—as the animals do in their natural state, where instinct is the ruling power instead of perverted intelligence—we should soon cease to inquire after each other's health, for the reason that there would be no disease to be anxious about.

"Disease is the direct result of filth in one form or other. It may be external to the body in the first instance, and introduced by vitiated air, contaminated water, eating the flesh of dead animals, parasites due to uncleanliness, or the consumption of various tinned articles, which may have undergone decomposition or otherwise become dangerous by the absorption of chemical agents derived from the vessels in which they are contained.

"Or it may be attributable to the undue retention of offensive material within the body, in consequence of which absorption of toxic matter into the blood is continuously taking place. And I have no hesitation in affirming that this latter cause is one of the most potent factors at work in reducing the disease-resisting power of the otherwise capable cells of which the body is composed."

In 1906 I was invited by the President of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, of which I had been elected a Vice-President, to give a lecture upon "Dietetics and Hygienics *versus* Disease," which the Society decided to publish. It may interest my readers if I quote a few lines to indicate the trend of my thoughts on this occasion:

"DIET AND VICE.

"At this stage of my remarks I may be permitted to digress a little from the subject immediately at issue and ask you to bear with me while I relate my experience of the affinity of an unwholesome diet to certain vices. First, I desire to state that I have known more than one instance of habitual drunkenness completely cured by abstinence from flesh food, and it is a well-known fact that persons subject to violent outbursts of temper are enabled with much greater ease to control themselves when they abstain from animal food. Now, if it is true that a natural diet aids in accomplishing such a beneficial effect upon evil habits, does it not stand to reason that it will have an equally favourable result upon the physical condition of the individual? And this undoubtedly it has. I therefore would suggest that, as a natural diet is more conducive to health, both mentally and physically, than that into which there enters so largely the carcases of animals, it would prove of the highest benefit were the inmates of our prisons, lunatic asylums, and I would add all charitable institutions, confined to a fruitarian and vegetable diet, which experience has so amply demonstrated to be, in every sense of the word, conducive to the health of both body and mind. Were such a course adopted and rigidly adhered to I am convinced that not only would the bodily health, but the moral tone of the inmates of these various institutions, undergo a most gratifying change for the better, while expenses would be very much reduced, a not unimportant additional inducement to give the measure a fair trial.

"In every particular, therefore, a lasting benefit would be conferred, and though at first it might be objected to, and be looked upon as interfering with the liberty of the subject, yet when it is known that such a course could only result in benefit, there is no reason why in such circumstances it should not be insisted upon, and if this were done we would find that objections would speedily cease to be made.

And, judging from the experience of those who have voluntarily discarded the use of flesh food, we would find that in a short time those who at first demurred to the enforced change would be thankful it had been made and afterwards give a preference to the reformed diet.

"A Menace to Health.

"It seems strange that the flesh of animals, whose frames have been built up of material identical in nature with that which constitutes the natural food of man, should be deemed by the majority of the human race a dietetic necessity, whereas its consumption is not only unnecessary for the maintenance of the body, but, on the contrary, as it daily becomes more and more evident, it, in every sense of the word, constitutes a serious menace to health, and, moreover, is a most potent factor in predisposing to disease in the various forms it assumes. In support of this statement we have only to take note of the splendid physique and uninterrupted health which are characteristic of those who exclude the flesh of animals from their dietary, and to observe the healthy longevity they attain, not to mention the happy countenances which are reflected from their mode of life. Moreover, not only is the physical condition of such superior to flesh eaters, but their mental powers are equally benefited and their recuperative powers greatly augmented.

"I feel confident that every pure-minded individual looks with abhorrence upon cannibalism. Yet if we look at it from a practical point of view, when the soul has left man's body, the corpse that remains can only be classified as that of an animal, for, after all, man, so far as his mortal part is concerned, is neither more nor less. How, then, can we permit ourselves to rob an animal of the gift which God has conferred upon it, just as He has bestowed it upon man, so that we may utilise its carcase to gratify a depraved appetite, and, at the same time, have the assurance to ask the blessing of its, as much as our, Creator upon such food? And I would ask: Does not the Almighty continually show His abhorrence of such conduct by visiting with disease and premature death those who repeat the daily practice of it, for it is too evident to make it worth while denying that the consumption of food derived from such a source is not only one of the most certain methods of opening the gates of the human citadel to disease, but will speedily lead to its overthrow, and that long before the legitimate span of its

existence has been attained? On the one hand, therefore, it is the sere and yellow leaf, otherwise an unwarrantably early and decrepit old age, and, on the other, a prolonged tenure of life with the enjoyment of all the faculties, superadded to which is a continuance of elasticity of body and limb, which only a rational mode of living can, and will, ensure."

Here I may also fitly reprint an appreciative notice of my methods which appeared in the *American Journal of Electrotherapeutics and Radiology*, May, 1922:

"In the current issue of the *Medical Record* appears a paper by Robert Bell, M.D., F.R.F.P.S., London, England, which gives added indication of the correctness of the views expressed by others.

"The attitude of these gentlemen and their claims would sustain the contention that cancer is a blood disease, or a disease due to the condition of defective metabolism.

"Dr. Bell states: 'With reference to the treatment of cancer by local measures, it beats me to comprehend, for a moment, how one can expect a cure of a blood disease, which cancer undoubtedly is, by attacking its local manifestation, and leaving the source of the disease to take care of itself without any effort being made to improve the quality of the blood-stream.' He states further: 'From my standpoint, cancer is the outcome, in every instance, of prolonged chronic autotoxæmia, and a vitiated blood-supply not only acts deleteriously upon the nervous apparatus, but coincidently with this gives rise to inefficiency of the secretion of every endocrine gland in the body, the natural consequence being an absence of healthy cell metabolism; and the dire disturbances which inevitably follow. . . . Would it not help matters materially if we would also adopt measures such as a reformed diet, and the closest attention to the sanitary condition of the colon, with attention to removing the toxic condition of the blood, which, I am convinced, is the potent factor in the pathogenesis of cancer? I would also direct attention to the fact—and I use this word advisedly—that adenomata of the mamma, and also chronic mastitis, in by far the largest majority of instances are due to the repeated monthly reflexes upon this gland, for which diseased ovaries—even though of a comparatively trivial nature—are responsible. For we know that, though these adenomata are benign in the early stages of their existence,

when they are readily curable, yet later on they are liable to become malignant when autotoxæmia is co-existent. Moreover they are not infrequently wrongly diagnosed as malignant and remorselessly operated upon.'

" Dr. Bell follows these conclusions with a report of four inoperable cases of cancer, all of which responded to dietetic and other rational treatment, and were clinically cured. One patient had remained well for fifteen years.

" It is evident that Dr. Bell's routine in the management of these cases in every instance was individual, attention being paid to the habits of life and the findings of each patient's condition, when coming under observation. Internal secretions were variously employed to regulate conditions of hyperthyroidism, or other irregular conditions such as the findings indicated.

" An important matter of consideration in the determination of diet depends upon the vitamine balance in the foods with an ingestion of low protein intake, special stress being laid upon *the consumption of the juices of uncooked vegetables, fruits, and milk switched up with white of egg.* With these Dr. Bell gives careful attention to '*the daily complete evacuation of the colon.*'

" There is no doubt in the light of modern dietetic investigation, that in the raw fruits and vegetables there is a normal vitamine content, which plays a very important rôle in the regimen as the prophylactic routine of the individual. Those affected with cancer may wisely look to the dietetic regimen, and follow less the impulse to satisfy the palate, indulging in the consumption of excess quantities of the foods—habits which are actually the cause of various disordered conditions. It seems to be the tendency and thought of the average individual to consume the things he likes, without reference to the body's needs."

CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUSION

SINCE the bulk of this book was written, I have been the victim of a shameless attack upon my honour, of which it is necessary to give some account. Let me first of all set out as briefly as possible the actual facts of the case.

In the early part of the year 1920, Mrs. H——, of W——, had been informed by two eminent Manchester specialists that she was suffering from inoperable (and therefore, from their point of view, incurable) Cancer of the uterus. Her husband, however, had read in the *Manchester Despatch* that at the Battersea General Hospital some patients, who had been discharged as incurable from other hospitals, had recovered under the bloodless treatment which I had introduced into that institution. Mr. H—— accordingly wrote to me, giving the above prognosis of the Manchester specialists, and asked me whether there was any method known to me which might prove of service to his wife. I informed him that if he would bring his wife up to London I would gladly do my utmost for her. He replied that she was too ill to travel to London, and I therefore requested him to ask his doctor to send me a full report of Mrs. H——'s condition, and I would do all in my power to help him to carry out the treatment I advocate in such cases. In reply Mr. H —— wrote that his doctor refused to accede to my suggestion.

Such being the state of the case, I consented to do what I could for the poor woman, since I had been able to effect complete and permanent cures in many cases of a simila nature, not infrequently after they had been dismissed from hospitals as incurable. Moreover, there was nothing that could possibly prove injurious to anyone in the diet and therapeutics I prescribed, nor did they require the super-

vision of a medical man. My treatment consisted merely in careful instructions as to diet, ventilation, and, above all, as to maintaining a sanitary condition of the bowels—a regimen which is at present being carried out in scores of cases by the patient alone, without any medical supervision.

Nor can it be alleged that I acted from a mercenary motive, for Mr. H—— assured me that he was not in a position to pay a fee, and I therefore willingly agreed to waive all payment, only stipulating that when writing to me for advice he should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for my reply, to remind me that he was on my free list.

Unfortunately the poor woman had been allowed to get into so bad a state that recovery was impossible, and she died nine months later.

Such are the bare facts of the case, and I should like to ask any unprejudiced person whether he thinks I was guilty of " infamous conduct " in acting as I did, or whether it would not rather have been " infamous " of me had I refused, from a mere question of medical red tape, to try to help this poor sufferer because I could not see her ? Three general practitioners, however, thought otherwise, and headed by a Mr. M——, and acting on the information of Mr. H——, the husband, they lodged a complaint against me to the General Medical Council, as a result of which I received, ten months after the death of the patient, the following insulting letter from the Secretary:

" *November* 12, 1921.

" Dear Sir,

" A complaint has reached this office, according to which it is alleged that you have been treating a patient, whom you have never seen, by means of prescriptions and letters of instruction regarding treatment during a period of nine months. The lady subsequently died. It is understood that your treatment was based on statements made to you by the husband, who is a layman.

" I am directed to ask you, for the information of the Council, for such explanation as you may think fit.

" Yours faithfully,

" Norman C. King."

To this I replied as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to yours of the 14th instant, I have not the remotest recollection of the case you refer to, and I affirm I have never in a solitary instance prescribed for a patient without having first had the report of the medical man in attendance as to the nature of the disease.

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT BELL.

"NORMAN KING, ESQ."

I afterwards endeavoured to obtain from Mr. King the names of my accusers, but without success, and it was not till I issued a writ against the Secretary, President, and Members of the Council that I received the information I desired. The writ was then temporarily withdrawn, but I was summoned to appear before the General Medical Council in May, 1922, the charge against me being that I had been the cause of Mrs. H——'s death, and was guilty of unprofessional conduct in treating her without having seen her. The result was that I was found guilty of "infamous conduct in a professional sense," and the President further took upon himself to threaten me, as though I were a naughty schoolboy, with what the result would be if I transgressed again.

Now it is to be observed, in the first place, that Mrs. H——'s medical attendant had, according to his own confession, watched her gliding from bad to worse during a period of nine months, without recognising the nature of the disease until it had advanced to an incurable stage. Yet he refused to co-operate with me in an attempt to save his patient's life, and afterwards had the effrontery to charge me with being the cause of her death, although he knew that she was in a dying state before I had anything to do with her. It is true that, quite a year later, he denied having refused to co-operate with me, but his own evidence confutes this statement, for in it he said that when Mr. H—— showed him the paragraph in the *Manchester Despatch*, he told him that I was "an advertising quack," and that he was "fed up" with the affair and "washed his hands of it." He thus showed that he knew nothing about me, and did not even

take the trouble to refer to the Medical Directory, when he would have seen that I was a member of the staff of a reputable London hospital.

Further, the so-called "Committee of W—— Practitioners" stated that the treatment I advised in Mrs. H——'s case "required professional skill and discretion," proving that they were entirely ignorant as to the nature of my treatment. None of my accusers, in fact, had any first-hand knowledge of my methods, but derived all their information from Mr. H——, a LAYMAN. Yet they would all have preferred that the surgeons' prognosis should be verified, rather than that I should make an unorthodox attempt to save this poor woman from an agonising death. It is quite certain that my treatment did her no harm—indeed, it no doubt helped to prolong her life—and it is equally undeniable according to the prognosis that she would have died in any event, since the surgeons had given the case up as hopeless. In what, then, does my "infamous conduct" consist?

Let us admit that to treat a disease without seeing the patient is, as a general rule, indefensible, and the General Medical Council are quite within their rights in endeavouring to prevent those who would exploit human suffering for profit from shielding themselves under the cover of the Register. But in the present case several considerations might have restrained my enemies had they been actuated by love of truth and justice, rather than by "jealousy and spite" (as several of my *confrères* have remarked). As I have already pointed out, my treatment could by no possibility have done harm, even had the patient not been in any case doomed to death; there was, however, a chance that it might have saved her, as it has saved others in like condition. Moreover, I charged no fee for my advice. Also, I may here say without boasting that my name is not altogether unknown, and that my researches have done not a little to advance medical science to the height it now occupies. It might, therefore, surely have been anticipated that this august Council would have taken my long record of service to the profession into consideration before treating me as though I were nothing but an "advertising quack."

When I received my degree, I was obliged to take an oath, in which were the following " injunctions ": that " According to the Laws of Medicine, *but to none others*, I will follow the system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients." This oath I have endeavoured to keep to the utmost of my power, and all that I did in the present case was in conformity with it. Yet the General Medical Council would apparently have had me violate my oath and leave this poor woman to her fate, rather than act towards her with ordinary humanity, if such action was outside the canons of their narrow orthodoxy.

What, then, is this Council that acts in so unjust and tyrannical a fashion ? It came into being in 1858, through the passing of what has been termed " the Medical Act," by which the President and Members of the Council are permitted to assume the functions of accusers, prosecutors, judge and jury, from whose verdict there is no appeal. A non-judicial tribunal, it is therefore outside Magna Charta and the British Constitution—in fact, it is, as nearly as can be, a Soviet, autocratic and, to a certain extent, self-elected, and is possessed of the power to assail a man's honour on any pretext, and to ruin him for life with no hope of redress. It is not so long ago that an unfortunate doctor was struck off the Register for the *heinous crime* of giving chloroform to patients of Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Barker.

Now that the skill of this " unorthodox " specialist has been amply proved, and his methods crowned with success that cannot be denied, also that he has received the honour of knighthood, one wonders whether the Council feel at all ashamed of their injustice, and have made any amends to their victim. They might at least have learnt a lesson from so flagrant a case, but apparently they have not done so, and are as ready as ever to condemn and ruin anyone who does not conform to what they in their wisdom propound as orthodox treatment.

It may not be amiss to add that the President of the Council, Sir Donald MacAlister, is also Principal of the University of Glasgow, of which I am a double graduate,

with first-class honours in anatomy, surgery, and medical jurisprudence. On this account also he might surely have endeavoured to protect me from an unjust attack, instead of being one of the prime instigators of it. And it is a curious coincidence that the younger brother of the President, Sir John MacAlister, as he now is, is the Secretary of the Royal Society of Medicine, and in that capacity cast on me the indignity, as I have already related, of refusing to allow me to read a paper before the Society, of which I was an original Fellow.

In conclusion, I may quote the words of *Truth* in commenting on this matter: "Whatever infamy is in the case is not attributable to the accused, but must be shared between his accusers and judges."

Now I approach the end of this volume, for the contents of which I am solely responsible, with the hope that those who have done me the honour of perusing them will give me their kind sympathy when they realise the strenuous conflict that I have had to maintain during the past twenty-six years. Notwithstanding the refusal of the medical press to listen to the truth, I am thankful to be able to state that my views on the only reliable method of treating cancer, and of stamping it out of existence by preventive measures, are now being absorbed by many broad-minded members of our profession and of the lay public, members of the latter having been shocked by the sad results of operative treatment amongst relatives and friends. When my hopes of seeing the community adopt the preventive measures which I have inaugurated are realised, which I have sufficient faith will eventually become a *fait accompli*, the amount of misery on account of this disease which will disappear in the near future it would be difficult to estimate. But this is not the only blessing which would accrue from the general adoption of my formula, because *pari passu* with this other serious maladies would also disappear, and healthy longevity be the rule instead of, as at present, being the exception. But faith in a Higher Power is a wonderful help to one in overcoming difficulties, if one appeals for it in that direction. And it may not be unacceptable to those

interested in the subject, if I conclude this volume by giving expression to the views I have long held regarding this sustaining Power, which is an ever-present and upholding influence in adverse circumstances:

Faith is that trust, implicit trust,
Which glorifies the prayer;
And turns to ashes and to dust
The strongholds of despair.

From Earth to Heaven it lifts the soul;
And from the gloomy tomb
At Faith's first touch the stone will roll
And dissipate the gloom.

For on the wings of Faith we rise,
To that supernal Sphere;
When, to our anxious, waiting eyes,
Our Father shall appear.

Faith like the rock, which breaks the gale;
And stems the rushing tide,
Is adamant when doubts assail,
And sweeps them all aside.

Faith is that Temple where God's word
Is the foundation stone;
And where, invited by our Lord,
We make our wishes known.

From whence, through Christ, our prayers ascend,
To feel that God is near,
And will to all His children lend
A sympathetic ear.

Faith is that Fortress where, secure,
The harassed soul finds peace.
Throughout all time it shall endure,
And in its strength increase. . . .

Faith is our Pilot, why then fear,
Though there be rocks ahead ?
Doubt not, we'll find a passage clear.
"Only believe," He said.

"Only believe and saved be,
Ask and ye shall receive;
Only have faith; believe on Me";
Again He says, "Believe."

R. B.

February 25, 1894.

APPENDIX

REPORT OF LIBEL ACTION

THE following summary of the action for libel brought by me against Dr. E. F. Bashford and the *British Medical Journal* is reprinted from the *Daily Mirror*, June 15, 1912.

Dr. Robert Bell, the eminent physician and surgeon, of Half Moon Street, Mayfair, scored a notable triumph in the Law Courts yesterday.

He succeeded in the libel action which he brought against Dr. E. F. Bashford and the *British Medical Journal*, and was awarded £2,000 damages and costs.

The verdict was received with loud applause, and Dr. Bell was warmly congratulated on his victory by many friends who were in court.

Dr. Bashford is the general superintendent of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and the British Medical Association, who were co-defendants, are the publishers of the *British Medical Journal*, which contained the libel on Dr. Bell.

For eighteen years Dr. Bell, who has a brilliant record for research work, has been engaged in investigating a cure for cancer, and he complained that he was accused of being a quack in an article written for the *Journal* by Dr. Bashford, and in an editorial comment in the same paper.

The defence was that the statements were not defamatory and that the comments were fair.

Since 1894 Dr. Bell has not used the knife in cancer cases, his contention being that the disease emanates from the blood, and can be prevented by attention to the body and a proper diet of vegetables and fruit.

On the other hand, Dr. Bashford, who has never operated himself, supports the orthodox methods of treating the disease by surgery.

LORD ALVERSTONE SUMS UP.

For three days the Lord Chief Justice was engaged in hearing expert medical evidence called by both sides, and yesterday he summed up—all in favour of Dr. Bell.

"I will assume," he began, "that the jury will consider that the article charged Dr. Bell with being a quack.

"But that will not of necessity entitle him to a verdict; the jury may consider he has done something which justified the description."

Lord Alverstone went on:

"It would be a most lamentable thing if research and experiment to find some cure for this scourge of mankind should be checked by comment on the action of such a man as Dr. Bell."

It was quite plain, said the Lord Chief, that people were striving to avoid operations in these cases.

Several London hospitals at the present day were treating cancer cases without operation, by diet and medicine; therefore it was clear people were right in devoting themselves to trying to find a way of curing cancer without operation.

"This is not a scientific theatre. It is not a case in which you are asked to express an opinion in favour of Dr. Bell's treatment or against it, except so far as it bears on the question whether he has been libelled.

"Dr. Bell honestly came to the conclusion that operations for cancer were not successful. He had a considerable amount of practice with cancer cases and had been successful, and nobody had suggested that what he had done was not such treatment as any respectable and responsible medical man might use.

"The whole point was—was he justified in saying he has been successful?"

Having referred to Dr. Bell's qualifications and many years' work, the Lord Chief commented on the fact that while the eminent witnesses he had called had had actual experience of cancer cases, only two witnesses for the defence had had practical experience; the others were engaged in laboratory work.

Fair Comment or Not?

"It is for you to say," the Judge told the jury, "whether the plaintiff has by improving an old method and by greater attention to diet devised a better scheme for curing cancer.

"It is all very well for great men to say it is all quackery. Many of the modern treatments are nothing but the revival of old treatments with modern improvements."

Dr. Bell had been accused of trading on the credulity of the public in order to make money.

"A more serious charge against a competent medical man," said his Lordship, "than that of exploiting the fears of the public it would be impossible to conceive.

"If it is justified, then Dr. Bashford is to be commended for his courage in making it. If you think that is fair comment, don't hesitate to find a verdict for the defendants.

"If you find it is not fair comment, then you will consider the question of damages.

"Remember that, even after hearing Dr. Bell's evidence and his witnesses, Dr. Bashford has not expressed regret for any particular passages in the article. He comes to you justifying every word of the article."

The jury retired at 12.52, and in less than half an hour returned with a verdict for Dr. Bell with £2,000 damages.

Judgment accordingly with costs. Stay of execution was granted with a view to an appeal.

Distinguished Doctor's Career.

Dr. Bell has had a most distinguished career, and his researches have resulted in improved methods of treatment being adopted in cases of cancer, small-pox, consumption and diphtheria.

He obtained his M.B. degree from Glasgow University, with commendation, in 1868, and two years later, after writing a thesis on cholera, received his M.D. degree.

In 1872 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

During the seventies he advocated an improved method of treating diphtheria, which brought him many appreciative letters from medical men throughout the world.

He also pointed out for the first time a method of treating smallpox which did away with what is termed the secondary fever, which was invariably a fatal stage of the disease.

By this method he has been the means of saving thousands of lives and removing a very serious medium of infection.

In the eighties he called attention to the fact that constipation was a predisposing cause of disease from the fact that the blood absorbed offensive material. This condition of the blood was termed autotoxæmia—a term applied at the present day. This was the first time such a condition of things had been pointed out in the history of medicine.

Dr. Bell was also the first man to take a micro-photograph of a pathological object, so that he is the pioneer in this particular work of research.

In 1896 he read a paper before the Gynæcological Society of London demonstrating that cancer was a curable disease without operation.

At this meeting he gave examples of recovery which had taken place under his method.

Since that period he has given the closest attention to the study of cancer, and has published numerous papers on the subject.

Dr. Bell was also among the first to advocate the open-air treatment of consumption.

During the whole of his professional life he has given special

attention to dietetics, both as a preventive of disease and as a curative agent.

He has strong views upon the beneficial effects of abstaining entirely from butcher's meat and adopting a diet which is in complete harmony with the physiological and anatomical relations of the alimentary canal.

Cooking, he believes, reduces the food value of every article of diet by two-thirds, and renders it less digestible.

He therefore is of opinion that as much as possible uncooked fruit and vegetables, together with cheese, eggs and milk, should constitute the principal diet of a man or woman who wishes to retain health and survive to a healthy old age.

His conviction is that, were such a diet adopted generally, disease would rapidly disappear and cancer would be non-existent.

This contention he bases on the fact that the cells of the body require living and not dead material to supply them with the particular form of nutrition, which can only be derived from vegetables and fruit in their natural ripened condition—in other words when they have been cooked by the sun.

While he prefers an uncooked diet of vegetables and fruit, he does not bar the cooking of such vegetables as cauliflower, cabbages, potatoes, etc.

New Ideas always Unwelcome.

Men who have advanced new ideas have always from the earliest days of history been greeted with scorn and contumely by their contemporaries.

In art, science, religion, music, politics, philosophy, drama, it has been the same.

Euripides, Socrates, Galileo, Wagner, the pre-Raphaelites, Columbus, Lister, Marconi, the brothers Wright—hardly a great name in the history of progress has escaped. And the harshest and bitterest critics have always been fellow-craftsmen who have followed the beaten track.

"It is most difficult to overcome the prejudices of the medical profession," said a famous London physician to the *Daily Mirror* last night.

"Lord Lister, when he introduced his antiseptic treatment, was scorned by his profession; Harvey, when he discovered the circulation of the blood, was ridiculed; and the introduction of the stethoscope was almost laughed out of the country."

ACTION OF THE GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

Preface to my Plea.

In the first place permit me to preface the following remarks by stating that the charge formulated against me by the so-called "Committee of the W—— Practitioners" contains a manifest untruth, when they state in their letter to the General Medical Council that all the treatment I advised in this case required "professional skill and discretion." Yet my treatment requires nothing but implicit obedience to my injunctions as to diet, a well-ventilated dwelling, and, above all, to maintain a sanitary condition of the bowels—a regimen which at present is being carried out, without the supervision of any medical man, but by the patient himself, or herself, in scores of cases. Indeed, there is nothing in my treatment where the supervision of a medical man would prove anything but a nuisance, and insufferable to the patient. This fact—for fact it is—distinctly proves that my accusers know nothing about the nature of my treatment, and, assuredly, this Mr. M—— had no knowledge whatever what my method consisted of, except what he learned from the patient's husband, and I beg to question if any other of my accusers had any information from any first-hand source, but only that which they obtained from this "layman." Neither do I believe does Sir Donald MacAlister know anything of my treatment, except from hearsay evidence; but he seemed determined to get me into his clutches, and did not hesitate to take advantage of any sinister scheme that came to hand, and *endorse* the charge which had been made against my honour—surely a poor reward for all my pioneer work, upon which is based, to so large an extent, the proud position which medical science occupies to-day. It is to be hoped that he will not extend his animus to the Court of the Glasgow University, of which he holds the honourable position of Principal, and of which I have the honour of being doubly a graduate.

The long and short of it is that my method of treating is neither more nor less than an appeal to common sense and insisting upon my patients adhering strictly and implicitly to a diet and regimen which are in accordance with Nature's laws.

My Plea.

It will be observed that on November 12, 1921, I received a letter from Mr. Norman King, practically charging me with manslaughter, which was repeated by the solicitor of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration, in a charge which they made against me of infamous conduct, which speaks for itself—see press-cutting from *Morning Post:*

" Guarding the Public.

" He wrote to Dr. Bell, who thereupon prescribed treatment, not having seen the patient, who died. The Registrar of the Council wrote to Dr. Bell, who replied that he had never advised in a case without receiving a report from a qualified medical man, and later issued a writ for the libel against the Council.

" Mr. H——, in evidence, said Dr. Bell asked that Mrs. H—— should go to see him, but witness replied that she was too ill, but he denied that Dr. Bell wrote asking for a report."

On receiving the letter from Norman King, dated November 12, 1921 (see above, p. 264), I wrote to him for the name of my accuser, to which I received a promise that he hoped to give me a reply on the following Saturday.

In a further letter, dated November 22, Norman King (having then received Sir Donald MacAlister's instructions) states that I would have to wait until April before he could give me the information I asked for. This was a breach of the Medical Act.

A letter from Norman King, dated November 24, 1921, in reply to mine of the 23rd instant, speaks of " my action with the direction of the President," etc. A writ was then issued against Mr. King and the President and Members of the Medical Council for libel, after which I received the names of my maligners, when, having obtained the information I desired, the writ was temporarily withdrawn, and I was summoned to appear before the meeting of the General Medical Council, a non-judicial tribunal, and therefore outside Magna Charta and the British Constitution, to answer a charge of infamous conduct, because I had adhered to the oath I was obliged to take before receiving my diploma. In this oath are the following " injunctions," that " According to the Law of Medicine, *but to none others,* I will follow the system

of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients." Now, it would appear that this tribunal has attempted to make me violate my oath by endeavouring to pillory me for having, "according to my ability and judgment," done my utmost to save the life of a poor woman who had been informed by two eminent Manchester specialists that she was suffering from incurable cancer. Her husband, however, had observed in the *Manchester Dispatch* that at the Battersea General Hospital some patients, who had been discharged as incurable from other hospitals, had recovered under the bloodless treatment which I had introduced into that institution. Mr. H——, the husband, thereupon wrote to me giving the above prognosis of the Manchester specialists, and asked me if there was any method known to me which might prove of service to his wife. I then informed him that if he would bring his wife up to London it would be my endeavour to do my utmost for her. His reply was that she was too ill to travel to London. I, therefore, requested Mr. H—— to get his doctor—O—— is his name—to send me a full report of his wife's condition and I would do all in my power to help him to carry out the treatment I advocate in such cases. H—— thereupon wrote to me saying that his doctor refused to accede to my suggestion. But H—— has stated, quite a year afterwards, that he received no such letter, while his doctor, also at the same distance of time, stated that he never refused to co-operate with me. Yet O—— stated in his evidence—which was *not* given on oath—when he was charging me with being guilty of unprofessional conduct, that H—— came to him with the *Manchester Dispatch* paragraph in his hand and spoke to him on the subject-matter contained in this paragraph, when O—— remarked that he, H——, had got hold of an *advertising quack*, referring to Dr. Bell, and that he was "fed up" with this affair and "washed his hands of it." Surely, he should have weighed his words and have taken the trouble to refer to the Medical Directory before designating a member of the staff of a reputable London hospital a quack, and an *advertising* quack to boot. Yet with full knowledge of the above statements the President of the General Medical Council gave credence to this untrustworthy witness, so anxious was he, evidently, to get me into his clutches, which was apparent to every unbiassed person who watched the proceedings of this tribunal on May 24, 1922. The excuse was that I had engaged to treat and endeavoured to rescue a woman from death who had

been otherwise doomed to die an agonising death; and for the flimsy and despicable reason that I undertook to prescribe a treatment, which could not possibly do anything but good, and which had proved effectual, when it had had fair play, in a considerable number of similar cases; the fact being that a medical man had alleged he never refused to co-operate with me in the case of his own patient, whom he had, according to his own confession (see his statutory declaration), watched gliding from bad to worse, during a period of nine months, without recognising the nature of the disease until it was pronounced to be incurable. Sir Donald MacAlister also took advantage of the plea that I had received my information through a "layman," but the "layman" was the patient's husband, who sent me word of his wife having consulted two Manchester specialists, who had pronounced the case to be inoperable cancer of the uterus, a disease of which I had probably more experience in treating successfully than either of the specialists named. And as to its being a "layman" through whom I had received my information, it appears to have been solely through the same layman that Mr. M——, the prime mover and instigator in this action, received the information relative to my having treated Mrs. H—— during nine months, clearly demonstrating that she had at least lived longer than in ordinary circumstances she would have done. Moreover, six months had been allowed to elapse before the case had been brought forward (see H——'s letters).

I may safely contend that my conduct in this charitable undertaking would not have been deemed by any respectable and unbiassed person or body of men as infamous conduct. I wonder if I would have been charged with infamous conduct if the patient had recovered! It certainly would not have been deemed infamous conduct by any respectable and unbiassed person.

Now in connection with this unjustifiable verdict I may be permitted to mention that in the early days of 1919 I wrote two letters, in one of which I enclosed a paper I wished to read before the *Royal* Society of Medicine, of which I was an original fellow, so that I might be able to inform my confrères of the methods I had employed in the bloodless treatment of cancer, which had proved so successful in numberless cases, in many of which surgery had signally failed to afford relief, but which had completely recovered, subsequently, under my treatment. I, therefore, approached the Secretary, Dr. J. Y. W. MacAlister—he has been knighted since—on the subject, but was met by a direct

refusal in both instances. I mentioned this treatment meted out to me to several of my medical brethren, every one of whom condemned the unwarranted treatment I had received.

An extract from a letter from a well-known medical man in Norfolk will give an example of how this arbitrary act was received by my medical brethren:

"It surprises me to learn that the members of the Royal Society of Medicine refused you a hearing. I feel sure that many members of the rank and file of the profession would be interested to learn a few facts with reference to your treatment and results. In treating cases of cancer, hitherto, I have always felt so helpless, and without any hope of helping the patient. I have two cases of malignant disease on my list and intend to try your method of treatment." The writer after reporting favourably of a patient, then under our joint care, who was suffering from cancer of the rectum, but who has now quite recovered, proceeds: "One of my patients mentioned above is suffering from malignant disease of the uterus, and the other had undergone two operations for epithelioma before he came to live here. Secondary growths have taken place with an open ulcer in the scar."

Now the Secretary of the *Royal* Society of Medicine referred to is a brother of the President of the General Medical Council—a curious coincidence, surely. Both would seem to have desired to damage me as much as possible, and the elder having got me into his clutches, induced the members of this tribunal to do me the greatest possible injury by exercising their unconstitutional power to damage my reputation, which has been built up by fifty-two years of hard pioneer work, upon which, to a very large extent, the present advanced position of medical science has been founded.

At this time, when the public are becoming so alarmed at the steady increase of the death-rate from cancer, to which I frequently for years past have been calling serious attention, but have been persistently ignored by the lay press, it seems highly reprehensible that one who has time after time affirmed and placed beyond all doubt that this scourge can be prevented, and that it would speedily cease to exist if the public could be made to understand this, and regulate their mode of life according to Nature's dictates, should be the object of relentless hostility. I have been pilloried by this plutocratic and practically self-elected, and as nearly as can be Soviet

Tribunal, all because I have been guilty (*sic*) of persistently pouring these honest and absolutely indispensable fruits of a life-long experience into deaf ears for obvious reasons, which I shall be only too pleased to explain if, and when, called upon to do so.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to state that I view this fictitious charge against my honour in a much more painful light than I did the infamous libel that was launched at me by the *British Medical Journal* ten years ago; because my honour is being impugned and the welfare of the public is at stake.

In the recent action against me by the General Medical Council, in which my honour and reputation were unjustifiably assailed by three general practitioners, in unison with the President and Council just mentioned, the insinuation against me was that I had been the cause of a woman's death because of the treatment I had suggested to her husband to carry out himself, after his own doctor had refused to co-operate with me. Now it is only fair to all concerned to state that there was nothing that could possibly prove injurious to anyone in the diet and therapeutics I prescribed. Moreover, this line of treatment, carefully and scrupulously carried out, on many previous occasions had so assisted and stimulated the healing power of Nature as to result in complete recovery from the identical condition—viz., inoperable, and therefore, from a *surgical* point of view, incurable, cancer of the uterus, to which this poor woman had become a victim. I say "inoperable," because this diagnosis given by two Manchester specialists was mentioned to me by her husband before I undertook to make any suggestion as to treatment. As will, therefore, be admitted by any unbiassed person, I was really only doing my best, *in the circumstances*, to save an otherwise helpless victim from certain death. And yet for this humane conduct I have been found guilty of "infamous conduct."

Now, the instigator of this action was not even in embryo when I made the important discovery that micro-photography had become an accomplished fact, and a great incentive and invaluable asset had been freely given—for I did not patent my discovery—to the following departments of medical science—viz., Physiology, Pathology, Histology (minute anatomy), and Embryology. For it was in 1872 that, following up the study of antiseptics, which I had commenced under Mr. Lister's personal tuition, and after meeting with innumerable failures that I succeeded in obtaining satisfactory micro-photographs. My experiments could only be made at midnight, or an hour after-

wards, when all traffic passing my house had ceased; for there were no dry or rapid photographic plates in those days, and I had, therefore, to rely upon the old wet plate process; and this being long prior to electric lighting, I was obliged to content myself with the oxy-hydrogen light, which compelled me to give an exposure of three-quarters of an hour, the focussing of the object being so delicate that the least vibration produced by a vehicle passing my house was sufficient to blur the negative so produced, and so would render it useless.

That was fifty years ago; yet I must confess, and thank God for it, that my work now does not overtax me any more than it did thirty years ago, and I am now looking forward to the near future when the dreadful scourge of cancer shall have passed into the category of easily preventible diseases.

All this came to pass nine years before the young man named Donald MacAlister had qualified to the extent of being enabled to be entered upon the register of men empowered to kill or cure Her Majesty's lieges without his being made responsible to any earthly power for any errors he might make. And it also happened before this new star had been allocated a place in the medical firmament that the humble object of his future venom had perfected a system of sewer ventilation, and so rendered it impossible for sewage gas to enter dwellings, as it had till then done, and with such dire consequences. This valuable advance in sanitary science and efficiency was also a gift from me to the public, and I am now charged with "infamous conduct" because I had endeavoured to save a woman's life pronounced to be beyond the power of surgery to save.

The invention referred to was described in a lecture delivered before the Glasgow Philosophical Society, of which my dear friend Dr. Bryce—father of the late Lord Bryce——was President. After the lecture was over, a working plumber, who had been present, introduced himself to me, and asked if I would permit him to place my invention on the market, upon a commercial basis. This request I immediately consented to grant, and without any stipulation *re* monetary interest, on my part, in the future business. The consequence was that the man took possession of my invention and patented it in his own name, calling the apparatus employed "Buchan's Traps," and made a fortune out of the product of my brains. At the present day, looking back, it is simply impossible to arrive at any way near the figure of how many deaths, not to mention how much sickness

and expense, have been saved by this simple, yet up to that time unthought of, device.

In 1877 Glasgow was visited by an epidemic of a most virulent type of smallpox; and I, having studied the disease, and not having the slightest dread of it, was asked by a warm friend, who had a very extensive practice, but who had a mortal dread of this malady, if I would look after any patients of his who might be smitten by the disease. This plan I agreed to with pleasure, as I was most anxious, on as large a scale as possible, to test a method which I had for some time had in my mind, of employing this, which, theoretically, I knew, would have the effect of warding off the hitherto inevitable secondary fever, which marked the crisis, when death usually, nay invariably, supervened. This was always synchronous with the change of the vesicular to the purulent stage of the eruption; giving rise to a virulent form of toxæmia. Now, I concluded, if this pustular stage could be inhibited, I would not only be able to save my patient's life, but also assist materially in limiting the spread of infection. The result was, that although many of the cases which came under my care were of the most virulent type—one being hæmorrhagic and several others confluent—yet every one escaped the danger of secondary fever, and I had not a single death to record. These results I embodied in an article which was published in the *British Medical Journal*, together with the treatment employed, and although I know the paper was republished in many foreign medical journals, yet in the last edition of Osler's "Practice of Medicine" it is stated: "There is no special method of treating smallpox." No wonder the death-rate is now so high!

In 1880 I had the honour of publishing in the *Lancet*, in two consecutive numbers, a lengthy paper upon what I looked upon as a subject of vital importance, but which until the publication of this essay appeared to have escaped the attention of any responsible member of the profession; and yet, at that period, nearly every second young woman one met bore the marks of toxæmia in the anæmic pallor of her complexion. The subject title of this article was "Constipation as a Disease and Cause of Disease"—in other words, "autotoxæmia" or "self-inflicted blood-poisoning"; which, needless to remark, had hitherto, as an unrecognised foe, played such an alarmingly potent and disastrous part, and unfortunately still continues to do so, in promoting disease of every variety, amongst which cancer is, at present, the most prominent, as well as the most vicious. And

it may not be out of place were I to add that this was the first time in the history of medicine that this important fact had been recognised as an active factor in the promotion of disease of every type.

About this period I had the great pleasure of receiving from Dr. Warren of Ontario a letter of thanks for a paper contributed by me to the *British Medical Journal* on a method of treating diphtheria, which had proved so successful in my own practice. Dr. Warren told me that in his hands it had been the means of saving the lives of over 300 of his patients. About the same time another Canadian medical man wrote me giving a somewhat similar gratifying report.

In 1892 there was published in Glasgow a brochure from my pen entitled "Tuberculosis and its Successful Treatment," from which it would appear that I had the honour of being the pioneer in advocating the fresh-air treatment of tuberculosis, which is now considered to be of such vital necessity.

The following paragraph is from an American periodical entitled *Endocrinology*, being the logos of the ductless glands. The extract is from vol. i., page 191:

"Fortunately, in the mammary gland we have a powerful physiological remedy, which either antagonises or neutralises the ovarian hormone (active principle) or inhibits its production, or, possibly, acts more directly upon the uterine circulation and nutrition. Whatever its mode of action, it seems to be by far the most effective remedy in controlling or regulating excessive perverted ovarian function, as shown by metrorrhagia (flooding) in its various forms. Since it was proposed for this purpose by Robert Bell of Glasgow in 1896, a sufficient amount of clinical and experimental work has been reported to demonstrate its value beyond question."

Two years prior to this date it had been a source of great satisfaction to me to have recognised that the administration of mammary gland extract produced such a powerful tonic stimulus upon the muscular walls of the uterus as to enable them not only to inhibit the growth of fibroid tumours, already present in the womb, but also in effecting their complete disappearance without surgical interference. Thus, a serious operation was rendered unnecessary, and that even when the tumours had attained to considerable dimensions—in some instances where the increase in the bulk of the tumour was equal to that of a four months' pregnancy.

It was in 1894 that, having for a period of fifteen years prior

to this pursued the surgical treatment of cancer, it was forced upon my intelligence that the disease had never been, nor ever could be, even temporarily relieved by the knife. Therefore I made up my mind to endeavour to ascertain Nature's method of dealing successfully with the malady, when she had by her own unaided efforts succeeded in effecting a cure. Now these successes had been complacently termed "spontaneous cures of cancer." Yet, so far, no effort had been made to discover what this spontaneity consisted of, or what caused it to come into being and thereafter to become endowed with this marvellous power of developing a process of healing, though perhaps only in a few isolated cases, which, humanly speaking, were doomed to an early and agonising death from a scourge which of late years—since chloroform was discovered*—has by leaps and bounds been annually adding to the number of its victims. Now there must be a cause to account for this alarming—200 per cent.—increase in the death-rate from this scourge, during the past forty years in Great Britain, although it was unknown in nations where the native habits of life had been left uncontaminated by the advent of civilised man.

Now I venture to suggest that the great increase of the mortality from cancer, which has attained to such alarming proportions, but only in civilised communities, is entirely due to man's defiance of Nature's laws regarding diet and hygiene; and that it is, therefore, entirely a self-inflicted and preventible disease. And there is no use disputing this fact.

From the foregoing data—and *bona-fide* facts they are—I trust it may be conceded that it is in no spirit of boasting, but in humble acknowledgment of God's goodness, that I put the question, Does it not appear, when looking back over the past fifty years of medical history, that the present position of medical science is largely based upon the pioneer work which has fallen to my lot to accomplish through God's help and blessing? And I may be permitted to add that during the fifty-two years I have laboured, my sole aim has been to benefit my fellow-men, or years ago I should have retired from the contest. But the very measures that were put forth to burke these efforts stirred up that defiance against oppression which is, and ever has been, dominant within

* I mention this because before chloroform the disease when treated by the knife could only be removed at the expense of such terrible pains being inflicted during the operation that it was seldom resorted to.

my Scottish blood, so that this rose rampant within me; and my enemies may take it from me that I shall continue to fight for the truth, which I know *shall* ultimately prevail.

Moreover, I am fighting for my honour; and, in doing so, I am, simultaneously, battling for the honour of the profession which I love so much, and which, sad to say, I have seen so frequently abandoned, where money has been placed before the welfare of the patient, and where self-interest has been so prominent, when charity and unselfishness only should have been to the fore.

But, painfully repellent though it be, it is unavoidably obligatory that I prove by indisputable examples the truth of these words, referring to the honour of my professional brethren, which I should never have even referred to had not my own honour been impugned and dragged through the mud.

I shall only refer to two instances, though it is quite within my power to recount many more, were it necessary to do so. Both of these occurred about fifteen years ago, and the patients are still alive and well, if need be, to tell their own tale.

The first was that of a married lady who called upon me stating that she had agreed to have both her breasts amputated on the following day for cancer, and that the case had been diagnosed by three surgeons, all of whom had stated that it was imperative that the operation must not be delayed—her room having been secured in a nursing home. I, of course, said to her, "What is the use of coming to me if you are going to be operated upon to-morrow?" Her reply was that her husband had decided that she should obtain my opinion "before the deed was done." I, therefore, requested her to show me her breasts, and upon examining them, found that there only existed two or three nodes of no vital importance. It was, therefore, my pleasant duty to inform her that she was not going to lose her breasts, and that she would be quite well in three months. She then burst into a flood of tears of gratitude, and she informed me that she and her husband had decided upon one of two surgeons to do the operation—viz., the one who insisted that the operation must take place at once, while the other said it might be delayed for a week; and added that the reason for deciding upon having it done without delay was because she could not bear the idea of being held in suspense for a week. Of course, there was a handsome fee in prospect. And I may add that her condemned breasts had completely recovered their normal condition within

the period I had named. Within two years afterwards she presented her husband with a fine boy, which she was able to nurse at both of the condemned mammæ, and she is now and has, ever since, been in perfect health.

The other case came to me from Birmingham. This was that of an unmarried lady who was under the supervision of two surgeons, both of whom had diagnosed cancer of the breast, and had insisted that it must be amputated without delay. I assured her, however, that the condition was not cancerous, but was due to an acute mastitis, which had resulted in very considerable swelling in the affected mamma. I, therefore, wrote to the surgeon who was to have done the operation, advising him of my opinion, and suggested that the tumour should be thoroughly treated by the application of hot fomentations and then be enveloped in antiphlogistin, and he should let me know the result in a week's time if he still remained in the same state of mind. But when the week had elapsed there was no sign of the tumour being in existence. Moreover, this lady was married shortly afterwards and has now a promising son of fourteen years of age, and she also is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

By a remarkable coincidence, and just shortly before the latter case had come to me for advice, one of the deplorable results of meddlesome surgery had come under my most distressing experiences, as it occurred in a young married lady whom I had known all her previous life from childhood until I had left Glasgow for London. She had recently been confined, and had an unusually free flow of milk in both breasts, when one of them became so engorged that this resulted in acute inflammation, which any tyro might have had no difficulty in diagnosing as mastitis. Yet it was pronounced to be cancer! And whoever, in their senses, ever heard of such a thing as a cancerous breast being able to secrete healthy milk, or indeed milk of any description? Yet, without even consulting her father or mother, who were absent from home, and in whose mansion their daughter was residing at the time, a drastic mutilating operation was hurriedly performed, with the result that malignant disease immediately took possession of the mutilated area. It was then that the distracted parents sent for me to see if it were possible to save their only daughter. But when I saw the cuirass of a rapidly growing cancerous mass, and the agony the poor child was enduring, it was out of the question to afford the slightest hope;

and the tragedy ended by the death of the dear girl within three months of the birth of her infant.

Permit me then to put the question—Is it to be wondered at, when such tragic events are daily being enacted, that the death-rate from cancer is so appallingly on the increase ?

AXIOMS

Before concluding, permit me to offer for the serious consideration of my readers one or two axioms which, if acted upon, will, I feel sure, prove of incalculable value to everyone.

1. Cancer is a self-inflicted disease and its prevention is most easily attained. All that is necessary is to arrange the diet in such a manner that in the daily menus ripe fruit, either freshly plucked or sun-dried, almonds or nuts, and salads, all in their uncooked condition, shall be present in considerable quantity and be thoroughly masticated.

2. That the colon be completely emptied every day, preferably by an enema of a quart of water at a temperature of about 100° F.

3. That both the living- and bed-rooms be thoroughly ventilated; also that outdoor exercise be a distinct portion of the daily routine, and that the skin be kept scrupulously clean.

The above injunctions, if acted upon, will tend to render the human frame immune to cancer, influenza, pneumonia, rheumatism or any malady due to microbic infection, because it is impossible for a microbe to act prejudicially in a pure blood-stream.

Of course, it goes without saying that the drinking water must be absolutely pure.

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